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THE
MONTHLY
MIRROR:

REFLECTING
MEN AND MANNERS.

WITH
STRICTURES ON THEIR EPITOME,
The Stage.

To hold as 'twere the MIRROR up to Nature.



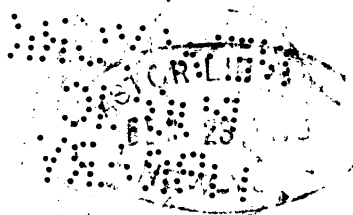
VOL. XVII.

Embellished with superb Engravings.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
By J. Wright, No. 38, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.
And published by Vernor and Hood in the Poultry;
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the United Kingdom.

1804.



THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
JANUARY, 1804:

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM
AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY OPIE.

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PREFACE

TO THE SEVENTEENTH VOLUME.

OUR Volumes have been so many, and the public encouragement they have received has been so uniformly flattering, that what we have latterly offered to our Readers, in the way of PREFACE, has seldom amounted to more than a tender of our grateful acknowledgments for the favours they have shewn us. Upon a review of the past Volume, we are not conscious of having forfeited our claim to the public patronage; and we trust that the present will not manifest any departure from the principle and spirit which first recommended the work to notice, and from that splendour of embellishment, and superior elegance of typographical execution, which distinguish it from every periodical work of a similar description.

The memoir of Sir James Mackintosh will appear in the ensuing number.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

Published
by the
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at No. 10, St. Paul's Church-yard,
London.

FOR

JANUARY, 1804.

EXTRAORDINARY DREAMS.

THOUGH it be true, that, in the multitude, or major part, of dreams, there are diverse vanities, Eccles. v. 7; though it be likewise acknowledged, that whoso regardeth (ὁ ἐνσυχῶν, he that leaneth, or layeth great stress, upon) dreams in general, is like him that catcheth at a shadow, and followeth after the wind, Eccles. xxxiv. 2; forasmuch as dreams have deceived many, and they have failed that put their trust in them; yet the same wise writer, from whom the two last passages are quoted, guards his remarks by the following caveat (v. 9.) Set not thy heart upon them (i. e. upon dreams), if they be not sent from the Most High in thy visitation. And we have it from an incomparably superior authority, that, in a dream, in a vision, when deep sleep falleth upon man, in slumberings upon the bed; then God openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instructions: Job xxxiii. 15, 16.

Examples of supernatural dreams occur so frequently in the sacred volume, that no man can explode all dreams as vain, without exploding the Bible at the same time. God came to Abimelech, in a dream; Genesis xx. 3.—The angel of God spake to Jacob in a dream: Genesis xxxi. 11.—Very remarkable was Jacob's dream at Bethel: Gen. xxviii.—Joseph's two dreams were evidently prophetic: Gen. xxxvii.—So were those of king Pharaoh: Gen. xli.—And of the Jewish soldier: Josh. vii. 13.—When God took away the spirit of prophecy from Saul, it is said that the Lord answered him not by dreams: 1 Sam. xxxviii. 6.—At Gibeon, the Lord appeared to Solomon, in a dream, by night: 1 Kings iii. 5.—Nebuchadnezzar's predictive dreams were, undeniably, from God: Dan. ii. and iv.—As was Daniel's, concerning the four universal monarchies: Dan. vii.

Your old men shall dream dreams, is a promise made to Joel; and it began to have its accomplishment in Joseph, the espoused and nominal husband of the Virgin Mary. It was in a dream that the angel of the Lord appeared to this holy man, and forbade him to suspect the purity of his unsullied bride. In the same dream it was revealed to Joseph, that he should give to the Messiah the name of Jesus, because that blessed person was to save his people from

their aids, Matt. i.—A short time after, Joseph was warned, by an angel, in a dream, to flee with Jesus and Mary into Egypt; and, in the same manner, he received notice of Herod's death, and was commanded to return to Judea. Matt. ii.—Nor can it be doubted that the dream of Pontius Pilate's wife was from above: Matthew xvii.

With regard to the cause of dreams, one of the most able and most rational* philosophers whom the present age, or any nation has produced, demonstrates, absolutely demonstrates, that dreams, even all dreams whatever, proceed, and can proceed only, from the agency of unembodied spirits on the human mind. Strange as this theory may at first seem, the great author solidly proves his point, and solves (unanswerably, in my opinion) every objection that is, or that perhaps ever can be, alledged to the contrary. To him I refer the speculative reader; and shall conclude the present article, with several very observable, but very authentic, instances of extraordinary and significant dreams.

Alcibiades, a little before his assassination, dreamed †, that an event of that kind had taken place. The ultimate ruin of Pompey was ‡ prediscovers to Petitus in a dream.

About three hundred and thirty-two years before Christ, Jaddua, the high priest of the Jews, refused to take the required oath of allegiance to Alexander the Great, who was then besieging Tyre. Alexander had no sooner made himself master of that city, than he bent his course towards Jerusalem: with full determination to destroy both place, priest, and people; and to enrich his forces, by the free plunder of the Jewish capital. Jaddua, on receiving notice of this design, was in great perplexity. He appointed a day of public and solemn humiliation before God: and was, that same night, relieved from his anxiety, by the following dream. He thought, "that the Almighty exhorted him to dismiss his fears; to adorn the city, as

* *Viz.* The late Mr. Baxter. See the second volume of his unequalled *Enquiry into the Nature of the human Soul*. It is astonishing that so great a man should have lived and died in such obscurity; and that (so far as I can find) not the least memoir of him has, hitherto, been published. What a disgrace to this generation! a generation, that prides itself on its love of science, and on the respect it pays to elevated merit!—Even Bishop Warburton acknowledges the surprising excellence of this extraordinary person; on whom, the right reverend critic bestows the following just encomium: "He was truly a great genius. And a time will come, if learning ever revive amongst us, when the present inattention to his admirable *Metaphysics*, established on the physics of Newton, will be deemed as great a dishonour to the wisdom of this age, as the neglect of Milton's poetry is to the wit of the past." *Notes on Pope*; vol. iv. p. 320.

† *Plut. in Alcibiad.*

‡ *Idem in Pomp.*

on festive occasions; to set open the gates; and, when Alexander drew near, to give him the meeting, at the head of an ecclesiastical procession, robed in their sacerdotal habits." The next morning Jaddua publicly declared his dream; regulated his measures, agreeably to the suggestions he had received, and placidly waited the event.

So soon as Alexander came within sight of Jerusalem, the procession from the city began to move. The high priest took the lead, superbly arrayed in scarlet and purple, and wearing the mitre, which bore the name of God engraved on a plate of gold. Next to him followed the inferior priests, habited in fine linen. A multitude of citizens, clothed in white, closed the rear. When the venerable train came up, Alexander commanded his own soldiers to halt: and, advancing foremost and alone, respectfully accosted Jaddua, and adored the incomprehensible name with which his mitre was adorned. The Jews uttered their salutations in shouts; and the hostile army stood astonished, at the unexpected behaviour of their prince. Parmenio, who was Alexander's particular friend and favourite, could not help expressing his surprise; and ventured to ask him, "How is it, that you, who are worshipped by all mankind, are now become a worshipper of the Jewish pontiff?"—"I worship not the high priest," returned the king, "but the God whose name he bears. When I was at Dios, in Macedon, concerting the plan I should pursue, in order to subject Asia to my dominion, I saw, in a dream, this very person, habited exactly as he now stands, who exhorted me to undertake the expedition without delay, and promised me infallible success. I now am certain that, under the divine patronage, I shall subdue Darius, and be master of Persia.*"

Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, was martyred for the christian faith, A. D. 167. Three days before he was apprehended by the heathen officers, he dreamt that "his pillow took fire, and was burnt to ashes." The holy man told his friends, that he considered this dream as significative of his being burnt to death for Christ's sake. And the event was answerable to the presage.

A. M. T.

VANITY.

HISTORY preserves the memory of empires and of states, with which it necessarily interweaves that of heroes, kings, and statesmen. Biography affords a place to the remarkable characters of private men. There are likewise other subordinate testimonies,

* Josephus Antiq. b. xi. ch. 8.

† Cave's Apostolici, p. 1118.

which serve to perpetuate, at least prolong, the memories of men, whose characters and stations give them no claim to a place in story. For instance, when a person fails of making that figure in the world which he makes in the eyes of his own relations, or himself, he is rarely dignified any farther than with his picture whilst he is living, or with an inscription upon his monument after his decease. Inscriptions have been so fallacious, that we begin to expect little from them beside elegance of style. To inveigh against the writers for their manifest want of truth, were as absurd as to censure Homer for the beauties of an imaginary character.—But even paintings, in order to gratify the vanity of the person who bespeaks them, are taught, now-a-days, to flatter like epitaphs.

Falsehoods upon a tomb or monument may be entitled to some claims in the affection, the gratitude, and piety of surviving friends. Even grief itself disposes us to magnify the virtues of a relation, as visible objects also appear larger through tears. But the man, who through an idle vanity suffers his features to be belied or exchanged for others of a more agreeable make, may with great truth be said to lose his property in the portrait. In like manner, if he encourage the painter to belie his dress, he seems to transfer his claim to the man with whose station his assumed trappings are connected.

I remember a bag-piper, whose physiognomy was so remarkable and familiar to a club he attended, that it was agreed to have his picture placed over their chimney-piece. There was this remarkable in the fellow, that he chose always to go barefoot, though he was daily offered a pair of shoes. However, when the painter had been so exact as to omit this little piece of dress, the fellow offered all he had in the world, the whole produce of three nights harmony, to have those feet covered in the effigy, which he so much scorned to cover in the original. Perhaps he thought it a disgrace to his instrument to be eternised in the hands of so much apparent poverty. However, when a person of low station adorns himself with trophies to which he has no pretensions to aspire, he should consider the picture as actually telling a lie to posterity.

I this morning saw a fellow drawn in a night-gown of so rich a stuff, that the expence, had he purchased such a one, would more than half have ruined him; and another coxcomb, seated by his painter in a velvet chair, who would have been surprised at the deference paid him, had he been offered a cushion.

W. S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

SIR,

It is too late in the day for me to study trigonometry, but having lately admired a practitioner in that way, I send you my thoughts on the architect. Perhaps, had I endeavoured to alter the form of my memorandums from what they appear in my book, I should only have got rid of one fault,—a homespun way of telling a story,—without gaining an equivalent. If you should find it worthy of insertion, or any naturalist find himself inclined to set me right where I am wrong, I should feel greatly obliged to both.

Yours, Sir, truly,

Dec. 4, 1803.

ROB. BLOOMFIELD.

REMARKS ON THE GARDEN SPIDER.

Extracted from a Book of Memorandums.

August 14, 1801.

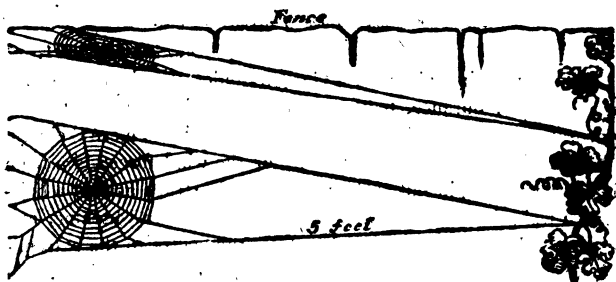
THIS morning, observed a Garden Spider, who had one of his own species in durance, holding him suspended, but without much appearance of a web. The prisoner was alive, but a mere skeleton. After a while he was suffered to fall, or the wind forced him from his captivity; but, in falling, he unfortunately struck against a half-formed web, the architect of which I had just been watching, and observed, that all the lines leading from the centre to the extremities, were finished; and he was busy, going a continued circle, and joining each with a fresh web, which he drew from his posteriors, at regular strokes, by an extension of his longest legs behind. The beforementioned prisoner fell against his web, and he immediately left work to secure him, being still alive, and having legs not at all diminished, though his body was wasted. His new conqueror seized him, and, rolling him up in a strong web, dragged him to the centre, and there left him secure, and returned to his work, which he soon completed. I had observed him about a quarter of an hour previous to this adventure, and remarked that he caught a number of very small flies, which abounded on every weed, after much rain in the night; and I was not a little surprised that these minute creatures did not stop his progress, but were instantly devoured; not as I expected, by sucking their bodies dry: he took them up very orderly, and very distinctly, and devoured them, wings and all, without leave.

ing the smallest appearance of a fragment. He had eaten seven of these flies before the spider fell in his way."

August 20, 1861.

"A spider of this kind, of an enormous size, has now a web, of about a foot in diameter, hung with spoils, against a wooden fence in the yard. I have repeatedly seen them working their webs, but never could see them begin it. The insect, here mentioned, has attached his work, on one side, to the fence, from which it projects obliquely, and is suspended to a branch of a vine, at the distance of five feet from the circle of the web. As the suspending lines are very strong, and run exactly horizontally, without any intermediate support, it is wonderful to me to think how they could have been carried so far. A double five foot line, which leaves the fence in this direction, must have been a curious work for him.

"In the outline here given, the upper sketch is looking down on the work; the under one is looking horizontally.



"The body of the spider being nearly half an inch in length, he has more than twenty-four times his length in one foot, and, consequently, one hundred and twenty times in his suspending lines. Now, taking the standard of a man at five feet six inches, one hundred and twenty times his length will be six hundred and sixty feet, or two hundred and twenty yards; about three times the height of the Monument. If we were set to tie the tops of the steeples of London together with a cord, without scaffolding, should not we be put to it to hit on the means? We should go to school to spiders, and ants, and bees; but of these the spider does his work alone."

September 9, 1861.

"This morning, extricated a bee from a web, but without any signs of life. Another web contained a bee larger than the common honey bee; he appeared completely enveloped in a winding-sheet of the

web of a very large spider; whose premises he had unfortunately trespassed upon. Thus, it is evident that this tiger of an insect devours creatures larger than itself. If the means by which he is enabled to do it were common to the beasts of the forest, how dreadful would be a net spun by the lion or the tiger, from which the horse and his rider could not disentangle themselves, no more than a strong bee can from this pest of the garden."

[To be concluded next Month.]

CHRISTMAS.

MR EDITOR,

It is astonishing how little is known of the origin and intention of the customs which distinguish this festival. It is understood to bring with it good eating and drinking, and few families are anxious to ascertain any thing more, than the parties they are to visit, or to receive, on *Christmas Day*, *New Year's Day*, and *Twelfth Night*. For the information of those, therefore, who may not be contented with mere *beef* and *pudding*, I transmit you the following curious historical and traditionary illustrations.

THE CUSTOM OF DRESSING CHURCHES AND HOUSES AT CHRISTMAS WITH HOLLY, &c. &c.

Stow, in his Survey of London, tells us, against the feast of Christmas, every man's house, as also the parish churches, were decked with *holme*, *ivy*, *bayes*, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green: The *conduits* and *standards* in the streets were likewise garnished.

In the ancient calendar of the church of Rome, I find the following observation on Christmas Eve:

"Templa exornantur;"

"Churches are decked."

Mr. Gay, in his Trivia, describes this custom:

When rosemary and bayes, the poet's crown,
Are baw'd in frequent cries through all the town;
Then judge the festival of Christmas near;
Christmas, the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all the temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.

There is an essay in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1765, in which it is conjectured that the ancient custom of dressing churches and houses, at Christmas, with *laurel*, *box*, *holly* or *ivy*, was in allusion

to many *figurative expressions* in the prophets, relative to Christ; the *branch of righteousness*, &c. or that it was in remembrance of the oratory of *Wrythors Wands*, or *Boughs*, which was the first christian church erected in Britain. Before we can admit either of these hypotheses, the question must be determined whether or no this custom was not prior to the introduction of the christian faith amongst us.

The learned Dr. Chandler observes, that, "It is related where *Druidism* prevailed, the *houses* were *decked with ever-greens* in December, that the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unripp'd with frost and cold winds, until a milder season had *renewed* the foliage of their *darling abodes*."

CHRISTMAS BOX.

We are told, in the *Athenian Oracle*, that the **Christmas-Box-Money* is derived from hence. The Romish priests had masses said for almost every thing: If a ship went out to the Indies, the priests had a *box* in her, under the protection of some saint: And for masses, as their cant was, to be said for them to that saint, &c. The poor people must put something into the priest's box, which was not to be opened till the ship returned.

The mass at that time was called Christmas; *the Box, Christmas Box*; a money gathered against that time, that masses might be made by the priests to the saints, to forgive the people the debaucheries of that time; and from this, servants had the liberty to get *box money*, that they too might be enable to pay the priest for his masses, knowing well the truth of the proverb.

"No penny, no paternoster."

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Bishop Stillingfleet informs us, that "among the *Saxons* of the *Northern Nations*, the feast of the new year was observed with more than ordinary jollity: thence, as *Olaus Wormius* and *Scheffer* observe, they reckoned their age by so many † *Iolas*; and *Snorro Sturleson* describeth this new year's feast just as *Buchanan* sets out

* This is still retained in public houses and barber's shops; it is put against the wall, and every customer puts in something. Mr. Gay mentions it thus:

Some boys are rich by birth, beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind, good old aunts;
When time comes round a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.

Gay's *Trivia*.

† *Iola*, in the Gothic language, signifies to make merry.

the British Saturnalia, by feasting and sending presents, or new year's gifts, one to another."

The poet Naëgeorgus says, * that it was usual, at that time, for friends to present each other with a new year's gift; for the husband, the wife; the parents, their children; and masters, their servants; which, as † Hospinian tells us, was an ancient custom of the Heathens, and afterwards practised by the Christians.

The very ingenious Scotch writer, Buchanman, presented to the unfortunate Mary queen of Scots, the following singular kind of *new year's gift*. History is silent concerning the manner in which her majesty received it.

Ad Mariam Scotis Reginam :

Do quod adest: opto quod abest tibi, dona darentur

Aurea, Sors animo si foret aqua meo.

Hoc leve si credis, paribus me aleiscere donis :

Et quod abest, opta tu mihi: da quod adest.

TWELFTH DAY.

The rites of this day are different in divers places, though the end of them is much the same in all; namely, to do honour to the memory of the *eastern magi*, whom they suppose to have been kings. In *France*, one of the courtiers is chosen king, when the king himself, and the other nobles, attend at an entertainment. In *Germany*, they observe the same thing on this day in academies and cities, where the students and citizens create one of themselves *king*, and provide a magnificent banquet for him, and give him the attendance of a *king*, or a *stranger guest*. Now this is answerable to that custom of the *Saturnalia*, of *masters making banquets* for their *servants*, and waiting on them; and no doubt this custom has in part sprung from that.

Not many years ago, this was a common *Christmas gambol*, in both our *universities*; and it is still usual in other places of our land, to give the name of *king* or *queen* to that person whose luck hits upon that part of the divided cake, which is honoured above the others with the sacred name of majesty.

More particulars will be learned of the manner of drawing king and queen, from a letter preserved in the Universal Magazine,

* Iani——Calendis,

Atque etiam strenæ charis mittuntur amicis :

Conjugibus; viri donant, gnatisq; parentes,

Et domini famulis, &c.

Hosp. de Orig. Fest. Christ. P. 41.

† Hospin. *ibid.*

1714; whence I shall take the liberty of extracting a few passages: "I went to a friend's house in the country, to partake of some of those innocent pleasures that constitute a merry Christmas; I did not return till I had been present at drawing *king and queen*, and *eat* a slice of the *twelfth cake*. After tea, yesterday, a *noble cake* was produced, and *two bowls* containing the *fortunate chances* for the different sexes."

"According to the *twelfth day law*, each party is to support their *character* till midnight."

Sometimes the characters have a poetical description, in the manner of the following, which are from the pens of a late field-marshal, and a dignified clergyman, now living; those written by the latter are distinguished by an asterisk. They have not before been printed.

King.

I am your king, behold my wide domain!
O'er all this chamber's vast extent I reign.
With pearls and diamonds tho' your scepters shine,
Moguls and sultans, you may envy mine!
Forto my throne, no slave, nor traitor bends,
Who reigns in comfort o'er an host of friends.
O! may the gracious monarch of these isles,
Still reign like me amidst his people's smiles:
Their pleasure only study, still like me,
And to be happy, make his subjects free.

Nun.

Just from my pious convent fled,
'Tis a bold step at once to wed;
But then our closter was so cold,
The nuns were dull; the priests were old,
'Twas mournful living in a cell;
I thought the world might do as well;
And shou'd I e'en my hand bestow,
'Twere only changing vow for vow.
You're now my priest, my faults confes'd;
If you absolve me, I am blest.

Butcher.

I am a butcher, ma'am, 'tis true,
But so I apprehend are you;
The only difference in our trade,
You use your eyes, and I my blade.
Then take me, and I trust you'll see,
Two of a trade for once agree.

Cinder Wench.

Tho' from my business I may be
 A little smutty, as you see,
 Yet with the fingers which I've bestow'd,
 Full many a gentle wain has grow'd.
 And since all mortals here below
 Are dust and ashes, as we know;
 Duchess or cinder-wench, 'tis all the same,
 And Cinderella's only chang'd in name.

Dancing Master.

Of beaux and beauties I'm the cream;
 Does not my air my trade proclaim?
 If still my name you cannot hit,
 Know, madam, I am call'd beau-kit.
 I practice à-la-mode de France,
 I'll lead you ma'am, a charming dance;
 And fear not when you marry me,
 You'll have a num'rous family;
 Talk with my misses at their ball,
 You'll be the mother of them all.

Apple Woman.

Tho' I'm but a poor apple woman,
 Pray let me be despis'd by no man;
 Since we descend, as I believe,
 In line direct from mother Eve;
 For, as we all too well do know,
 She was an apple woman too.
 Then take me, sir, you'll have a power
 Of golden pippins for your dower;
 A nonpareil to, I'll be then,
 To you my Adam, first of men.

*Nabob.**

If 'tis your wish, my fair, to live,
 Endow'd with all that wealth can give,
 Accept a nabob's offer'd hand,
 Who can all worldly pomp command;
 Partake my splendour—but be wise,
 And ask not whence these riches rise.

*Cook Maid.**

Sir, you've a liquorish taste, I see,
 Or you'd have ne'er selected me,
 If you prove true, with daintiest fare
 To suit your taste shall be my care;
 But, if inconstant I should find you,
 You'll have the dish-clout pinn'd behind you.

*School Master.**

If you a school-master refuse,
 Lest he severities should use,
 Dismiss your fears, attentive prove,
 Learn one short task—the art of love.

Doctor.

I am a man of mighty knowledge,
 Perhaps the wisest of the college;
 Of blisters, purges, diuretics,
 Of febrifuges, and emetics,
 You'll have your choice, whene'er you will,
 And therefore never can be ill;
 So take me, madam, and you'll see,
 We'll not like doctors disagree.

Indian Lady.

From the far sultry Indian land,
 I'm come, sir, to give you my hand;
 Diamonds and pearls, I'll pour before you,
 To shew how greatly I adore you.
 But think not deary, when you die,
 That I'll expire in flames, not I.
 For such vile modes no taste I feel,
 To be Gentoo, is not genteel;
 And sure it's quite enough, my dear,
 To burn for you while you are here.

*The Coalman.**

Dear madam, lay your scorn aside,
 Since now you're doom'd to be my bride;
 What tho' the coalman's dirt and dust
 Your delicacy may disgust;
 Few ladies would their love withhold,
 If this coal-sack were fill'd with gold.

*Negro Girl.**

You sir, and I, now make a pair,
 Tho' I scarce hop'd, I must declare,
 That I, a negro girl, should meet,
 A swain so fair, so nice, no neat.
 Fortune and love, alike are blind,
 Therefore to me, dear sir, be kind;
 Lillies and roses may be feign'd,
 But honest black shall ne'er be stain'd.

ROMAN LETTERS,

ARISTIDES TO THALIA.

LETTER III.

THE Ides of March are come; and so said Cæsar to Spurianna; but I have passed the Ides differently from Cæsar, for M. Metellus insisted upon my accompanying him to the banks of the Tiber, to witness the amusements of the commonality:—as we were walking thither, he explained the cause of this festival. The Romans, said he, are a most grateful people, for no one makes a will in their favour, or contributes to their comfort, but is reverenced with more than even proper regard; the present instance is, however, an exception to this, and the gratitude of the multitude is an important stimulus to others. In a period of great famine, when the crops in Sicily had failed, and the people were reduced to the most deplorable extremities, an old lady, of immense wealth, undertook to supply the Roman citizens from her own granaries: in honour of this patriotic action, the Romans have instituted this festival.

As he concluded, we turned into a street which led us near the Theatre of Mæcellus, and the Temple of Fortune, and making an angle to the left, passing over the palatine bridge, we beheld a number of booths, surrounded by a multitude of men and women, who expressed, by gestures and acclamations, the pleasure they derived from the exhilarating scene; drinking largely, and, with friendly nods and smiles, wishing each other to live as many years as on that day they drank cups.*

I cannot explain the cause to your satisfaction, but there is always something in the noisy gaiety of the populace which makes me melancholy; not that I dislike seeing them happy, but their mode of happiness is so totally different from my own, that I am glad to escape from their turbulence as soon as possible. The joys of a man of any refinement are silent, and swell the soul to an altitude which precludes utterance.

As we returned, we deviated from the direct line to pay a visit to Pompey's theatre. The theatres were merely temporary before Pompey conceived a design of building one that should be permanent, in imitation of those he had seen in Greece; the architecture of this building will not bear description for the perusal of one who every day sees those of Athens. The most celebrated one of the old plan was built by M. Scæurus;† the scenes were divided into

* Ovid. Fasti. v. 523.

† Pliny—Cassiodorus de Urb. Rom. Spensore, lib. 2. c. 5. Rom. Antiq. p. 46.

three compartments; the first consisting of one hundred and twenty marble pillars, the next of the same number of glass, and the top, decorated with gilded tablets, between which stood three thousand statues, some composed of clay, some of marble, and some likewise of brass. This had an uncommon brilliancy of effect, and excited a regret that it should be made of such perishable materials. Its size was so immense, that its area was capable of containing eighty thousand persons.

Augustus certainly possesses the art of making himself feared, respected, and beloved. To such a height is the public enthusiasm carried, that they have erected a statue of brass to Antonius Musa*, his physician, as a token of gratitude, for maintaining him in good health. My friend, Metellus, has interrupted me with the intelligence of the wilful death of Publius Cornelius Gallus, to whom the government of Egypt was entrusted, after the death of Anthony and Cleopatra. The conduct of Gallus, however, by no means justified the partiality with which he was regarded by Cicero†, Pollio, and Augustus himself; for, soon after his appointment, he gave evident symptoms of possessing an inordinate ambition, and a passionate desire of fame; he erected statues to himself throughout Egypt, caused his military exploits to be engraven on the pyramids, and indulged himself in such unseasonable discourse over his cups§, that his once intimate friend, Valerius Largus, hoping, I suppose, to ingratiate himself into the favour of Augustus, accused him of treason. The ingratitude of this man caused the Prince of the Senate, as Augustus politely styles himself, to suspend him from his office, recal him, and deliver him over to the senate; though the shame of a disgraceful execution, or an ignominious exile, drove him to put a miserable period to his wretched existence. Upon receiving intelligence of his death, the emperor burst into tears, and lamented that he could not be angry with his friends as his necessities required.

This Cornelius Gallus was an elegiac poet; and wrote four books in praise of the accomplished Lycoris, who, disregarding his passion, followed the luxurious Anthony|| in his excursion through the various cities of Italy;—"perque nives, perque horrida castra secuta est."¶ This circumstance occasioned Virgil, whose fame has long since filled all Greece, to compose an eclogue, the extreme beauty of which will plead my excuse in transcribing it for you; and if you perceive

* Sueton. in Vit. C. Aug. lib. 1. c. 59.

† Vide Cicero Familiar Ep. literæ, 10. 31. 32.

§ Diodorus, l. 53.

|| Pliny, l. 8, c. 16.

¶ Virgil Ecl. x. l. 23.

some thoughts and expressions, extracted from the first idyl of Theocritus, you will find great pleasure in comparing the extreme elegance of the one, with the innocent rusticity of the other.

I feel the truth of the 69th line of this eclogue so forcibly, that I shall close my letter with it.

Omnis vincit amor & nos cedamus amori.

Adieu.

P. S. You will be rejoiced to hear that I am to be introduced to Horace in the course of a few days. He has given Metellus an invitation to his villa at Lucretilis, and my friend still continues the affection he bore me at Rhodes, insomuch that he insists upon my accompanying him whithersoever he goes; and our habits, manners, and sentiments are so nearly allied, that he seldom proposes any thing that is not sanctioned by my concurrence.

Once more farewell.

M.

SIR HENRY LEE, AND HIS DOG.

AT Ditchley, in the county of Oxford, the seat of Dillon, formerly belonging to Lee, Earl of Litchfield, is the portrait of Sir Henry Lee, and his trusty dog. To the dog Sir Henry was indebted for his life. By accident it was left one night in his bedchamber, unknown to a faithless servant, who entered the room with an intent to rob and murder his master, but was seized on his entrance by his affectionate animal. Sir Henry belonged to the noble band of Knights Tilters. Age overtook him in the thirty-third year of Queen Elizabeth, when he retired with great ceremony, and recommended, as his successor, the famous hero, the Earl of Cumberland. Sir Henry, in the year 1590, invested his successor with much form; and in the true spirit of chivalry and romance, in the presence of the Queen, and the whole court, armed the new champion, and mounted him upon his horse. His own armour he offered at the foot of a crowned pillar, near her Majesty's feet: after which he clothed himself in a coat of black velvet, painted under the arms: and instead of a helmet, covered his head with a buttoned cap of the country fashion. He died, aged 80, in the year 1611, and was interred in the once elegant little church of Quarendon, near Aylesbury. The epitaph tells us,

The warres abroad with honour he did passe,
In courtlie justs his sovereign's knight he was.
Sixe princes he did serve.

J. S.

AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE,
AND OF
THE ORIGIN OF FREE MASONRY.

THE whole roof of the chapel is divided into twelve parts (answering to twelve windows on either side) the separation being made by eleven principal ribs, corresponding to the number of buttresses on the outside. The space contained between any two of these ribs is, in the indenture, called a *severy*.

This roof is so constructed, that it has no dependance on the walls between buttress and buttress on either side, or between tower and tower, at either end of the chapel: the whole weight of the roof being so supported by the buttresses and towers, that if the above-mentioned walls should be entirely taken away, the buttresses and towers only remaining, the roof would still continue as firm as it is at this hour.

But what may justly claim an equal degree of wonder is, that those large stones in the centre of each *severy*, which may be considered as the key-stones of the vault, might, at any time, be safely taken out, without endangering the vault itself. Hence it appears, that this roof is so geometrically contrived, that it would stand firm without either the walls or the key-stones. The mystery of constructing roofs of this kind was the original secret of Free Masons: of whom John Wastel, the master mason, contracted to employ not less than sixty, for carrying on the works of this chapel. This note I am authorized to add, by a gentleman who has made the structure of many ancient Gothic buildings, and particularly that of King's Chapel, his favourite study.

Of Free Masons, as they were the builders of the chapel, I shall beg leave to give the following account:

A set of foreigners, who called themselves Free Masons (because none were acquainted with the secrets of their trade, except such as were free and accepted members of their society), are said to have introduced the art of building with stone into England, about the middle of the seventh century. These were formerly divided into parties or companies. Each company was subject to a master, a warden, and other inferior officers (names retained among Free Masons to this day): they assembled in one common room,

(called a lodge) where they consulted about carrying on the works which their master and warden had undertaken: for they were chiefly employed in raising cathedrals, chapels, and other buildings of the like kind. A company of Free Masons, (as I am led to conclude from the second and third indentures), to their immortal honour, contracted for building different parts of the chapel. They have left, I am told, in the course of their work, certain marks well known to all adepts of their society. What these monuments of masonry may be, I am unable to declare; but refresh my reader, if he is learned in the secrets of the fraternity, to an inspection of every mysterious token about the building. One thing, however, I shall mention, which has often been observed,—that in the south porch of the chapel there are *three* steps, at the west door *five*, and in the north porch *seven*. These are numbers, with the mystery, or at least the sound of which, free masons are said to be particularly well acquainted.

It is observable that, notwithstanding the encouragement Free Masons received from Henry VI. by being employed in erecting his magnificent chapel, An act passed in the third year of his reign, for suppressing their assembling, or holding chapters, in any part of his dominions; it being the prevailing opinion of those times, that their meetings were held for the sake of making an extravagant addition to the wages of the working masons. But a favourable report being made to his majesty, by some of his nobility, who had been admitted into the brotherhood, he afterwards received them into his favour, and shewed them marks of a particular respect. The act itself remains, I believe, as yet unrepealed. J. S.

SELECT SENTENCES.

INNOCENCE, and guilt, how wide are your extremes!—Yet, your appearance, sometimes, how similar!—Perhaps the nicest eye cannot, on some occasions, distinguish your efforts on the human countenance. *Frost*, and *fire*, will equally redden the face—even to burning the skin!

TAKE care never to shew your mind otherwise than in *full dress*—unless its dishabille be adjusted with all the care and decorum requisite to render it interesting and elegant.

FALSEHOOD goes on *one* leg only—truth upon *two*.

AN indiscreet man is like an unsealed letter. Every body may read him.

TALENT has no *advocate*—but many *friends*,

Do nothing in the moment of wrath—unless you would put to sea in the midst of a tempest.

THE first work gives celebrity to the author. After that the author gives celebrity to his works.

MODESTY often passes for errant haughtiness; as, what is deemed *spirit* in a horse often proceeds from *fear*.

To say a person writes a good *style*, is as pedantic as to say, he plays a good fiddle.

THE writer who gives the best idea of what may be called the *genteel* in style, is, perhaps, Lord Shaftesbury—then Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift. In the genteel management of some familiar ideas, Lord Shaftesbury's sketches should be studied like those of Raphael.

A *poet* who fails in writing becomes a morose critic. The weak insipid white wine, makes, at length, good vinegar.

THE ridicule with which some people affect to triumph over their superiors is, as though the moon, under an eclipse, should pretend to laugh at the sun.

"A *wise*, if honest, can only be honest bare-weight."—Well—let it be so. Then is the balance *just*—and to be *just* is to be virtuous and useful. Ah! let not those who are blessed with high intellectual powers, smile on the praise due to correct economy!—Great mental resources should teach people to be *high* minded, *delicately* minded, yet *strongly* minded. Too *high* minded to let their expences exceed their resources; too *delicately* minded to enjoy any gratification unsuitable with those resources. Too *strong* minded not to endure with content necessary deprivations. If mental resources can teach these things, how incalculably valuable are they to their possessor!

"THE passions," Madame de Montier informs us, "*rise up* only against those who faintly oppose them. To a vigorous *de-*fence they are sure to submit. He who is under the necessity of plucking nettles, avoids the sting only by seizing them boldly. While he who attacks them more gently, and cautiously, feels how painful it is to eradicate evil dispositions with faintness and irresolution.

It may now be doubted, whether any congregation in Great Britain (says Dr. Beattie), could maintain its gravity, if it were to hear such a sermon as Sutton's "caution for the credulous," 1696. "Here have I *undertaken* one, who hath *overtaken* many. A machia *villan*, or, rather, a matchless *villain*. One that professeth himself to be a *friend*, when he is indeed a *fiend*. His greatest *amity* is but dissembled *enmity*. Though I call him but a *plain* flatterer, for I mean to deal very *plainly* with him; some compare him to a devil. If he be one, these words of Solomon are a *spell* to *expel* him. Wring not my words to wrong my meaning. I do not go about to crucify the *sons* of men, but the *sins* of men. Some flatter a man for their own private benefit; this man's *heart* thou hast in thy *pocket*. For if thou find in thy purse, to give him presently, he will find in his heart, and love thee everlastingly.

HISTORY is a romance that is *believed*; romance, an history that is *not believed*.

WHOEVER expects pity by complaining to his physician, is as foolish as they are, who, having lost money at cards, complain of ill luck to their companions the winners. If none were ill or unfortunate, how would physicians, or gamesters, get money.

ALBANO's boy-angels and cupids are all so alike, that they seem to have been the children of the Flemish countess, who was said to be delivered of 365 at a birth.

EXPERIENCE becomes prescience.

NOTHING is more vain than for a woman to deny her age—she cannot deceive herself, who is the only person concerned about it. If a man dislikes a woman, because he thinks her of the age she is, he will only dislike her the more by being told she is younger than she seems to be, and, consequently looks older than she ought to do. The anno domini of her face will weigh more than that of her register.

Q. Z.

POPULARITY.

"I DISDAIN as much a servile popularity, as I should a slavish submission to any prince or minister. The favour of the people may, I know, be acquired by humouring their prejudices, as well as that of a prince by humouring his passions; but this sort of favour is in neither case of any long duration. The people by their preju-

dices, as well as the prince by his passions, generally soon lead themselves into some misfortune; and as soon as this happens, the parasite, in both cases, becomes hateful and contemptible."

This extract I made many years ago from a speech in a debate on the pension bill. If popularity is acquired by such means (and I am not prepared from experience to contradict it), it shews a radical defect in the constitution of all representative assemblies; for, as the purity of representation must depend on the suffrage of the people being influenced only by their opinion of the candidates, if their opinion is liable to be so biassed, the popular favourite, and not the firm patriot, an Alcibiades, and not an Aristides, will most likely be the object of their choice. This is a consideration well worth the attention of our modern reformers of the representation of the commons of Great Britain in parliament.

There cannot be a more honourable situation than that of a county member. What can be a greater honour, than to be selected by neighbours, friends, and equals, to watch over their political interests? But honourable as this trust is, it is also a trust attended with much personal inconvenience to him who is invested with it; and it is a mark of vanity and weak ambition rating its own abilities too high, or grasping too eagerly at provincial consequence, to be very solicitous for the attainment of it, especially as the honour of the situation entirely depends on the means by which it is acquired. A man who is very anxious for this situation, gives up his independence the moment he is declared a candidate. He must court every freeholder; he must attend every county meeting, either of business or pleasure; and as those voters on whose influence the election must chiefly depend, are his friends and companions, he must give up the frank manners of social life, in the common intercourse of friendship and hospitality, for the most guarded and cautious behaviour, as an excess of attention to one person is often considered as something worse than neglect to another. Who can reasonably suppose, that the man who gives up his own independence, to attain an honour which loses its finest polish by being too eagerly grasped, will be conscientiously solicitous to preserve the independence of others?

Shenstone observes twice in his essays, that a love of popularity is only a love of being beloved. But popularity is rarely considered as an end, but as a mean of obtaining some other end. A man who courts popularity generally resembles a venal beauty, who considers the power she has of making herself beloved, as subservient only to her avarice or her ambition.

H. J. P.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quæst adjuvat.

The History of France, from the Year 1790, to the Peace concluded at Amiens in 1802, by John Adolphus, Esq. F. A. S. 8vo. 2 Vols. Kearsly.

AMID the dearth of literary excellence, which, notwithstanding the vast number of publications which daily issue from the press, we are sorry to see so generally prevalent; the volumes before us, from the pen of an author whose deep research, distinguished talent, and unwearied industry are never to be sufficiently applauded, and admired, will be found to contain peculiar claims to attention and respect.

In the course of our literary labours it has been frequently our lot to peruse volumes, which embrace *partial* periods of that momentous era distinguished by the name of the French revolution: still, however, a work was wanting, which, *at one view*, should detail the particulars of, and delineate the characters of the actors in, those times of turbulence and anarchy, and, blending the materials to be derived from a variety of sources, present us with a clear and copious *body* of information, on scenes the most interesting, and events the most important.

To supply this desideratum appears to have been Mr. Adolphus's motive for undertaking the present work, in which no pains have been spared, no source of information neglected, to render it worthy of public patronage; and which, for depth of research, and soundness of judgment; perspicuity of narrative, and power of illustration, has rarely been equalled, and, perhaps, never surpassed.

After noticing, in his introduction, a variety of fanciful opinions with respect to the general circumstances from which the French revolution derived its origin, he proceeds to ascribe it to "a faction long nourished in the academies and cities of France, connected with numerous societies through all parts of Europe, meditating a total change in manners, laws, and the course of public worship, and projecting an entirely new distribution of power among nations, with a general overthrow of all established authorities." The pernicious maxims of this sect (the actual existence of which, the researches of modern authors have rendered indisputable) were destined to commence their active operations during the reign of Louis XVI. whose virtues as well as errors, by a remarkable fatality, contributed equally to his overthrow.

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His marriage with a princess of the house of Austria, who was supposed, by her influence in the cabinet, to favour her native country at the expence of France; the impolitic measure of espousing the cause of the Americans in their contest with great Britain; the conduct of the Finance being entrusted to an empiric minister, an alien to the land, and a republican by birth; but, above all, the centre and supplies 'the antireligious and antimonarchical party found at Paris, in the wealth, rank, profligacy, and turbulence of Orleans, tended to hasten the event, and blacken the crimes which marked its terrible career. Still, however, when, by a temporary exertion of firmness, La Fayette had compelled the Duke of Orleans to retire, tranquillity *might* have been restored, if Bailly, by proposing the solemn foppery of a confederation, had not revived the means and motives of insurrection, and furnished the leader of the principal faction with a pretext for revisiting his native country.

At this period Mr. Adolphus commences his history, with noticing the effects of the solemn oath taken by the French on the 14th of July, (1790); in which, (however it might have been hailed as the dawn of peace by the ignorant or the credulous) the more penetrating anticipated only one vast scene of unqualified perjury, and mutual distrust. The public tranquillity was first disturbed by the revolt at Nancy; and the rage for innovation was amply gratified by the free discussion of the political clubs, the origin of which are clearly detailed, and the characters of their respective orators drawn with vigour and discrimination. As first in rank, the monarch and his consort were honoured with the largest share of their abuse; and the rancour with which calumnies were propagated against him, and his ministers, could be equalled alone by the avidity with which the populace received them.

If virtue and real merit sunk under such attacks, how, says Mr. Adolphus, could factitious celebrity, and reputation founded merely on the basis of chicane and delusion, hope to survive; the popularity of M. Necker had long been declining, and the publication of the *red book* gave it the finishing blow. He announced his resignation to the national assembly on the 4th of September, and in a few days after was *permitted* to retire to Switzerland, loaded with insult and obloquy, though, but a short time before his exile, had driven the people to despair and revolt.

During these transactions, Orleans, whose conduct had at first been influenced by motives of personal animosity, his overtures at court having been coolly received, had grown desperate and determined to persevere; and the services of Mirabeau, by whose co-ope-

ration the king had hoped to regain some portion of his lost authority, were suspended by the report of Chatelet on the transactions of the 5th and 6th of October, which he erroneously supposed were directed by the court against him. Orleans, through the medium of Biron, made a poor and unmeaning defence, and promised a full account of his conduct on the next day, which, however, was never produced; whilst Mirabeau defended himself with equal eloquence and audacity, treating their report as a mere intrigue, and threatening the framers of it with never-ceasing vengeance. Prosecutions were then commenced against some inferior agents, which at length were wholly superseded by a decree, depriving the Chatelet of its jurisdiction over criminal offences.

The legislature, in the mean time, not content with the plunder already acquired from the clergy, by the seizure of clerical property, framed an oath, which their fidelity to the pope, as head of the church, would not suffer the conscientious to take, with a view to render them contemptible; and to enforce this measure with greater certainty, a day was fixed (Jan. 4, 1791), on which every ecclesiastical member of their body must peremptorily take the oath, or resign his benefices. This, to their immortal honour be it spoken, was almost universally rejected. The purity of their principles could be no longer questioned, and the triumphant party gnashed their teeth with rage at the eloquent expression of M. de Montlosier, respecting the ejected bishops: "If they are driven from their episcopal palaces," he said, "they will retire to the huts of the cottagers who have been fed by their bounty. If deprived of their golden crosses, they will find wooden ones; and it was a cross of wood that saved the world."

Mirabeau, whose negotiation with the court had been successfully renewed, saw with regret these attacks on the clergy; but as the difference between his former principles and his present practice would, in that case, have been too glaring, he did not dare openly to oppose them. He took, however, an active part in the debates on emigration; but, notwithstanding his exertions, had the mortification to see the motion adopted. But whilst faithful to his new engagements, employed in a plan to restore a constitutional monarchy, and compensate for his former attacks on royal authority, he was seized with spasms in his chest, and, after enduring excruciating tortures for two days, expired at Paris on the 2nd of April.

"Lament not me, my friends, but lament the monarchy which with me descends to the grave," were among the last words of Mira-

beau, and were unhappily too prophetic; the unfortunate monarch's situation was daily growing worse. His journey to St. Cloud having been prevented by the mob, he was compelled to do violence to his conscience in hearing mass performed by a constitutional priest, and the impolitic measure, adopted by the advice of the Lameths, of writing to his ministers at foreign courts, to announce his entire approbation of the revolution, with an avowal that he considered himself perfectly free and happy, put it out of the power of his friends to assist him.

The issue of the flight from Paris, on the 20th of June, is but too well known; his route was intercepted, and himself brought back to Paris, with every studied mark of disrespect; and the family, on their first day's journey, had the horror of seeing M. de Dampiere, murdered by the side of their coach, for merely endeavouring to shew them some trifling marks of respect.

Commissioners were now appointed from the assembly, and from the section of the Thuilleries, to take the examinations of the king, queen, and persons arrested; and the exertions of the republican faction evidently aimed at the abolition of royalty. The public mind, however, was not yet sufficiently prepared for this new doctrine. The reporter from the committees replied to the question, whether the king should be brought to trial? in the negative; and after a fierce debate of two days, a decree was adopted, providing, "that if, after having sworn to the constitution, he should retract, or put himself at the head of a military force, or direct his generals to act against the nation, or forbear opposing any such attempt by an authentic act, he should be judged to have abdicated the throne, and should be considered as a simple citizen, and subject to impeachment, in the ordinary forms, for crimes committed after his abdication.

The constitution (till the completion of which the king had been suspended from his functions) being at length decided upon, he first accepted it in writing, and then took an oath to maintain it, and on the 30th of September, after a final harangue, the president proclaimed the dissolution of the national assembly. The result of their labours is given by Poud 'Homme in the following terms: "The duration of this assembly was two years and four months, in which period three thousand five hundred and forty persons were put to death, one hundred and twenty-three chateaux burnt, fifty-six supposed conspiracies detected, seventy-one insurrections broke out, and two thousand five hundred and fifty-seven laws were enacted."

In his fourth chapter Mr. Adolphus takes a comprehensive sketch of the views of foreign powers towards France, and mentions the pretended treaty of Pavia with merited contempt. The temporary credit assigned to this weak invention, was strengthened, he observes, by the conference of the Emperor with the King of Prussia, at Upper Pilnitz, in Saxony; at which it was finally agreed, that each should furnish twelve thousand men, to support the army of the emigrants, demonstrate unequivocally their protection of the French Princes, and urge the concurrence of other powers.

Had a copy of this treaty reached Louis time enough to have prevented his free and unconditional acceptance of the revolution, it might have produced beneficial effects. As it was, however, it could have been wished the emigrant princes had been prevailed on to take advantage of the general amnesty to return to France, as their refusal furnished the legislative assembly (which had met on the first of October, and by a decree of the former body was entirely composed of new members) with a pretext for proceeding to still greater severities.

In November a decree was passed that all the French assembled in the Frontiers after the first of January, should be considered guilty; and the same month another severe decree against the non-juring clergy, to both of which the king opposed his veto.

The jacobins in the mean time were eager for war, and the death of Leopold, on the first of March, and the assassination of the King of Sweden, on the sixteenth of the same month, rather accelerated than retarded hostilities. The ministry were compelled, by the exertions of the demagogues, who disliked their pacific measures, to resign; and were succeeded by what is usually denominated the jacobin administration, consisting of Dumouriez, Degraives, Lacoste, Claviere, and Roland. The new ministry employed all their talents in rendering an accommodation with the successors of Leopold impossible, and on the twentieth of March war was declared against the King of Hungary and Bohemia, without mentioning Prussia, though Frederic William had already made known his determination of resisting an attack on the imperial dominions.

The principal events of the first campaign of the war are clearly narrated by Mr. Adolphus; our readers will remember they were attended with eminent disgrace and ill success to the republicans.

That however perpetually waged against their king and constitution was attended with more encouraging results. Pretended plots for the re-establishment of the old system were daily discovered, and the people were encouraged to insult their monarch and his

Consort with every species of licentious abuse. The popular party had succeeded in exasperating the people on the king's refusing to sanction the decrees against the nonjuring priests, and petitions were favourably received which complained of the absurdity of permitting one man to *paralyze* the will of twenty-six millions.

The breach between the ministers was daily widening. Dumouriez, Lacoste, and Durathon still continued to treat the king with respect, and, had their powers been *honestly* exerted, might have afforded him effectual protection. Servan adhered to Roland and Claviere, till at length (on account of their insolent behaviour in consequence of the king's refusing, by the advice of Dumouriez, to sanction another severe decree against nonjuring priests, and a memorial for a camp of twenty thousand men round the capital) all three were dismissed.

Dumouriez, however, perceiving he had offended the popular faction by accepting the office of minister of war, made haste to regain their good opinion, by resigning on the very same grounds which had furnished him with a pretext for dismissing Roland and his friends. The king was deeply affected by his treachery; "only conceive," says he, in a letter to M. Bertrand de Moleville, "only conceive the strange inconsistency of this man, after having persuaded me to dismiss those three ministers, because they insisted on my sanctioning the decrees, he now abandons me for persisting in the measures he himself urged."

In consequence of the king's refusal to sanction the two decrees being made public, an immense mob, armed with pikes and bludgeons, collected on the site of the Bastille on the twentieth of June, and after marching through the hall of the assembly in procession, proceeded to the palace, where they soon surmounted the feeble opposition of the Swiss guards, who did not dare to resist without express orders. No doubt, Mr. Adolphus thinks, can be entertained of the intention of some of the insurgents to assassinate the king. The work of murder was however left incomplete, and the mob, after loading the unfortunate family with the grossest insult and abuse, in consequence of the approach of evening and the entreaties of Petion the mayor (who had sought to avoid responsibility during the early part of the day by going to Versailles) gradually dispersed. The fourteenth of July, the day of the confederation, passed over in tolerable tranquillity.

During these transactions, the King of Prussia, faithful to his engagements with the Emperor, prepared to co-operate with him in invading France, and the Duke of Brunswick, who had been ap-

pointed commander of the allied forces, published, on the twenty-fifth of July, that imprudent and sanguinary manifesto which operated as a warrant for the destruction of Louis XVI. Petitions were now daily presented, praying for the suspension of the executive power in the king; and to procure a decree of the forfeiture of the crown was the general aim of the popular faction. The acquittal of La Fayette had enflamed the mob with the most implacable resentment, and, determined to gain their point, they prepared to have recourse to insurrection and revolt.

The friends of the king, with means far disproportioned, laboured for his defence. Mandat, commander of the national guard, was firm and loyal; the fidelity of the Swiss guard was highly and justly appreciated, and many of the royalists assembled, armed with swords and pistols, and swore to spend the last drop of their blood in defence of their sovereign.

At midnight, on the 10th of August, the tocsin gave the signal of insurrection, the générale beat to arms, and the agents of faction hastily collecting in the sections, voted the dismissal of all the municipality and commune, except Petion, Danton, and Manuel; and elected in their stead one hundred and ninety-two commissioners, from among the most desperate of their own body. The resources of the palace had been weakened by a groundless jealousy between the National and the Swiss guards; Mandat had been sent for by the new commune, and barbarously murdered; and a considerable part of a reinforcement of troops, detached for its defence, being devoted to the revolutionary faction, retreated with their cannon, and Santerre, who had been appointed their commander, after the murder of Mandat, took care to dispose of the remainder in such a manner, as fully to prevent their exertions being effectual. The king, queen, and family at length were compelled to seek for refuge in the assembly, and after remaining for two days in the Loge du Logographe (a narrow box separated from the hall by a railing, and appropriated to the reporters for that newspaper) in hourly expectation of being assassinated, were committed to, and closely confined in, the temple. The assembly pronounced a decree for suspending the royal functions. Roland, Claviere and Servan were recalled, and, with Danton, Monge, and Le Brun, invested, pro tempore, with the executive power.

When the king left the Thuilleries, he unfortunately forgot to order it to be immediately surrendered. A desperate contest ensued between the Marseillois and the Swiss guards, who performed prodigies of valour, till they received an order from the king to lay

down their arms. Their corps was wholly exterminated, and the mob, when masters of the palace, inhumanly butchered all they found; door-keepers, porters, and even the lowest menial servants. The whole number slaughtered on both sides in the course of the day, is estimated at between four and five thousand; and Mr. Adolphus, for the credit of human nature, regrets that the fidelity of an historian obliges him to add, that "*some of these bodies were roasted and devoured, and draughts of human blood quaffed by the people.*"

The massacres of the second and third of September, were yet more dreadful. At Paris alone eight thousand were slain, and between the fourth and sixteenth, Orleans, Meaux, and Lyons, had each its separate massacre to relate. The dismal scene was closed with the state prisoners from Orleans, who were waylaid at Versailles, in their road to Paris, and all put to death.

Thus, amid anarchy, turbulence, and every species of horror, the legislative assembly terminated its career. The members of the national convention which succeeded it, were yet more infamous; and the presence of the invading armies, which might have put a check to their proceedings, was no longer regarded with terror. Dumourier, who had succeeded to the command, abdicated by the flight of La Fayette, had compelled the allied army to retreat, and the success of the French arms still continued to be every where conspicuous.

The issue of the king's trial is too well known to need repetition. Sentence of death was awarded by a majority of eleven, and ordered to be put in execution in twenty-four hours. The unfortunate monarch was guillotined on the twenty-first of January, 1793, on a scaffold erected between the pedestal which had supported the statue of Louis XV. and the Champs Elisées. His body was thrown, without funeral ceremony, into a space in the church yard of Saint Mary Magdalen, which was filled with quick-lime, carefully guarded till the body was supposed to be consumed, and then levelled with the circumjacent ground, that every trace of the spot where it was deposited, might be effectually obliterated.

"Such," says Mr. Adolphus, "was the tragical end of the last acknowledged king of France. His character has been descanted upon in the most glowing terms, by his affectionate subjects; no part of their eulogies are deficient in foundation; and most of his enemies, in the midst of a studied system of calumny, have been obliged, at some periods, to acknowledge his virtues. Want of firmness, and active courage, is the fault most generally attributed to him; but his whole conduct proves that he had no fear for himself,

his only terror arose from the probability of shedding the blood of his subjects in civil war. His conduct from the time his trial commenced, till the moment which terminated his existence, forms a picture of excellence, almost surpassing humanity, and demonstrates the transcendent benefit of that religious purity, which takes the sense of shame from premeditated infamy, which deprives cruelty of its venom, and death of its sting."

We shall embrace the earliest opportunity of resuming our account of this interesting and accurate production.

St. Clair, or the Heiress of Desmond. By S. O. 8vo. pp. 248.
Highley.

NOVELS are so generally resorted to, and so eagerly perused by the rising generation of both sexes, that it becomes more peculiarly the duty of the novelist to endeavour to blend instruction with amusement, and to please the head without corrupting the heart.

St. Clair is evidently the production of a man of distinguished abilities; and although many of its sentiments may, perhaps, be justly considered as exceptionable, it affords, upon the whole, a most useful lesson to those, who, vanquished by the sophistry of reasoning vice, nourish a criminal passion under the guise of sentiment, and "pervert the faculties of reason to sanction the errors of inclination."

The Catastrophe, a Tale, founded on Facts. From the French of the Chevalier de St. Aubigné. By T. Byerly. 8vo. pp. 230.
6s. 6d. Highley.

MR. BYERLY presents the "Catastrophe" to the public as a "free translation of the select parts of a correspondence between the friends of a German officer of distinction," and affects to consider it as never intended to receive aid from the embellishments of fiction.

Although, generally speaking, we by no means approve of such desultory and unconnected publications, the tale before us, we must own, is pleasing and probable, and may serve to afford a leisure half hour an innocent and delightful recreation.

Swiftiana, 2 Vols. Phillips.

THE volumes before us are the third of the series of *Anas*, published on the plan announced in a former review, and are happily calculated to rescue from oblivion a variety of those ingenious and valuable observations which fell from a man who truly had, as Cardinal Polignac expresses, *L'Esprit Createur*.

E—VOL. XVII.

The preface, comprising an accurate history of these pleasing productions, (chiefly taken from the preface to the *Casauboniana*, by Wolfius) should have been prefixed to the first of the series, as the observations it contains are by no means peculiar to the present volumes, but may be rather considered as forming a general introduction to the whole.

The Poetical Magazine, Nos. 1, 2, 3, Price 1s. each, to be continued Monthly. Verner and Hood.

WE are highly pleased with this laudable effort to perpetuate the poetical effusions of contemporary genius, and have not a doubt but that the real merit of the pieces it preserves, joined to the neatness of its type, and the elegance of its embellishments, will secure this pleasing publication that patronage and applause to which we consider it so justly entitled.

Invasion; a descriptive and satirical Poem, by J. Amphlett. Longman and Rees. 8vo. pp. 79.

AN animated and interesting effusion of patriotism and poetry.

The Royal Soldier, a Sermon, preached at the Parish Church of St. Lawrence and St. Mary Magdalen, Milk Street, before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Recorder, and Sheriffs of the City of London, by Wm. Best, D. D. &c. Robinsons.

THE original sermon from which this is published was produced in January 1745-6, and has been reprinted by Mr. Pocock, the editor, as applicable to the present times, and calculated to promote that spirit of zeal and loyalty which hitherto has, and, we trust, will still preserve our liberties and laws, in spite of the proud threats of the despot who would subvert them.

Two Sermons delivered at the Church of Renfrew, on Thursday, October 20th, 1803, being the Day appointed for a general Fast; to which is (are) added a particular Address to the People, adapted to the present eventful Period, by the Rev. Thomas Barns. Verner and Hood.

Pious and patriotic.

The Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius, translated into English Verse. With Notes, critical, historical, and explanatory, and Dissertations. By William Preston, Esq. M. R. I. A. in 3 Vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. Dublin, printed for the Author. 1803.

THIS beautiful poet, to whom Virgil, Camoens, and many other authors, have been silently indebted, is already known to the Eng-

lish reader, in a version by Fawkes; over whom we do not hesitate to say that the present translator has repeatedly a decided superiority. The *non contemnendum opus* of Quintilian, and the *awful* of Longinus, which Fawkes justly observes implies that Apollonius is *no where elevated*, as well as signifies that *he no where sinks*, will never change in us the high opinion which we always entertained of the merit of the pupil of Callimachus, whom we are well pleased to see thus judiciously and learnedly attended by the critical labours of Mr. Preston. The errors of the press are very numerous, but we hope soon to meet with them corrected in a new edition, which we shall be glad to find in a form more suited to the dignity of the subject.

Bible Stories. *Memorable Acts of the ancient Patriarchs, Judges, and Kings; extracted from the original Historians.* By William Scolfield. 2 Vols. 4s. Phillips. 1803.

It is a vulgar saying, that the devil can quote scripture to answer his purpose. And Mr. Scolfield can, it seems, form "Bible stories" to answer his. This work should be consigned to oblivion.

Buonaparte in the West Indies; or the History of Toussaint Louverture, the African Hero. In 3 Parts. 8vo. 9d. Hatchard.

THE apotheosis of Toussaint Louverture.

Poems. By Mrs. G. Sewell, Relict of the Rev. George Sewell, Rector of Byfleet, Surry. 3s. 6d. 12mo. Longman and Rees. 1803.

WE take up "poems" by ladies—ay, and by gentlemen too! with, in general, a most despairing countenance, and hoping for nothing, are seldom disappointed. In the present instance, however, we have been most agreeably surprised by some very elegant, beautiful, and animated poetry. The merit of Mrs. Sewell will ensure her praise, but we trust that this will not be her only reward.

Sermons, selected and abridged chiefly from Minor Authors, from Advent to Whitsunday inclusive; adapted generally to the Epistles, Gospels, or first Lessons, or to the several Seasons of the Year; for the Use of Families. Price 9s. 6d. large 8vo, 639 pages. Vernor and Hood. By the Rev. S. Clapham, M. A. Vicar of Christ Church, Hants; of Great Ouseborne, Yorkshire; and Editor of the Abridgment of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln's Elements of Christian Theology. Vol. I. The second Edition.

WE recommend this volume of sermons to the notice and to the purchase of our readers, as a duty we owe them, because it is

admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is designed—the use of families. We have known many well-disposed people greatly at a loss what to read to their children and servants on the Sunday evenings. Mr. Clapham has undertaken to supply that loss; and we should do him great injustice, if we did not very explicitly declare, that he has fulfilled the task he has undertaken, with singular felicity. He has brought together, from various authors, a considerable number of choice and scarce discourses, all tending either to confirm the evidences, elucidate the doctrines, or enforce the precepts, of christianity. He has discovered great judgment in the abridging of them, in having omitted the several parts of each which would have been uninteresting to general readers. This selection, in whatever family it may be read, and we hope it will be read in every churchman's family throughout the kingdom, will, we doubt not, be regarded, not as a disagreeable restraint, but, as it really is, a pleasing instruction.

We very much wish to hear that these sermons are introduced into schools, and especially into ladies' boarding-schools; because we are persuaded that no religious book can be read to such, or to any other auditories, with better effect. Mr. C.'s Selection of Sermons will be perhaps the best present parents can make their children, whether sons or daughters, when they are leaving their friends, and going into other families.

Should the second volume, which is said to be in the press, be as judiciously executed as this, which we are now recommending to our readers, we shall congratulate the public on their having it in their power to purchase, at so easy an expence, a work, from which they will derive, in no common degree, both entertainment, instruction, and edification.

"I have, in this edition," Mr. Clapham says, "made frequent references, as I shall likewise do in the second volume, to the Abridgment of the Elements of Christian Theology, where I thought that the sermons would be illustrated, or enforced by the expositions of the thirty-nine Articles." This is an additional evidence of the editor's judgment.

The Temple of the Fairies, No. I, to be continued monthly. Price one Shilling. Vernor and Hood.

THE first number of a work, to consist of select translations from the Cabinet des Fées, connected by an interesting and well-written narrative; ornamented with beautiful Engravings in Wood, and printed in a superior style of neatness and elegance.

A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of St. Chad, Shrewsbury, on Friday, September 23, 1803, being the Day of the Anniversary Meeting of the Subscribers and Friends to the Salop Infirmary. (Published by Request.) By the Rev. Henry J. Todd, M. A. F. A. S. Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Bridgewater, and Rector of Allhallows, Lombard Street, London. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons, &c. &c.

WHOEVER has looked with any attention into the memoirs of the Deans of Canterbury, or the last edition of Milton's poetical works, will have observed, and the observation must have excited his personal respect, that the literary attainments of the author and commentator, pre-eminent and praise-worthy as they appear, are ever exceeded in Mr. Todd by candour of sentiment, by urbanity of temper, and by benevolence of heart. With such inherent qualifications for fulfilling the most important duties of the pastoral office, it does not surprise us, that, amid his studious researches to illustrate the beauties and to trace the latent history of our elder bards, Mr. Todd should be called upon to advocate the cause of humanity, and to inculcate the charitable precepts of the gospel of peace. This he has done in the present discourse with unaffected simplicity, with persuasive eloquence, and with energetic zeal.

From the prophecies of Isaiah*, prophecies that "figured the life, the doctrine, and the death of Christ," he takes occasion to argue that "the prophetic, the miraculous, and the historical evidences of christianity will bid defiance to infidelity, however varying in its shape, however indefatigable in pursuing its end:" and he proceeds to consider the various acts of miracle and mercy performed by our blessed Redeemer, "because they proclaim the divine mission as well as the compassionate temper of our Saviour; and consequently will enforce our imitation, by shewing that the practice, which we are required to imitate, was taught even by the SON OF GOD."

After tracing, briefly and forcibly, the corruptions of the true faith, and the progress of imposture or infidelity, he thus adverts to that philosophism and mock-sensibility which every honest and humane mind must have beheld with indignation and concern.

"The labours of impiety to extend its bounds, in this our day, can have escaped the notice but of few. The sophistical objections of the early unbelievers have been re-produced, with indefatigable zeal, in order to corrupt what is pure and holy, and to pervert what is clear and decisive. With an infamous duplicity, pretensions of respect have been made to the temper of Christianity in the pro-

* Chap. xxxv. ver. 4, 5, 6. The book of this inspired prophet deserves to be attentively read by those who only seek after the sublime in poetry. Dr. Louth compares Isaiah to Homer, and Jeremiah to Simonides. Rev.

posal of what is called an enlarged philosophy and an improved philanthropy! a *philosophy*, however, which treats the Almighty with contumely and derision; a *philanthropy*, which banishes, with cold-blooded indifference, the duties of natural affection, and of the love of our country: as if the Christian precept, 'rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep,' were insufficient to promote the happiness of man; a sensibility, falsely so called, (as it never feels a pang for *real* distress,) has been diligently inculcated, and is the theme of numerous modern publications! a sensibility which removes all moral restraint by declamations on *ideal* refinement, and palsies at once the body and the mind."

The following animated exhortation to genuine piety, genuine philanthropy, and genuine patriotism, must conclude our report of this excellent discourse, which merits more than a partial perusal from every friend to our civil and religious constitution.

"Wherever the Christian system has been firmly established and faithfully practised; meekness, long-suffering, mercy, and charity, are the graces which have borne it company. Here, in this free and happy country, it has been firmly established; here, amid the defections of false brethren, it has also been faithfully practised. Let us not desert it. For where it has been deserted, (and, alas! a considerable part of Christendom has witnessed such a desertion,) wrath and malice have triumphed, and human nature has been subjected to a cruelty that listens to no remonstrance, to a tyranny that knows no bounds. And hence, in respect to the civil state of society, that spirit of true liberty, which is productive of whatever is amiable and generous and excellent, has been unfeelingly broken. Those virtues also, which are the safety as well as the grace of nations, frugality, temperance, decency, and public spirit, have been driven from the haunts of men. Hence, in regard to the religious state of the world, the love and fear of God have been derided, with a view to silence those religious sanctions which govern the heart, and which secure the practice of private veracity, mutual confidence, and every social duty; especially the practice of charity, which indeed is 'the very bond of peace, and of all the virtues.' Lastly, in regard to the domestic state of society, this desertion of Christianity has infected all the innocent pleasures of life. It has ridiculed the mutual relations which subsist, or ought to subsist, between members of the same family and household; and rendered the observation of parental and filial duties of little effect. It has consigned to neglect the virtuous education of youth, and has prepared their minds for a complete subjugation to conceit and vanity. It has also torn from modesty and honourable love the graces which belong to them; either by the recommendation of a sickly sensibility which promotes the cause only of sensuality; or by bringing contempt upon the married state in encouraging facility of separation, and in countenancing the unprincipled adulterer and perfidious seducer.

"Let me then again implore you, brethren, never to desert Christianity.—You cannot desert it, if you examine its foundation without prejudice. You will thus preserve your sons and daughters from disgracing the generosity, the valour, the modesty, and piety of the British name. You will look back to your forefathers, by whose bounty the numerous charitable foundations which spread their blessings through the land, were erected; and, like them, you will be followers of Christ. You will also look back to your forefathers, who trusted in

God when threatened by their foes, and were not disappointed of his aid; who have delivered down to us the rights, which they gained or established, yet uninjured; and the faith, in which they were baptized, yet not deserted here. Yes: by the recollection of their examples we shall all be encouraged to defend our civil and religious liberties; to act the part of dutiful Christians; and, by the various means which God has given us, to advance the public good."

Poesie Liriche di Leucippo Eginò, P. A. Socio della R. A. di Napoli, e di Cortona, &c. White. 8vo. 1804.

THE Italian language, though always admired, was never more in vogue in this country, than it is at the present moment. The study of it is very general, and its character amongst languages promises to last as long as any taste exists for graceful ease, for dignified strength, and fascinating richness of expression. At such a period, the work that now occupies our attention must be peculiarly acceptable, since, with the advantage of purity of style, it combines all the charms of novelty, amusement, and research.

With this little preface, we shall, without delay, enter on the several contents of this production, concisely observing, in our progress, on the merits of each.

Oda alla Pace. This Ode to Peace is remarkable for its piety, delicacy, and beauty. Beginning, however, from

——— the womb
Of unoriginal night, and chaos wild,

MILT.

"*hic promissor*," may be said in some measure to disappoint us by quitting his subject after only fifteen short stanzas, but the complaint of brevity in a poet, will not, we trust, in a critic, be deemed any very great severity of censure.

In confirmation of our opinion, we shall present the reader with an exquisite picture from the middle of the poem.

VIII.

Al nome sol di guerra
Inorridisce la natura umana.
Qual strage orrida, insana !
La madre i figli, e la consorte serra
Fra le braccia lo sposo,
Pallide, semivive, in tuon doglioso.

IX.

Allor che il sacro ulivo
Mostrar la pace a' miseri mortali,
Qual' allegrezze ! e quali
Mandan dal sen voci di giubil vivo !
Spingon le Furie, ed il Demon veloce
Nel cieco abisso il rapitore atroce.

Two sonnets follow the ode, the first of which is by far the most pleasing and interesting in consequence of its object—the conduct of man in prosperity and adversity. The 8th verse deserves to be written, not merely in gold, but in the heart of every one:

PAVENTA IL DELITTO, E NON LA PENA.

P. 11.

Canzonetta campestre, nella quale descrivesi la maniera di far la polenta. Our poet now changes his note, and sings of rural pleasures, of content and love. Inviting his Chloris to partake these joys, he tunes his rustic pipe to sweetest melody, and thus he chants his borrowed *lay:

Odi quell' uccelletto,
Che v' di ramo in ramo,
Cantando, Io amo, io amo.
Dall' arboscel diletto
Risponde a lui l'amica,
Amo anch' io par che dica.

P. 22.

He soon very morally and truly observes,

Che l'ozio sempre fu
Nemico alla virtù;

and then shews how the poor of Italy make a dish which they call *La Polenta*. This mess, so celebrated, in various parts of Italy, but especially in Campagna, is composed of the flour produced from Indian corn, or chestnuts boiled up with salt, to which those who are able add meat. Proceeding thus in praise of frugality, of a tranquil life, and a peaceful mind, he closes in 36 stanzas a poem of great chastity, simplicity, and sweetness.

P. 59. st. 1. Seizing again his golden lyre, he raises a nobler strain, celebrating the rise and fall of nations. In this, as in his former flights, he pursues his course on wings that never fail him, but often bear his genius, when it would ascend, to the sublimest heights of poetical inspiration.

The number and length of the notes which accompany, adorn, and illustrate these interesting and elegant poems, required no apology on the part of their author, but many thanks are due to him for the entertainment and instruction which they are calculated to afford. We have rarely been so delighted with the γλυκερον στομα of a modern Italian muse, as we have been on this occasion, and we warmly recommend this little work to the attention of the public, as the production of an excellent poet, a polite scholar, and, judging from his reflections, a pious and a good man.

* The idea of this stanza is from Tasso nell' *Aminta*.

These *Poesie Liriche* are dedicated to Sir Richard Worsley, and the title page is ornamented with a very delicate vignette, by Bartolozzi.

A Sermon preached on the Fast Day, October 19, 1803, at the Parish Church of Alhallows Barking, Tower Street, by the Rev. Henry White, A. M. Curate. To which is added, a Prayer delivered by the Author, at the Consecration of the Colours of a provincial Corps of Volunteer Infantry, in 1798. Second Edition. 4to. pp. 30. 2s.

WE take the earliest opportunity of recommending to the serious perusal of our readers this interesting and animated discourse, which, to borrow the energetic language of Johnson, "the critic may read for its eloquence, the philosopher for its argument, and the saint for its devotion."

The notes are numerous and well written, and display in the clearest terms the sense and spirit of the author.

DRAMATIC.

Royalty Theatre. A solemn Protest against the Revival of scenic Exhibitions and Interludes at the Royalty Theatre; containing Remarks on Pizarro, the Stranger, and John Bull, with a Post-script, 2nd Edition, by the Rev. Thomas Thirlwall, M. A.

THIS "solemn protest" is a string of common-place invective against theatrical exhibitions, too trite for reply, and too contemptible for animadversion; and serves only, from the fallacy of its reasoning and the grossness of its language, to detect the malevolence and expose the vulgarity of its illiberal author.

Observations on the Drama, with a View to its more beneficial Effects on the Morals and Manners of Society. In 3 Parts. By Edward Green, corresponding Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Cadell and Davies. 1803.

NOTHING can be more commendable than the object of this pamphlet, and though we are not struck with any great novelty in the arguments, yet we have seldom seen them put with so much simplicity and force, in more lucid arrangement, or more elegant language. It would be too much to expect from these pages all the effect desired by Mr. Green, but we know not what might not be hoped from the observance, even in a few, of the wholesome rules which he lays down. The society was honoured by Mr. Green, when he favoured them with this communication.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.

The Imitation of Life--The Mirror of Manners--The Representation of Truth.

REMARKS

ON THE

Scenery introduced at Drury-Lane Theatre,

IN THE COMEDY OF

"A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE."

Mt. EDITOR,

So much has been already said and written on the unconnected manner in which scenes are brought to the view of the audience at our theatres, in order to give to effusions of our dramatists the stamp of locality, that you will probably think the time and trouble of any individual much misapplied, who again enlarges upon this subject. Be that as it may, should the few remarks which I now mean to offer, meet the approbation of him who conducts a publication so justly admired as the "*Mirror*," my utmost wishes will be gratified. A few days have now elapsed since I happened to be at Drury Lane theatre, to witness the representation of Mrs. Centlivre's diverting, but certainly immoral, and very unnatural, comedy of the "*Bold Stroke for a Wife*." On the scenery, &c. of this piece, it is my present intention to animadvert: To fulfil this intention, I shall endeavour to proceed with some regularity. The rising of the curtain discovers Feignwell and his friend Freeman, over a bottle, in a room which, we are to understand, forms part of a tavern: with this I will not be very severe, but, doubtless, something more is requisite than a small table, two chairs, and a scene, which appears as though the bristles of a painter's brush had not disturbed its surface since the zenith of Garrick's attraction. The next scene is supposed to convey a lively representation of a room in the house of a Quaker; that is Obadiah Prim. To effect this, we have the pleasure of beholding a scene, apparently copied from the gaudy architecture so frequently to be seen in the bed-chambers, and rooms of state, belonging to the chateaus and seats of our nobility.—Corinthian pillars, festoons, and painted panels. Can all this convey an adequate idea of the abode of a hosiery, and member of a sect, who, as it is well known, and from the words of the authoress of this very play, look upon the luxurious

style, and extravagant manners of the age, with an eye of contempt and abhorrence?—Surely not. The same remarks may, of course, be applied to all the scenes, intended to represent the house of Prim, and of Sackbut. The fourth act opens with, what is meant for, Jonathan's Coffee House. This is done by a paltry scene, and two tables, five men at one, and four boys at the other. How well this conveys to the eye the noise, bustle, and confusion, which were the characteristics of that famed resort of stock-jobbers, it is almost needless to observe; not to mention how admirably the bulls and bears are personified by the beardless boys!

Though these observations do not form the extent of what struck me so forcibly at the time, yet, having proceeded thus far, and not intending to write a criticism on the performers, and on the comedy, I shall close with remarking, that the representation of this play reflects no credit on the taste and manners of the present age; and though it has so often received the sanction of our forefathers, and has been considerably curtailed, yet there still are passages highly improper for the ear of a modest female, and which are spoken, by the different performers, so as to give them all possible effect.

Following the preceding drama was that very pleasing piece, the "*Caravan*," in which an impropriety struck me, not yet noticed in the public prints,—I allude to the caravan being drawn by camels. The scene is laid at, and near, Barcelona in Spain. Who ever heard of camels being used as common beasts of draught in Europe?—Then why, in the name of astonishment, should a public caravan be drawn by them?

By inserting these remarks in your valuable miscellany, you will very much oblige a constant subscriber, and one who, under different signatures, has occasionally sent communications.

Dec. 16, 1808.

CIREDERF NOTCA.

P. S. It is not my wish to carp, cavil, and abuse without a cause; but, actuated by a fervid desire of seeing the regulation and propriety of scenery confided to more able hands than that of scene-shifters, I have penned the above. A well-managed theatre should "*catch the manners, living, as they rise,*" pourtray to the eye what things were, should be, and are now—or, why the motto, "*Vehuti in Speculum?*"

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

PERFORMED AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE
HAYMARKET, 1767,

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

[Not inserted in the Editions of Mr. Foote's Works.]

Scene, the STREET.

Enter LACONIC and SNARL.

Snar. WHAT! master Laconic, whither are you rambling this evening? To collect, I reckon, the coffee-house compliments on your late epigrammatical efforts. Well, I must say, for a tierse point, a happy surprise, or a risible quibble, there is no man in this town can match little Laconic.

Lac. O! fye, Snarl, this amongst friends!

Snar. Nay, so much detraction itself must allow: why, man, you are the very life and soul of the Chronicle; shut but the poets out of their corner, and we shall soon see an end of that paper.

Lac. I can't but say, Mr. Snarl, my conceits are pretty current in town; but then my genius is cramp'd; I could, perhaps, produce an epic equal to Virgil, or Iliad, or any of them these fellows of old; but to what end? Lack-a-day! I should never be read; no man's attentions hold out now for more than six or eight lines—No, no, poor poetry is but a drug.

Snar. Then why do you deal in it?

Lac. Nature impels:

Whilst but a child, and yet unknown to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

A mere involuntary effusion of mine; a kind of poetical diabetes.

Snar. Equally copious and insipid.

[*aside*,

Lac. Could I bridle my impulse, damme, Mr. Snarl, if I would hitch a ryme, or clench a couplet again, as long as I liv'd.—No, no, the land of prose is the land of promise, aye, and of performance too: why I dare swear you make more by a single letter from Leonora, or Buckhorse, or the Cobler of Cripplegate, than I do by a quire of epigrams.

Snar. Our compositions are of a different kind, and have a different tendency: your purpose, my dear Laconic, is to amuse, mine to reform; you tickle the ear with a rattle, a kind of jingling chime, which suits well enough with women and children; whilst I with

my flapper rouse the public attention, and like another Hercules, my broom in my hand, cleanse this great Augean stable from every nuisance. To mend the world's a great design! Martial and Cato were different characters, Laconic.

Lac. I beg your pardon, my man of importance. Cato! ha, ha, ha: what, because you have filled up a ditch in Fleet-street, rou'd a slumbering watchman in the Strand, sent half a score beggars from pitch and hustle to bridewell, widen'd the Devil's Gap for the lawyers, and brought a habeas corpus for a dunghill in Holborn—

Snar. How!

Lac. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cato!

Snar. Why, thou little clumsy fetterer of freeborn English, thou slave to sounds, thou botcher of syllables, thou bawd to an echo; is it for thy circumscribed insignificant quill to record the public services of a Snarl?

Lac. They might with ease be cramm'd into a distich.

Snar. Why, you wasp of the buzzing creation, that hast nought of the bee but his sting, answer me: who is it has given decency to churches, politeness to play-houses, stability to the stocks, and security to the state, but a Snarl?

Lac. Why, as to the churches, if they all resemble that where I was on Sunday, the reform is not great; the ladies curtsied and whisper'd all the first part of the service, and the church-wardens snor'd so loud, there was no hearing the sermon.

Snar. Some paltry, pewless place in the suburbs, which the Gazetteer never reaches.

Lac. The play-houses still have their pantomimes: they have made one improvement, indeed, for most of their new things are now set to music; so that though our ears are wounded, our understandings are safe.

Snar. Barbarian! unharmonious Goth!

Lac. Change-Alley is still crowded: the stocks are a staple commodity, witness the bulls, bears, &c. and as to the state, I'm sure you can't think that secure, for your paper overturns it at least three times a week.

Snar. What a little satirical whelp!

Lac. Whelp! ay—

The critics call me cur from what I write,

With reason too, for like a cur I bite.

There's an extempore for you, that I composed before breakfast this morning.

Snar. I believe I had best make it up with the reptile: nay, Mr. Laconia, you know I never despised the fire of your poetry.

Lac. Nor I the force of your prose: each in his walk, Mr. Snarl; but let us understand one another a little: like other actors, before the public, indeed, we ought to preserve the masque as well as we can, but when the curtain drops, the deception should end: my poetical flights are no more inspired by one of the nine, than your prose animadversions are dictated by public spirit.

Snar. Nay, but Laconic—

Lac. The inducement with both is the same—eating—

Snar. Why, can you think I am in want of—

Lac. A dinner sometimes I do.—What, don't I know the tricks of your trade, the old plan of plaintiff and defendant; Theatricus condemns, Leonora defends, Buckhorse reviles, Tranquillus retorts; What the Director asserts, a Proprietor denies: Whilst, all the time, Theatricus, Leonora, Buckhorse, Tranquillus, the Director, and the Proprietor, all centre in one individual, called Timothy Snarl.

Snar. Well, well, I know you have a mind to be pleasant, but a truce to our jangling—for what port are you bound?

Lac. A neighbouring one, the new house in the Haymarket.

Snar. Thither I am steering.

Lac. I suppose on the same design as myself, to observe?

Snar. And communicate.

Lac. Why, I think it hard if I don't find food for my muse.

Snar. And the devil is in it, if a new play-house won't furnish a paper.

Lac. Alas! but what pretence can we have to get on the stage?

Snar. Here's a letter to introduce a young actress.

Lac. That will do.

Snar. This Foote has given you good food in his time: I remember how brilliant you was upon his misfortune about a twelvemonth ago.

Lac. True, true.

Snar. Ah! how sweetly you rung the chimes upon foot and leg, and leg and foot.—Ah!—

Lac. Yes, that accident was lucky enough; it furnished our paper in clutches and stings for more than a month.—But, wont you knock?

[*Snarl knocks.*]

Enter a SERVANT.

Snar. Is your master within?

Serv. On the stage, Sir.

Snar. Could we see him?

Serv. If you please, Sir.

Snar. Lead the way.

[Exeunt.]

Curtain draws up.

Mr. FOOTE and SERVANT discovered.

Serv. A couple of gentlemen.

Footc. Shew them in.

Enter SNARL and LACONIC.

Snar. Here's a letter; when you have perused the contents, I shall be glad of your answer.

Footc. Sir, you shall have it.

Snar. I suppose there's no harm in taking a view?

Footc. By no means.

[Footc. withdraws.]

Lac. Ah! pretty enough! hark'ee, Snarl, this artichecture? what order do you call it?

Snar. Chinese.

Lac. I thought so, it looks like a pagoda.

Snar. Exactly, damn'd absurd, and quite out of nature.

Lac. Why the pit's in the cellar.

Snar. And the gods in the clouds; and as to the boxes—

Lac. They are push'd into the street: then the stage—hold! what have we here?

Snar. As I live a couple of ladies*.

Lac. Who are they?

Snar. Oh! this inscription will tell us: Prisca—Zounds! 'tis in Latin! pox take these impertinent puppies: what need any language to Englishmen, but English?—But they must be shewing their learning. Hark'ee, Laconic, you understand Latin.

Lac. Latin, *ad unguem*.

Snar. Who is this same lass we have got here?

Lac. Pris, comedian.—Oh! are you there!—ha, ha, was there ever so absurd a design?

Snar. What's the matter?

Lac. To put for a frontispiece a paltry comedian: it is only Priscilla, that's all.

Snar. Priscilla? who was she?

Lac. She was an actress in Betterton's time; her name is in the old folio edition of Shakespear; a good low comedian, but infernally ugly.

* Two figures, representing the ancient and modern comedy.

Snar. I can't say her figure was much in her favour.

Lac. No, an absolute fright,—but a vast fund of humour.—She was the Clive of the company.

Snar. And now for the other.

Lac. A bird of the same feather ;—*Sublato jure nocendi*.—The inscription does not tell us her name, but the hint is not a bad one for that gentleman there,

Snar. What is it?

Lac. To beware of a jury.

Snar. Alluding I suppose to what befel him in Ireland.

Lac. Not unlikely; but he is here: upon my word, Mr. What-d'y'e-call-um,—you have made great alterations here.

Foote. I hope you approve them?

Snar. As to that, we have not had time to consider minutely; but what do you say to my letter?

Foote. I am referred for the lady's qualifications to you, Sir: I suppose her figure—

Snar. Is fine.

Foote. Her age.

Snar. But eighteen.

Foote. Flos ipse.

Snar. No, that's not her name.

Foote. Her voice.

Snar. Harmonious.

Foote. With power.

Snar. As loud as a trumpet—then she sings like an angel.

Foote. Indeed!

Snar. And is a perfect mistress of music.

Foote. These are valuable requisites for our profession: could I have the honour of seeing the lady?

Snar. Whenever you please.

Foote. The sooner the better; to-morrow.

Snar. At what hour?

Foote. Betwixt eleven and twelve.

Snar. You'll not disappoint me?

Foote. You may rely upon me.

Snar. Very well.—Come, Laconic:—but stay—there is one circumstance it may be proper to mention, as perhaps it may prove an objection.

Foote. What is it?

Snar. As to the young gentlewoman's colour; the lady's a Blackamoor.

Foots. A black!

Snar. Yes.

Lac. Zounds, *Snar!* what a curl-pated negroe!

Snar. Aye, I suppose that won't make any difference?

Foots. None at all: a good actress, like a good horse, can't be of a bad colour: I beg I may see her.

Snar. You shall: your servant. [*Exeunt* *Iaconic* and *Snar.*]

Foots. Your very obedient.—Do you know who these gentlemen are?

Serv. No, Sir, but there is one wants you without, that you know.

Foots. Who is he?

Serv. The Builder.

Foots. Oh! bid him come in.

Enter SCAFFOLD.

Well, master Scaffold, what's the best news with you?

Scaff. Sarvent, master, I hope things are as they should be?

Foots. Perfectly.

Scaff. *Convenient* and *greuble*, and quite *a propos*.

Foots. If the public, whose servant I am; are but satisfied, you are sure of my voice.

Scaff. Why, I don't see any fault they can find; the *Orcheater* indeed is rather too small.

Foots. No, pretty well.

Scaff. Aye, at present; but if in the winter you should chance to have oratorios, you will scarce have room for the *hapsicol*.

Foots. Oh! that may be easily altered.

Scaff. True;—well, master *Foots*, let us now talk a little of business.

Foots. Oh! the deuce!

Scaff. A pretty long account—here it is. [*Shows the bill.*]

Foots. Very well; but why do you bring it to me?

Scaff. To you! to be paid, to be sure.

Foots. I pay you!

Scaff. Without doubt.

Foots. No, there you are mistaken, my good master Scaffold, you are much better off; it is these ladies and gentlemen who are to be your paymasters.

Scaff. What, the gentlefolk above and below?

Foots. Aye, the whole public! for if they don't, I am sure it is out of my power.

Scaff. Why, I can't say but my security is mended, that is if so be as how they be willing—but—ah!—this is one of your skits, you

will never leave off;—but come, master Foote, you should not be long winded, consider what expedition we have made; all this work here in three months: a tight job, master Foote.

Foote. And you, master Scaffold, claim much merit from that?

Scaff. To be sure.

Foote. Look into the pit.

Scaff. Well, I do.

Foote. I will undertake, that less than half that number of hands shall undo more work in an hour, than you can complete in a year.

Scaff. May be so, I see there is amongst them some tight likely lads; but, come master, let us now be *serus* a little?

Foote. Upon my word, I am serious; I consider myself but as a trustee for the public; and what their generosity bestows upon me, I will most justly assign over to you.

Scaff. Aye, why then, since that is the case, let us hear a little of how and about it; well now, and what scheme, what plan have you got, to give a jog to the generous?

Foote. Why, I have some things they have liked, and others that I hope they will like.

Scaff. What, I suppose men and women, and talking stuff, that you take out of play-books.

Foote. Of that kind.

Scaff. Ah! pox! that will ne'er do, could not you give 'em a christening, or funeral? or hey!—aye, that is the best of 'em all; zooks, let 'em have a *crownation*.

Foote. No.

Scaff. No, why not? why then we shall have 'em crowd hithers in shoals.

Foote. No, no, no, Scaffold:

No long processions crowd my narrow scenes,
Lamp-lighting peers, and mantua-making queens.

Scaff. Why, as you say, that work is little better than *scandalous magnation*: hey! gad, I have a thought! odd rot it, give 'em a *pan-tomine*; I likes to see that little patch-coated feller, slap one, and kick t'other, and then pop he is out of the window.

Foote. Nor shall great Philip's son, thro' our crime,
Sully his triumph by a pantomime.

Scaff. Philip, pshaw, I'd never mind Philip, nor any of the family: what harm can they do you? Come do, and I'll bate of my bill:—do, for the carpenter's credit.

Foote. Your credit!

Scaff. Aye, and to punish the pragmatical poets, for in that kind of work you will have no occasion for them.—There you know our trade takes the lead.

Footc. Well, well, we'll feel a little for the taste of the town; and, if no other method can be found of paying your bill;—for we, Mr. Scaffold, may assume what airs of reforming we please, the stage is at best but an echo of the public voice; a mere rainbow; all its gaudy colours arise from reflection: or, as a modern bard more happily says,

“ The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give ;

“ For we that live to please, must please to live.”

Scaff. Why then, after all, I find I am in a hobble.

Footc. May be not; come, hope for the best. Prompter?

Prompt. Sir.

Footc. Are the actors ready to open?

Prompt. Immediately.

Footc. Stay, and see the result of this evening:

Consult with care each countenance around,

Not one malignant aspect can be found,

To check the royal hand that rais'd me from the ground.

SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPERE.

CYMBELINE—ACT. IV.

“ Struck the main-top, o' Posthumus ! alas !”

This is the only line, of twenty, occurring in the play, where the accent rests on the first syllable of Posthumus; in all the others, it is decidedly (or by probable inference in the few imperfect lines) Pósthūmus. Mr. Steevens, in his Remarks upon Pericles, prince of Tyre, has made a strange mistake in asserting that “ this name, in Cymbeline, is always Pósthūmus, and not Posthūmus. But the false acceptance, so prevalent in this play, is not without authority.—In Warner's Albion's England, the same objection occurs more than once both in Posthumus and Arviragus.

“ Posthūmus Sylvius did succeed ; Lavinia was his mother.

And Saturne him ; from mother thus, Posthūmus lacked not.

Duke Arvirāgus, using then, the armour of the king.

And through his gentle victorie bound Arvirāgus still.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DI PETRARCA.

SONETTO.

CLV.

Inscrittivo.

Giunto Alessandro alla fumosa Tomba
 Del fiero Achille, sospirando desse
 'O fortunato, che si chiara Tromba,
 'Trovasti, & che di te si alto scrissè!
 Ma questa pura, e candida Colomba
 A cui non so sì l Mondo mai par visse,
 Nel mio stil s'ial assai poco rimbomba,
 Così son le sue soste a ciasam fisse--

II.

Che d'Omero dignissima & d'Orfeo
 O del Pastor che ancor Mantova onora
 Che andassen sempre lei sola cantando,
 Stella deforme e Fato sol qu' reo
 Commisse a tal che 'l suo bel nome onora,
 Ma forse sceme sue lode paclando.*

TRANSLATION.

The son of PHILIP, when he saw the Tomb
 Of fierce ACHILLES, with a sigh thus said ;
 'O happy, whose Atchievements erst found room
 'From that illustrious Trumpet to be spread
 'O'er Death for ever !—But beyond the gloom
 Of deep oblivion shall that loveliest Maid
 Whose like to view seems not of earthly doom
 By my imperfect Accents be convey'd ?

II.

HER, of the *Homeric*, the *Orfean* Lyre
 Most worthy, or that shepherd, *Mantua's* Pride,
 To be the theme of their immortal Lays,
 Her Stars and unpropitious Fate denied
 This Palm : and me bade to such height aspire
 Who, haply, dim her Glories by my Praise.

6 Aug. 1808.

C. L.

* The structure of this sonnet, which is imitated in the translation, is rare and peculiar. It is a proof of the *regularity* with *variety*, by which the *Italian sonnet*, in its different forms, is characterized. C. L.

TO BONY.

A PARODY ON COWPER'S POEM, "TO MARY."

*"The twentieth year is well nigh past,"**&c. &c. &c.*

THE ninth long month is well nigh past,
 Since first thy threats on us were cast;
 Ah! would that thou would'st come at last,
 My Bony!

Thou fear'st to strike the threaten'd blow;
 We see thy hopes still fainter glow:
 'Tis Britain that shall bring thee low,
 My Bony!

Thy armies, once a shining host,
 Who England's conquest hoped to boast,
 Now skulk, disus'd, along thy coast,
 My Bony!

For tho' foul envy prompt thee still,
 Thy haughty purpose to fulfil;
 Thy pow'r now seconds not thy will,
 My Bony!

Yet well thou playd'st the treach'rous part;
 But all thy threats and wily art
 Serve but t' unite each British heart,
 My Bony!

From place to place, thy journies seem
 Like idle wand'rings of a dream;
 Yet still Invasion is thy theme,
 My Bony!

Thy low'ring looks, which France affright,
 And hateful in each Nation's sight,
 Now scowl on England, dark as night,
 My Bony!

But should'st thou dare to cross the sea,
 Th' attempt would thy destruction be:
 The sun would rise no more on thee,
 My Bony!

Suff'ring beneath thy yoke malign,
 Thy grov'ling slaves their wills resign,
 And, grossly prest, dare not repine,
 My Bony!

Such wickedness of soul thou prov'st,
 That now, at ev'ry step thou mov'st,
 A curse attends, for none thou lov'st,
 My Bony !

Still to pursue ambition's course,
 Trample the rights of man by force,
 Will but draw down a heavier curse,
 My Bony !

But, by experience, well we know,
 The firm brave spirit Britons show
 Transforms thy hope to deepest woe,
 My Bony !

Should'st thou persist, (the trial past)
 With anguish and despair o'ercast,
 Thy stubborn heart will break at last,
 My Bony !

J. B.

APOSTROPHE TO ENGLAND,

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY W. HOLLOWAY,

Author of "Peasant's Fate," "Scenes of Youth," &c.

DEAR native land, of liberty divine !
 Who prays not for prosperity of thine—
 In times like these,—when storms on storms arise,
 And call forth thy united energies ?—
 When patriots sigh, from principle, with me,
 And heroes burn, to set fall'n Europe free,
 From Gallic slavery—while thou stand'st at bay,
 Like Carthage, dreadful mid the flaming fray !
 For thee a thousand prayers the heav'ns assail ;
 And shall not British arms and pray'rs prevail ?
 Yes ! if the Pow'r in whom the righteous trust—
 The God who fights the battles of the just
 Shall interpose, thou still shalt reign sublime,
Queen of the lands, and boast of latest time !

SONNET.

WHILST swiftly o'er the dark autumnal sky
 The billowy clouds in quick succession roll,
 And from the trees the leaves unnumber'd fly,
 Torn by the blast, which, roaring, shakes the pole,
 The semblance just of human life appears;
 For like the leaves assail'd by stormy blasts,
 To brave distress, the wretched sufferer fears,
 And upon death a thought, full anxious, casts:
 Still! tho' redoubled arrows sorrow flings,
 And shaft on shaft successively returns;
 To life—tho' wretched, eagerly he clings,
 And from the verge in doubtful horror turns:
 Till, struggling to avert the threaten'd blow,
 Death ends his pangs, and lays the sufferer low.

E—c.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

DRURY-LANE.

DEC. 15.—Mr. Wroughton, for the first time, performed *Shylock*; his conception of the part is extremely just, and he displayed, in the scene with *Tubal*, and in the *trial scene*, all that earnestness, force, and originality of expression which have so deservedly ranked him among the most sterling actors of the age.

29.—*George Barnwell*.—Mr. H. Johnston presented an animated and interesting portrait of this unhappy victim to meretricious seduction.

JAN. 2.—Mrs. Jordan, the darling of Thalia and of the public, made her appearance for the season in her favourite part of the *Country Girl*; and was received with that enthusiastic applause which always accompanies her return to the boards.

3.—*CINDERELLA*; or, *the Little Glass Slipper*.—A new grand Allegorical pantomimic spectacle, under this title, which was produced on this evening, has been performed upwards of twenty nights to houses crowded to the very ceiling; and its attraction will probably rival that of the *mighty Abomelique*.—We do not think that the English stage ever exhibited (certainly not within our memory) a more captivating entertainment of its kind. One of the stories of the nursery, [it will be needless to relate it,] which has amused the infancy, probably, of the whole present generation, and the impression of which on the mind, is scarcely ever eradicated by maturer years, is here recommended to the eye and the ear with all the fascinations of dramatic *spectacle*, embellished with true

taste, and arranged with classical elegance and precision. It may be regretted by some that the contriver of this ingenious ballet did not, according to the tale, attribute the success and triumph of *Cinderella* to the agency of the fairy world, instead of resorting to mythological aid; but the appearance of Venus, and her train of Loves and Graces in the island of Cytherea is so striking, the dances and the grouping so fanciful and picturesque, the machinery so magnificent, and their connection with the story so ingeniously interwoven, that we should be sorry if the piece had been conducted upon any other principle, especially as the allegorical effect of the representation is so much improved by this plan.— In short this ballet is calculated to please all ranks; for, with the advantage of a popular fiction, its decorations and accompaniments have scarcely ever been exceeded even on the stage of the Opera House. The author of this successful performance is said to be a young Oxonian, but his name has not yet transpired; the songs are much superior to the doggerel which usually disgrace our operatic efforts. The only blemish in the representation was the song sung by Grimaldi, and written, according to the books, by a friend of his, which, though not without a certain degree of merit, was of *too base a metal* to mix with a piece of such sterling value.

The performers, particularly Mr. Byrne, to whose taste and skill, no doubt, the ballet part of the performance is considerably indebted; his most astonishing boy, *Oscar*; Mrs. Mountain; and Miss De Camp, the *Cinderella*; exerted themselves with all imaginable effect. The mechanism reflects infinite credit on the inventor, Mr. Johnston.

COVENT-GARDEN.

DEC. 13.—*The English Fleet in 1342*—a comic opera by Mr. T. Dibdin: the music entirely by Mr. Braham. The portion of history upon which Mr. Dibdin has founded the opera, is not only very interesting in itself, but it affords, without any violation of consistency, an opportunity for those patriotic sentiments and allusions which an English audience are always so fond of applauding, and which, in the present circumstances of the country, are so peculiarly applicable.

When the Count of Mountfort, in the course of his attempts to obtain possession of the Duchy of Brittany, in opposition to Charles of Blois, nephew to Philip king of France, was imprisoned in Paris, an event which seemed to put an end to his pretensions, his affairs were immediately retrieved by an unexpected incident, which inspired new life and vigour into his party. Jane of Flanders, countess of Mountfort, the most extraordinary woman of the age, was roused, by the captivity of her husband, from those domestic cares to which she had hitherto limited her genius; and she courageously undertook to support the falling fortunes of her family. No sooner did she receive the fatal intelligence, than she assembled the inhabitants of Rennes, where she then resided; and, carrying her infant son in her arms, depicted to them the calamity of their sovereign. She recommended to their care the illustrious orphan, the sole male remaining of their ancient princes, who had governed them with such indulgence and lenity, and to whom they ever professed the most zealous attachment. She declared herself willing to run all hazards with them in so just a cause; discovered the resources which still remained in the alliance of England; and entreated them to make one

effort against an usurper, who, being imposed on them by the arms of France, would, in return, make a sacrifice to his protector of the ancient liberties of Brittany. The audience, moved by the affecting appearance, and inspired by the noble conduct of the princess, vowed to live and die with her in defending the rights of her family: all the other fortresses of Brittany embraced the same resolution: the countess went from place to place, encouraging the garrisons, providing them with every thing necessary for subsistence, and concerting the proper plans of defence; and after she had put the whole province in a good posture, she shut herself up in Hennebont, where she waited with impatience the arrival of those succours which Edward had promised her. Charles of Blois immediately sat down before the place, with a great army, composed of French, Spaniards, Genoese, and some Bretons. The countess, after a most vigorous defence, and after performing prodigies of valour, apprehended that a general assault, which was every hour expected, would overpower the garrison, diminished in numbers, and extremely weakened with watching and fatigue. It became necessary to treat of a capitulation; and the bishop of Leon was already engaged, for that purpose, in a conference with Charles of Blois; when the countess, who had mounted to a high tower, and was looking towards the sea with great impatience, descried some sails at a distance. She immediately exclaimed: *Behold the succours! the English succours; no capitulation.* The fleet, which had been long detained by contrary winds, entered the harbour, and having inspired fresh courage into the garrison, immediately sallied forth, beat the besiegers from all their posts, and obliged them to decamp. Of these incidents, as related by Hume, Mr Dibdin has composed the serious action of the opera; the comic characters and situations are of course of his own formation; but he has connected them with the main plot with great address, and has so judiciously balanced the pathetic and humorous scenes, that the effect of the whole is very striking, and such as to afford the audience the highest satisfaction.

Some of the music is delightful, particularly the trio between Braham, Storace, and Mrs. Atkins, in the first act; the air of *Love and Glory*, by Braham; the duo between him and Incledon, *All's well*; and the sort of French catechism, in the last act, in which Storace so charmingly displays her peculiar naiveté as a comic actress. We were not much pleased with Munden's songs; but the choruses were in general grand and impressive. The managers have been extremely liberal in the decorations and scenery. Various other novelties will be noticed in our next.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre WOLVERHAMPTON.—This theatre opened on the 23rd of December, with the "Poor Gentleman" and the "Farmer," for the benefit of the national fund at Lloyd's; but, the night being extremely unfavourable, the inhabitants had not a due opportunity of evincing their patriotism. Our manager (Mr. Hoy) was the first who set an example of this kind, and has given the receipts of the first night in every town to the same excellent institution; an institution, which, when the present race of men are buried with their contentions, will remain the distinguishing feature of the age which gave it birth, and shall long

be quoted, as an example from the history of man, to scare the ambition of tyrants, and animate the defence of nations. Since our last season, the venerable Shuter and our old comedian Fox have made their final exit from this sublunary scene. They were both, as my former communications can testify, comedians of no common powers, and have long contributed their aid to lighten our cares, and excite our pleasurable affections.

" ————— Ah! where now's the droll,
Whose co'ny look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds;
And made e'en thick-lipp'd musing melancholy
To gather up her statues in a waste
Before she was aware; ah, sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers him!"

We have this season a very agreeable addition to our company, in Mrs. Bernard, (formerly Miss Mills) Mr. Hatton, and Mr. Webber. Mrs. Bernard, to a very excellent figure, unites a discriminating mind, that infuses into the characters she represents that effect of light and shade which is the soul of acting. Mr. Hatton is a very able successor in Mr. Fox's line; there is much rich acting in his *Scrub*, which may be seen with pleasure after the inimitable Quick. Mr. Webber succeeds Mr. Shuter, and has evinced much ability in the characters he has hitherto sustained. We were glad to hail our old favourite, Archer, after his metropolitan flourish. Mesdames, Dawson, Gibbon, Edwards, and Chambers, continue favourites in their respective lines. Mrs. Gibbon displays much graceful acting in pantomime, in which she deservedly takes the lead. Mrs. Dawson is a very interesting figure in genteel comedy, and if she excites less admiration than others, she commands more esteem. Mr. Dawson's fort is eccentricity of character, in which he cannot often indulge: his *Village Lawyer* is a choice *morceau* which seldom comes to our share. Mr. Gibbon is entitled to much praise for the industry with which he studies his parts; his acting is always well-meant, and frequently forcible and empassioned. Mr. Young has youth in his favour, and that is all which we see at present. He either wants power or confidence; if it be the latter, he is on a good road for preferment; if the former, it is not in our power to assist him.

CIVIL.

Theatre BOSTON, (America.)—I have been a constant reader of your valuable publication, and I will endeavour to compensate for the pleasure it has afforded me, by giving you an account of our theatricals. This town contains but about twenty-seven thousand inhabitants, yet the theatre is always well supported when the company is good.

Before I enter into a description of the theatre, or a criticism of the performers, it will be necessary to state to you that I have seen the theatres of London, Dublin, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Leeds, and have witnessed the talents of all your principal performers. The theatre in this town is remarkably elegant; the scenery is very good. The house will hold about two hundred and forty pounds sterling, at the following prices: first and second rows of boxes, four shillings and sixpence; pit and third row of boxes, two shillings and threepence; gallery, thirteen-pence halfpenny. The management of the theatre is very well conducted by Mr. C. S. Powell. I will now enumerate

the principal performances; they are all emigrants from "the craggy tide of land in the ocean." Mr. Bernard is recently engaged, and is a general favourite in comedy; he plays *Gregory Gubbins*, *Sharp*, *Albatrego*, *Lazarillo*, and *Lord Ogilby*, in excellent style; his *Puff* is not so good. Mr. Barrett (from Norwich) is our chief tragedian; his *Ormond*, *Rolla*, *Gondibert*, *Benvenuto*, and *Abraham*, are very good; he is also considerably admired in *Edmund*, *Old Nabal*, *Dionisius*, and *Harry Herbert*. Mr. Jones arrived from England about three years ago; he is since much improved; he plays *Glendower* very well, and generally sustains the gentler characters in comedy very respectably. Mr. Wilson (said to be brother to Mrs. Jordan) is a tolerable comic performer; his *Munge* is excellent; Mr. Wilnot plays stupid servants very well; Mr. Darley is much admired as a singer; Mr. Dickenson supports the characters of old men very well, particularly *Sir Robert Bramble*, in the *Poor Gentleman*, which had a run of ten nights here last season. Mr. Bignall is a low comedian of some merit. Mr. Taylor would be a respectable actor in any theatre, were it not for his frequent connexion with the bottle; he was formerly the best *Orestes* and *Revenge* we have had. Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock are not with us this season; their son, a lad about sixteen years of age, made his *début* this season in *Norval*; his performance proved him a legitimate scion from the Kemble stock. Of the actresses, Mrs. Jones (the American *Jordan*) is the favourite; she plays *Beatrice*, *Little Pickle*, the *Country Girl*, and other parts of the kind, extremely well; her claim is undisputed to the characters which require an agreeable *mariage*, or musical talents. Mrs. Darley is an actress of considerable merit, in the same line with Mrs. Jones. Tragic heroines are scarce with us. Mrs. Powell (wife to the manager, and late Miss Harrison,) takes the principal parts; her figure is good, and her action is not much amiss, but her playing affords but little pleasure to those who have seen your great tragic actresses in London, or our Whitlock or Merry. Mrs. Barrett would rank considerably high as an actress in tragedy, were it not for her very unpleasant voice; her intonation is extremely unpleasant: she always "mouths it." Mrs. Graupner is an inferior actress, with some musical powers. Mrs. Bernard is a good representative of *Kitty Pry*. Mrs. Bignall is an inferior actress in the same line. Mrs. Baker is a respectable *Old Woman*.

Your admirer,

IMPATIALIS.

Theatre-Luxembourg.—On Monday, the 5th December, an unpleasant disturbance arose at this theatre, between the barrack artificers and some military officers stationed in that town. The performance was *King Richard the Third*, by desire of the former gentlemen, who, to render their patronage more profitable to the managers, took their seats in the boxes, and nearly filled them; but their right of possession being disputed by the officers, who came in at half-price, the whole house, in consequence, was thrown into an uproar, that threatened a catastrophe more serious than that which awaited the crook-backed tyrant, as the intemperance of the scene not only provoked hard words, and hard blows, but also the use of drawn swords; by which, however, as good luck would have it, it appeared that no material wound had been inflicted, when the tumult was appeased by the arrival of a peace officer, whom the military gentlemen sent for, and charged with seven of the most active of their adversaries. They were confined in the Borough prison till the next morning, and then taken before a magistrate, who

made them find sureties for their appearance to answer the charge at the next general quarter sessions, and bound the officers over to appear and give evidence against them.

Theatre NORWICH.—Our company returned from Ipswich to this place on Wednesday last, and opened with the *Stranger* and the *Wags of Windsor*. They have since played *Henry the Second* and *Raising the Wind*, *John Bull* and *Of Age To-Morrow*, *George Barnwell* and *Raising the Wind*. Mr. Bowles junior performs most of the leading characters; he possesses judgment, and seldom offends, but he wants fire. He is much patronized, on account of the goodness of his private character; in the above plays he acted the ‘*Stranger*,’ ‘*Henry the Second*,’ ‘*Tom Shuffleton*,’ and ‘*George Barnwell*.’

Mr. Phillips, in *Peregrine*, in *John Bull*, was stiff and languid. Mr. Fitzgerald played *Dennis Brulgruddery* with spirit and a considerable share of humour. Mr. Holliday has comicality suited to the Norwich gallery, by whom he is generally applauded, but his *Job Thornberry* had none of the bold and striking features of the honest Brazier. Shakspeare’s reprimand may be applied to this gentleman; “Let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them, &c.” Mr. Mallinson is a young man of superior genius, and has good comic talents; his *Caleb Quotem* is a very creditable performance. Mrs. Worthington, a lady who, a few years since, played *Imogen* at Drury Lane theatre, is the heroine both in tragedy and comedy; she has feeling, grace, and expression, but wants judgment, to give her performances a proper degree of light and shade; there is a sameness that tires the ear. Mrs. Walcot is excellent in her cast of the old, talkative women. Miss Birchall speaks with propriety, and pays proper attention to the business of the scene, but is so very tall, as to present the appearance of awkwardness.

Among the other performers are the names of Eastmure, Bowles senior, Brewer, Beachem, Cushing, Smith, Bennett, Mrs. Binfeld, and Mrs. Phillips,

January 17th.

WESTMINSTER PLAY.—The play of the Eunuch of Terence was repeated for the last time on the 13th of December, and acted in the Westminster dormitory, before a select and learned audience, among whom we noticed the Duke of York, that venerable prelate, the Archbishop of York, the learned Dr. Vincent, Sir William Dolben, &c. The female part of the audience, consisted, as usual, of the parents and relatives of the young gentlemen educated at the school. The character of Thraso, we humbly conceive, to be mistaken, as it is now performed. He should not be represented as a fribble, who wears a brilliant ring, takes snuff with the air of a *petit-maitre*, and wears a pink dress; who lispes affectation. The name borrowed from the Greek imports audacity. This was, undoubtedly, the character the author had in contemplation when he wrote it for the stage. Effeminate men are frequently brave, but blustering men generally cowards. This maxim is founded on experience. Many of our officers, covered with laurels, which they have earned in hard campaigns, indulge in the softest arts of dissipation when at home. The learned and sagacious Ben Jonson has drawn, we may venture to say, his Captain Bobadil from Thraso. Many are the characters which he has transplanted, from the writings of the ancients, into his own plays. The acting of the part of Thraso was good, according to the sense in which the character was taken. This metamorphosis has injured the play.

The familiar and impudent servant, Parasene, was well supported; but why did the Roman servant, who of necessity talks Latin, wear a livery, a waist-coat, blue coat, and cocked hat, or Cherea appear as an English officer, in the uniform of the present age? Could not the Roman habit be preserved without violating decency?

The Eunuch for its morality is exceptionable. This is not the case with the Andria, Adelphi, and Heautontimorachos. The epilogue is introduced very neatly. Thraso, at the head of his army, drafted from the kitchen and scullery, previous to his storming the house of Thais, addresses his soldiers in a speech of neat Latin hexameter and pentameter verse. Many jokes against Bonaparte were successfully introduced, which set the learned benches in a roar, and spoke to the feelings of the audience.

Thraso is solicited not to expose his person, lest, meeting with the fate of war, the enemy may redemand their possessions. The verses imply, that the writer had the same idea of Thraso as we have, namely, that he is a blustering bully, a character which will well apply to the First Consul of the French republic.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

ROYAL CORRESPONDENCE.

No. VII. (COPY.)

LETTER TO THE KING.

SIR—A correspondence has taken place between Mr. Addington and myself, on a subject which deeply involves my honour and character: the answers which I have received from that gentleman; the communication which he has made to the House of Commons, leave me no hope but in an appeal to the justice of your majesty. I make that appeal with confidence, because I feel that you are my natural advocate, and with the sanguine hope that the ears of an affectionate father may still be opened to the supplications of a dutiful son.—I ask to be allowed to display the best energies of my character; to shed the last drop of my blood in support of your majesty's person, crown, and dignity; for this is not a war for empire, glory, or dominions, but for existence. In this contest, the lowest and humblest of your majesty's subjects have been called on. It would therefore little become me, who am the first, and who stand at the very footstool of the throne, to remain a tame, an idle, & lifeless spectator of the mischiefs which threaten us, unconscious of the dangers which surround us, and indifferent to the consequences which may follow. Hanover is lost; England is menaced with invasion; Ireland is in rebellion; Europe is as the foot of France. At such a moment, the Prince of Wales, yielding to none of your servants in zeal and affection, to none of your subjects in duty, to none of your children in tenderness and affection, presumes to approach you, and again to repeat those offers which he has already made through your Majesty's ministers. A feeling of honest ambition, a sense of what I owe to myself and to my family, and, above all, the fear of sinking in the estimation of that gallant army, which may be the support of your majesty's crown, and my best hope hereafter, command me to persevere, and to assure your majesty, with all humility and respect, that,

conscious of the justice of my claim, no human power can ever induce me to relinquish it. Allow me to say, Sir, that I am bound to adopt this line of conduct by every motive dear to me as a man, and sacred to me as a patriot.—Ought I not to come forward in a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger? ought I not to share in the glory of victory, when I have every thing to lose by defeat? The highest places in your majesty's service are filled by the younger branches of the Royal Family; to me alone no place is assigned; I am not thought worthy even to be the Junior Major General of your army. If I could submit in silent submission to such indignities, I should indeed deserve such treatment, and prove, to the satisfaction of your enemies and my own, that I am incapable of those exertions which my birth, and the circumstances of the times, peculiarly call for. Standing so near the throne, when I am debased, the cause of royalty is wounded. I cannot sink in the public opinion, without the participation of your majesty in my degradation; therefore every motive of private feeling, and of public duty, induce me to implore your majesty to review your decision, and to place me in that situation which my birth, the duties of my station, the example of my predecessors, and the expectations of the people of England entitle me to claim. Should I be disappointed in the hope which I have formed, should this last appeal to the justice of my sovereign, and the affection of my father, fail of success, I shall lament, in silent submission, his determination; but Europe, the world, and posterity, must judge between us.—I have done my duty; my conscience acquits me; my reason tells me that I was perfectly justified in the request which I have made, because no reasonable arguments have ever been adduced in answer to my pretensions: the precedents in our history are in my favour; but if they are not, the times in which we live, and especially the exigencies of the present moment, require us to become an example to our posterity. No other cause of refusal has, or can be assigned, except that it was the will of your majesty; to that will and pleasure I bow with every degree of humility and resignation; but I can never cease to complain of the severity which has been exercised against me, and the injustice which I have suffered, till I cease to exist. I have the honour to subscribe myself, with all possible devotion, your majesty's most dutiful and affectionate son and subject,

(Signed)

G. P.

Brightelmston, August 6, 1803.

No. VIII.

LETTER FROM THE KING.

MY DEAR SON—Though I applaud your zeal and spirit, of which, I trust, no one can suppose any of my family wanting, yet, considering the repeated declarations I have made of my determination on your former applications to the same purpose, I had flattered myself to have heard no farther on the subject.—Should the implacable enemy so far succeed as to land, you will have an opportunity of showing your zeal at the head of your regiment; it will be the duty of every man to stand forward on such an occasion, and I shall certainly think it mine to set an example, in defence of every thing that is dear to me, and my people. I ever remain, my dear son, your most affectionate father,

(Signed)

GEORGE R.

Windsor, August 7, 1803.

No. IX.

Brighton, August 23, 1808.

Sir—I have delayed thus long an answer to the letter which your majesty did me the honour to write; from a wish to refer to a former correspondence which took place between us in the year 1793. Those letters were mislaid, and some days elapsed before I could discover them. They have since been found. Allow me, then, Sir, to recal to your recollection the expressions you were graciously pleased to use, and which I once before took the liberty of reminding you of, when I solicited foreign service, upon my first coming into the army: they were, Sir, that your majesty did not then see the opportunity for it, but if any thing was to arise at home, I ought to be "*first and foremost*." There cannot be a stronger expression in the English language, or one more consonant to the feelings which animate my heart. In this I agree most perfectly with your majesty, I ought to be the *first and foremost*. It is the place which my birth assigns me, which Europe, which the English Nation expect me to fill; and which the former assurances of your majesty might naturally have led me to hope I should occupy. After such a declaration, I could hardly expect to be told that my place was at the head of a regiment of dragoons. I understand from your majesty, that it is your intention, Sir, in pursuance of that noble example which you have ever shewn during the course of your reign, to place yourself at the head of the People of England. My next brother, the Duke of York, commands the army; the younger branches of my family are either generals or lieutenant-generals, and I, who am Prince of Wales, am to remain colonel of dragoons. There is something so humiliating in the contrast, that those who are at a distance would either doubt the reality, or suppose that to be my fault, which is only my misfortune. Who could imagine, that I, who am the oldest colonel in the service, had asked for the rank of a general officer in the army of the king my father, and that it had been refused me? I am sorry, much more than sorry to be obliged to break in upon your leisure, and to trespass thus, a second time, on the attention of your majesty; but I have, Sir, an interest in my character, more valuable to me than the throne, and dearer, far dearer to me than life. I am called upon by that interest to persevere, and I pledge myself never to desist, till I receive the satisfaction which the justice of my claim leads me to expect. In these unhappy times, the world, Sir, examines the conduct of princes with a jealous, a scrutinizing, a malignant eye. No man is more aware than I am of the existence of such a disposition, and no man is, therefore, more determined to place himself above all suspicion. In desiring to be placed in a forward situation, I have performed one duty to the people of England; I must now perform another, and humbly supplicate your majesty to assign those reasons which have induced your majesty to refuse a request, which appears to me, and to the world, so reasonable, and so rational. I must again repeat my concern, that I am obliged to continue a correspondence, which I feel, is not so grateful to your majesty as I could wish! I have examined my own heart; I am convinced of the justice of my case, of the purity of my motives: reason and honour forbid me to yield; where no reason is alledged, I am justified in the conclusion that none can be given. In this

candid exposition of the feelings which have agitated and depressed my wounded mind, I hope; no expression has escaped me, which can be construed to mean the slightest disrespect to your majesty. I most solemnly disavow any such intention; but the circumstance of the times, the danger of invasion, the appeal which has been made to all your subjects, oblige me to recollect what I owe to my own honour, and to my own character, and to state to your majesty, with plainness, truth, and candour, and with all the submission of a subject, and the duty of an affectionate son, the injuries under which I labour, which it is in the power of your majesty alone at one moment to redress. It is with sentiments of the profoundest veneration and respect that I have the honour to subscribe myself your majesty's most dutiful and most affectionate son and subject,

(Signed)

G. P.

No. X.

Brighton, 2d Oct. 1803.

MY DEAR BROTHER—By the last night's Gazette, which I have this moment received, I perceive that an extensive promotion has taken place in the army, wherein my pretensions are not noticed, a circumstance which, whatever may have happened on other occasions, it is impossible for me to pass by, at this momentous crisis, without observation. My standing in the army, according to the most ordinary routine of promotion, had it been followed up, would have placed me either at the bottom of the list of generals, or at the head of the list of lieutenant-generals. When the younger branches of my family are promoted to the highest military situations, my birth, according to the distinctions usually conferred on it, should have placed me first on that list. I hope you know me too well to imagine that idle inactive rank is in my view; much less is the direction and patronage of the military department an object which suits my place in the state, or my inclinations; but in a moment when the danger of the country is thought by government so urgent as to call forth the energy of every arm in its defence, I cannot but feel myself degraded, both as a prince and a soldier, if I am not allowed to take a forward and distinguished part in the defence of that empire and crown, of the glory, prosperity, and even existence, of that people, in all which mine is the greatest stake. To be told I may display this zeal solely and simply at the head of my regiment is a degrading mockery. If that be the only situation allotted me, I shall certainly do my duty, as others will, but the considerations to which I have already alluded, entitle me to expect, and bind me to require, a situation more correspondent to the dignity of my own character, and to the public expectation. It is for the sake of tendering my services in a way more formal and official than I have before pursued, that I address this to you, my dear brother, as the commander in chief, by whose councils the constitution presumes that the military department is administered. If those who have the honour to advise his majesty on this occasion, shall deem my pretensions, among those of all the royal family, to be the only ones fit to be rejected and disdained, I may at least hope, as a debt of justice and honour, to have it explained, that I am laid by in virtue of that judgment, and not in consequence of any omission or want of energy on my part, &c. &c. &c.

(Signed)

G. P. W.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, &c.

No. XI.

Horse Guards, Oct. 6, 1803.

DEAREST BROTHER—Nothing but an extraordinary press of business would have prevented me from acknowledging sooner your letter of the 2nd instant, which I received while at Oatlands on Monday evening. I trust that you are too well acquainted with my affection for you, which has existed since our most tender years, not to be assured of the satisfaction I ever have felt, and ever must feel, in forwarding, when in my power, every desire or object of yours; and therefore will believe how much I must regret the impossibility there is, upon the present occasion, of my executing your wishes of laying the representation contained in your letter, before his majesty. Suffer me, my dearest brother, as the only answer that I can properly give you, to recal to your memory what passed upon the same subject soon after his Majesty was graciously pleased to place me at the head of the army; and I have no doubt that, with your usual candour, you will yourself see the absolute necessity of my declining it. In the year 1795, upon a general promotion taking place, at your instance, I delivered a letter from you to his Majesty, urging your pretensions to promotion in the army; to which his Majesty was pleased to answer, that before ever he had appointed you to the command of the 10th Light Dragoons, he had caused it to be fully explained to you what his sentiments were with respect to a Prince of Wales entering into the army, and the public grounds upon which he never could admit of your considering it as a profession, or of your being promoted in the service. And his majesty, at the same time, added his *positive commands and injunctions* to me never to mention this subject again to him, and to decline being the bearer of any application of the same nature, should it be proposed to me; which message I was of course under the necessity of delivering to you, and have constantly made it the rule of my conduct ever since, and indeed I have ever considered it as one of the greatest proofs of affection towards me, on the part of his Majesty, that he never allowed me to become a party in this business. Having thus stated to you, fairly and candidly, what has passed, I trust you will see that there can be no ground for the apprehension expressed in the latter part of your letter, that any slur can attach to your character as an officer—particularly as I recollect your mentioning to me yourself, on the day on which you received the notification of your appointment to the 10th Light Dragoons, the explanation and condition attached to it by his Majesty; and therefore surely you must be satisfied that your not being advanced in military rank proceeds entirely from his Majesty's sentiments respecting the high rank you hold in the state, and not from any impression unfavourable to you. Believe me ever, with the greatest truth, dearest brother, your most affectionate brother.

(Signed)

FREDERICK.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

No. XII.

Brighton, Oct. 9, 1803.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I have taken two days to consider the contents of your letter of the 6th instant, in order to be as accurate as possible in my answer,

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which must account to you for its being longer perhaps than I intended, or I could have wished. I confide entirely in the personal kindness and affection expressed in your letter, and am, for that reason, the more unwilling to trouble you again on a painful subject, in which you are not free to act as your inclination, I am sure, leads you. But, as it is not at all improbable, that every part of this transaction may be publicly canvassed hereafter, it is of the utmost importance to my honour, without which I can have no happiness, that my conduct in it shall be fairly represented, and correctly understood. When I made a tender of my services to his Majesty's ministers, it was with a just and natural expectation that my offer would have been accepted, in the way in which alone it could have been most beneficial to my country, or creditable to myself; or, if that failed, that at least, in justice to me, the reasons for a refusal would have been distinctly stated, so that the nation might be satisfied that nothing had been omitted on my part, and enabled to judge of the validity of the reasons assigned for such refusal. In the first instance, I was referred to his majesty's will and pleasure; and now I am informed, by your letter, that "before he had appointed me to the command of the 10th Light Dragoons, he had caused it to be fully explained to me what his sentiments were with respect to a Prince of Wales entering into the army." It is impossible, my dear brother, that I should know all that passed between the king and you; but I perfectly recollect the statement you made of the conversation you had with his majesty, and which strictly corresponds with that in your letter now before me. But I must, at the same time, recal to your memory my positive denial, at that time, of any condition or stipulation having been made, upon my first coming into the army; and I am in possession of full and complete documents, which prove that no terms whatever were then proposed, at least to me, whatever might have been the intention; and the communications I have found it necessary subsequently to make, have ever disclaimed the existence of such a compromise at any period, as nothing could be more aversive to my nature, or more remote from my mind. As to the conversation you quote in 1796 (when the king was pleased to appoint me to succeed Sir William Pitt) I have not the most slight recollection of its having taken place between us. My dear brother, if your date is right, you must be mistaken in your exact terms, or at least in the conclusion you draw from it; for, in the intimacy and familiarity of private conversation, it is not at all unlikely that I should have remembered the communication you made me the year before; but, that I should have acquiesced in, or referred to a compromise, which I never made, is utterly impossible. Neither in his majesty's letter to me, nor in the correspondence with Mr. Addington (of which you may not be fully informed) is there one word, nor the most distant allusions to the conditions stated in your letter; and even if I had accepted the command of a regiment on such terms, my acquiescence could only have relation to the ordinary situation of the country, and not to a case so completely out of all contemplation at that time, as the probable or projected invasion of this kingdom by a foreign force, sufficient to bring its safety into question. When the king is pleased to tell me, "That should the enemy land, he shall think it his duty to set an example in defence of the country;" that is, to expose the only life which, for the public welfare, ought not to be hazarded, I respect and admire the principle which dictates that resolution; and as my heart glows with the same sentiments, I wish to partake in the

same danger, that is, with dignity and effect. Whenever his majesty appears as king, he acts and commands; you are commander in chief; others of my family are high in military station; and even, by the last brevet, a considerable number of junior officers are put over me. In all these arrangements, the Prince of Wales alone, whose interest in the event yields to none but that of the king, is disregarded; omitted; his services rejected. So that, in fact, he has no post or station whatever, in a contest on which the fate of the crown and the kingdom may depend. I do not, my dear brother, wonder that, in the hurry of your present occupation, these considerations should have been overlooked. They are now in your view, and, I think, cannot fail to make a due impression. As to the rest, with every degree of esteem possible for your judgment of what is due to a soldier's honour, I must be the guardian of mine to the utmost of my power, &c. &c.

(Signed)

G. P.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

No. XIII.

Horse Guards, Oct. 11.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I have this moment, upon my arrival in town, found your letter, and lose no time in answering that part of it, which it appears to me should be clearly understood. Indeed, my dear brother, you must give me leave to repeat to you, that, upon the fullest consideration, I perfectly recollect your having yourself told me at Carlton-House, in the year 1793, on the day on which you was informed of his Majesty having acquiesced in your request of being appointed to the command of the 10th regiment of Light Dragoons, of which Sir W. Pitt was then colonel, the message and condition which was delivered to you from his majesty; and which his majesty repeated to me in the year 1795, as mentioned in my letter of Thursday last. And I have the fullest reason to know, that there are others to whom at that time you mentioned the same circumstance, nor have I the least recollection of your having denied it to me, when I delivered to you the king's answer, as I should certainly have felt it incumbent upon me to recal to your memory what you had told me yourself in the year 1793. No conversation whatever passed between us, as you justly remark, in the year 1796, when Sir William Pitt was promoted to the king's Dragoon Guards, which was done in consequence of what was arranged in 1793, upon your first appointment to the 10th Light Dragoons; and I conceive, that your mentioning in your letter my having stated a conversation to have passed between us in 1798, must have arisen from some misapprehension, as I do not find that year ever adverted to in my letter. I have thought it due to us both, my dear brother, thus fully to reply to those parts of your letter, in which you appear to have mistaken mine; but, as I am totally unacquainted with the correspondence which has taken place upon this subject, I must decline entering any further into it. I remain ever, my dear brother, with the greatest truth, your most affectionate brother

(Signed)

FREDERICK.

No. XIV.

Brighton, Oct. 12, 1803.

MY DEAR BROTHER—By my replying to your letter of the sixth instant, which contained no sort of answer to mine of the second, we have fallen into a very frivolous altercation upon a topic which is quite foreign to the present pur-

pose. Indeed the whole importance of it lies in a seeming contradiction in the statement of a fact, which is unpleasant, even upon the idlest occasion. I meant to assert that no previous condition to forego all pretensions to ulterior rank, under any circumstances, had been imposed upon me, or even submitted to me in any shape whatsoever, on my first coming into the service, and with as much confidence as can be used in maintaining a negative, I repeat that assertion.--- When I first became acquainted with his majesty's purpose to withhold from me further advancement, it is impossible to recollect, but that it was so early as the year 1793, I do not remember, and if your expressions were less positive, I should add, or believe; but I certainly knew it, as you well know, in 1795; and possibly before. We were then engaged in war, therefore I could not think of resigning my regiment, if under other circumstances I had been disposed to do so; but, in truth, my rank in the nation made military rank, in ordinary times, a matter of little consequence, except to my own private feelings. This sentiment, I conveyed to you in my letter of the second, saying expressly, that *mere idle inactive rank*, was in no sort my object, but upon the prospect of emergency, when the king was to take the field, and the spirit of every Briton was roused to exertion, the place which I occupy in the nation made it indispensable to demand a post correspondent to that place, and to the public expectation. This sentiment I have the happiness to be assured, in a letter on this occasion, *made a strong impression upon the mind, and commanded the respect and admiration* of one very high in government. The only purpose of this letter, my dear brother, is to explain, since that is necessary, that my former ones meant not to give you the trouble of interceding as my advocate for mere rank in the army. Urging further my other more important claims upon government would be vainly addressed to any person, who can really think that a former refusal of mere rank, under circumstances so widely different, or the most express waving of such pretensions, if that had been the case, furnishes the slightest colour for the answer I have received to the tenders I have now made of my services. Your department, my dear brother, was meant, if I must repeat it, simply as a channel, to convey that tender to government, and to obtain either their attention to it, or an open avowal of their refusal, &c. &c.

(Signed)

G. P.

To his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

No. XV.

Horse Guards, Oct. 13, 1803.

MY DEAR BROTHER---I have received your letter this morning, and am sorry to find that you think that I have misconceived the meaning of your first letter, the whole tenor of which, and the military promotion which gave rise to it, led me naturally to suppose your desire was, that I should apply to his majesty, in my official capacity, to give you military rank, to which might be attached the idea of subsequent command. That I found myself under the necessity of declining, in obedience to his majesty's pointed orders, as I explained to you in my letter of the sixth inst. But from your letter of to day, I am to understand that your object is *not* military rank, but that a post should be allotted to you, upon the present emergency, suitable to your situation in the state.---

This I conceive to be purely a political consideration, and as such totally out of my department; and as I have most carefully avoided, at all times, and under all circumstances, ever interfering in any political points, I must hope that you will not call upon me to deviate from the principles by which I have been invariably governed. Believe me, my dear brother, your most affectionate brother,

(Signed)

FREDERICK.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,

No. XVI.

Carlton-House, Oct. 14, 1803.

MY DEAR BROTHER—It cannot but be painful to me to be reduced to the necessity of further explanation on a subject which it was my earnest wish to have closed, and which was of so clear and distinct a nature as, in my humble judgment, to have precluded the possibility of either doubt or misunderstanding. Surely there must some strange fatality obscure my language in statement, or leave me somewhat deficient in the powers of explanation, when it can lead your mind, my dear brother, to such a palpable misconstruction (for far be it from me to fancy it wilful) of my meaning, as to suppose for a moment I had unconnected my object with *efficient military rank*, and transferred it entirely to the view of a *political station*, when you venture to tell me "my object is *not military rank*, but that a post should be allotted to me, upon the *present emergency*, suitable to my situation in the state." Upon what ground you can hazard such an assertion, or upon what principles you can draw such an inference, I am utterly at a loss to determine; for I deny the most skilful logician, in torturing the English language, to apply with *fairness* such a construction to any word or phrase of mine, contained in any one of the letters I have ever written on this, *to me*, most interesting subject. I call upon you to peruse the correspondence in my letter of the second instant. I told you *unequivocally*, that I hoped you knew me too well to imagine, that *idle inactive rank* was in my view, and *that sentiment*, I beg you carefully to observe, I have in no instance whatever, for one single moment, relinquished or departed from. Giving, as I did, all the considerations of my heart to the delicacy and difficulties of your situation, nothing could have been more repugnant to my thoughts, or to my disposition, than to have imposed upon you, my dear brother, either in your capacity as commander in chief, or in the near relationship which subsists between us, the task, much less the expectation, of causing you to risk any displeasure from his majesty, by disobeying in *any degree his* commands, although they were even to militate against myself. But, with the impulse of my feelings towards you, and quickly conceiving what friendship and affection may be capable of, I did not, I own, think it entirely impossible that you might, considering the magnitude and importance which the object carries with it, have officially advanced my wishes, as a matter of propriety, to *military rank and subsequent command*, through his majesty's ministers, for that direct purpose; especially when the honour of my character and my future fame in life were so deeply involved in the consideration. For, I must here *emphatically* again repeat, "*idle inactive rank* was NEVER in my view, and that *military rank*, with its consequent command, was NEVER out of it." Feeling how useless, as well as ungracious, controversy is, upon every occasion, and knowing how fatally it

operates on human friendships, I must entreat that our correspondence on this subject shall cease here; for nothing could be more distressing to me, than (treating a topic on which, it is now clear to me, my dear brother, that you and I can never agree, &c.

(Signed)

G. P.

No. XVII.

Copy of a letter from the Right Hon. HENRY ADDINGTON.

Richmond Park, Oct. 23, 1803.

SIR—In consequence of some intelligence which has reached me, I am impelled by a sense of duty to your royal highness, and to the public, to express an earnest and anxious hope, that you may be induced to postpone your return to Brighton until I shall have had an opportunity of making further enquiries, and of stating the result of them to your royal highness. I have the honour to be, with the utmost deference and respect, Sir, your royal highness's faithful and most humble servant,

(Signed)

HENRY ADDINGTON.

The Prince of Wales.

No. XVIII.

A N S W E R.

SIR—By your grounding your letter to me upon intelligence which has just reached you, I apprehend that you allude to information which leads you to expect some immediate attempt from the enemy. My wish to accommodate myself to any thing which you represent as material to the public service, would of course make me desirous to comply with your request; but if there be reason to imagine that invasion will take place directly, I am bound, by the king's precise order, and by that honest zeal which is not allowed any sphere for its action, to hasten instantly to my regiment. If I learn that my construction of the word intelligence be right, I must deem it necessary to repair to Brighton immediately, &c.

Right Hon. Henry Addington.

G. P.

NEW YEAR'S DAY,—By an edict in France, A. D. 1564, the commencement of the year was fixed to the first January. The Jews commence the year in the beginning of September; the Turks the beginning of July; and the modern French the 21st of September.

The vicinity of Dijon has for a considerable period been dreadfully infested by wolves, which committed the greatest ravages. It became necessary for the inhabitants to resort to some extraordinary measures for the expulsion of these troublesome visitants. It was accordingly agreed, that in every commune a general arming should take place. This plan was immediately carried into effect. A pitched battle ensued, and, as might be expected, terminated in the destruction of the greater part of the wolves on the field of battle. A French journalist, giving the particulars of the fight, describes the victory in terms which might not be considered too lofty for the record of the first triumph of Gallic valour on the shores of England.

A Chinese boy lately come over, under the care of a respectable officer in the

service of the East India company at Canton, keeps a regular journal, a *la Boswell*, of his occupation and amusements in the metropolis. Like other journalists, he sometimes deals in the marvellous:—Speaking of the grand volunteer review in Hyde Park, he computes the volunteers at an hundred thousand, and the spectators at a million. The Chinese cook who accompanied him, was ill treated—“Mob,” observes the tourist, “pulled China cook’s tail.” “N. B. In England strong oppress the weak.” “Gave half of three shillings for to go up St. Paul’s to see all England—English man cheat poor China boy:—when get up, great fog; instead of all England, see nothing at all.” He sings various Chinese songs, and recites several scenes from Chinese plays, in a style which would not disgrace Terrier. He saw *Pissarro*; and, after admiring Portuguese altar, as he termed it, estimated the expence at a thousand pounds!

Among the expedients resorted to by attorneys, to chastise *refractory* clients, the following appears to be *unique*. An attorney had thought proper to charge his client 6s. 8d. for each time that he had taken a dinner with him. The client retaliated by charging the attorney for dinner, and a bottle of wine at each visit. A dispute arose, but the legal wight at length paid his client’s demand, and immediately preferred informations against him for *selling wine without licence*.

A Roman Catholic curate, to free himself from the labour of confessions in Lent, gave notice to his parishioners, that on Monday he should confess the *liars*; on Tuesday, the *misers*; on Wednesday, the *slanders*; on Thursday, the *thieves*; on Friday, *libertines*; and on Saturday, the *bad women*. His scheme succeeded—none attended.

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.—The neighbourhood of Hammersmith has been for several nights alarmed by some idle or ill disposed person, who assumed the fancied appearance of a ghost. Not a young miss or an old maid could stir out at night, the one for an innocent game at whist, the other to see a lover, without being crossed by this most obtrusive and frightful apparition. The ghost, according to some, appeared in the likeness of Bonaparte; according to others, of a horse without a head; but the fact is, to all who really saw it, it was a tall figure in a white sheet. Many attempts were made to sieze it; but it had one property of a ghost, it eluded the quickest pursuit, and there was not a pair of heels in the parish swift enough to overtake it. Encouraged by its success, it became more troublesome than ever, and a party agreed to lay in wait for it. In this number was a man of the name of Smith. He armed himself with a musket, charged with powder and ball, and on Tuesday night, January 3rd, took his station in Black Lion-lane, one of the places by which the ghost used to make its escape, when hard pressed by its pursuers. He had not been long in waiting, when he fancied he saw the wished-for object. A figure dressed in white presented itself; Smith fired, and the supposed ghost fell to the ground. Upon examination, however, the body was discovered to be that of a young man of the name of Milwood, a mason employed in the new buildings going on in that neighbourhood. He was a sober serious young man, of excellent character, and was returning from a visit to his wife, who lives at some distance from the scene of his industry, when his dress, a white jacket, with the marks of his trade in spots of mortar and lime, represented him to the disordered fancy of Smith, as the supernatural agency for which he was watching.

A beautiful French actress lately agreed to surrender her person to one of her lovers, upon condition that he should fight a duel for her with a person who had offended her. She writes the challenge, and keeps the lover in suspense, until the appointed hour—when, judge of his astonishment, he meets his own father. She threatens and promises, and he is on the point of committing a parricide, when some people interfered. The police, by way of punishment, forbid her appearing on the stage for one decade. She is now the mistress of a great banker at Paris.

A bottle containing a note, of which a copy follows, and a letter addressed —, No. 21, Botolph-Lane, London, was found by Hector Gilles, one of Capt. M'Caskill's servants, near the Point of Ruindunan, Isle of Sky, on the 23d February, 1803. The bottle was surrounded by floating sea weeds, which saved it from being broken against the rocks,

“ On board the ship *Isis*, Capt. Skinner, from London, for New York, N. lat. 47, W. long 21, on 9th Sept. 1802.

“ As an experiment, one of the passengers recommends this letter to whoever may find it. Any expence in forwarding it will be paid by the person it is directed to in London. Write on the back of the letter where it was found, the time, latitude, and longitude, and by whom it was found.”

The winter 1802-3 was uncommonly mild and dry, especially on the north west coast of Scotland; and the prevailing winds were from the north-east.--- Captain M'Caskill forwarded the letter to the gentleman in London with a line, but had no return. From 9th September, 1802, when the bottle was thrown into the sea, to 23d February, 1803, when it was found, 167 days. Distance from N. lat. 47, long. 21, to Ruindunan in the Isle of Sky, about 12. 12. or 846 English miles; so that the bottle proceeded five miles a day, in a direct line to the point where it was found. Hence it is evident, that there is a strong current setting to the N.E. which carried the bottle along, and in a direction contrary to the prevailing wind for the time.

DIED,

At her Brother's, Troston-Hall, near Bury, Suffolk, 26th Dec. 1803, Mrs. Olivia Loft, aged 45: Daughter of Christopher Loft, Esq. late Recorder of Windsor, and of Anne his wife, formerly Anne Capell; and sister to Capel Loft, Esq. Barrister at Law. Heaton Wilkes, Esq. aged 76, brother to the late Chamberlain. Mr. S. Parsons, son of the late comedian. Peter Mollish Esq. Mr. Spencer, of the Garrick's Head, Bow-Street, as he was going in a hackney coach to the Gloster Coffee House, Piccadilly. Mr. Spencer was formerly the Harlequin of Drury-Lane Theatre, and his house was frequented by the professors and amateurs of the drama. He was in good health when he entered the coach. At Carhampton, the Countess Dowager of Clanricarde. At Bath, H. Partridge, Esq. the King's Counsel. At Buxton, the Lady of Sir R. Peel, Bart. Mrs. Powell, wife of Mr. Powell of Drury-Lane Theatre. At Croydon Grove, Lady Bridges. Of an inflammation in the bowels, the Countess of Talbot. Sir Francis Sykes, Bart.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
FEBRUARY, 1804.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. CHERRY, OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ENGRAVED
BY RIDLEY, FROM A FINE PAINTING BY SAXON.

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1804.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Memoir of Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH is unavoidably deferred till the next number.

We wish we could give a satisfactory answer to E. A. P.'s query. We have re-perused his observations, and they shall appear next month.

The *Romance*, by VARGES, shall have a place.

Will MIRANDA (*Chertsey*) be so good as to point out the page which has occasioned her animadversions?

Lines by G. G. are not sufficiently striking.

The *Wonderful Juggler*, if possible, in our next.

We are sorry it will not be in our power to oblige a Constant Reader at Ashford.

The Ode on *Maria's Birth Day*, by VARANES, at the first opportunity.

Cursory Remarks on the Philoctetes of Sophocles certainly in our next. The delay has hitherto been unavoidable.

The *Eastern Tale*, by OROZIMBO is much too long.

A. M. is referred to the contents of No. 96, for an answer to his enquiry.

The following articles are inadmissible, viz:

The *Invader invaded*, by NAVICULUS;

The *Rival Queens*, or the *Lane* and the *Garden*, by a FOLLOWER OF THE MUSES;

Sonnet to Despair, and *Elegiac Stanzas*, by MÆSTOSO; and

The *Letter to Lord St. Vincent*, on the present disposition of the British Fleet, by an OBSERVER.

ERRATUM.

In the last Number, Page 51, last line but 7, for "acceptation" read "accentuation."



M^R CHERRY in LAZARILLO.

Pub by Verner & Hood, Peabody, 29, Feb. 1804.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
FEBRUARY, 1804.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. CHERRY.

MR. ANDREW CHERRY is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Cherry, an eminent printer and bookseller in the city of Limerick in Ireland, whose ancestors possessed a considerable estate, on which they, for centuries, resided, near Sheffield, in Yorkshire, and were of the people called Quakers; one of whom, disclaiming the mild tenets of the primitive church, and possessing a thirst for martial glory, followed the fortunes of king William the III^d. and fought under him, as cornet of horse, in all the Irish wars. On the capitulation of Limerick, he married an Irish lady, and purchased an estate at a place called Croome, near Limerick, where the family resided for many years—till the imprudence of our hero's grandfather deprived him and his successors of a paternal property, which, in the present day, yields an annual income of many thousands.

The subject of these memoirs was born in the city of Limerick, in Ireland, on the 11th of January, 1762, and received what is generally called a respectable school education, which his father intended to have completed at the university, as he designed his son for a member of the church; but disappointments in life obliged him to abandon his favourite plan, and the study of theology was resigned for the printing-office, and in the year 1773, at eleven years of age, his father placed him as a typographical tyro, under the care of Mr. James Potts, a respectable printer and bookseller, of Dame-street, Dublin. About this time the rivalry of the theatres at Smock-alley and Capel-street, were the subjects of general conversation; and in Mr. Pott's printing-office, the merits and demerits of the plays and performers of both theatres were fully discussed, each house having its strong partizans amongst the typographical critics. Our young hero now first began to feel a glowing wish to enter the door of a theatre, which he soon gratified, on the last night that ill-starred but accomplished actor, Mr. Mossop, performed *Zanga*, in the *Revenge*. The exquisite acting of this celebrated tragedian inflamed his imagination for theatrical exhibitions, the sight of which he indulged as often as his master and pocket-money would allow.

He soon found his taste for business rapidly decline; the printing-office had no charms for him, and he began to despise the drudgery of a mechanic employment. In conjunction with his playfellows, whose stage-struck fancies were not inferior to his own, he made his first appearance, at the age of fourteen, in the character of the *Fair Lucia*, in the tragedy of *Cato*, in a large room, at the Black-a-moor's head, Towers's Street, Dublin.

The applause that attended this juvenile essay greatly increased his passion for dramatic exhibitions; and, in a short time after his first déhât, Mr. Martin, a country manager, hearing him recite, in company with other young men, whom Mr. Martin had found means to assemble, with a view to delude them into engagements, invited him to join his *sharing company*. Cherry readily accepted the offer, and before he reached his seventeenth year, he launched into a profession, of all others, perhaps, the most arduous and envious. His first appearance, as a public performer, was in a town called Naas, fourteen miles from Dublin, under the management of this Mr. Martin, and in the character of *Colonel Feignwell*; his performance evinced much talent, and the manager, with many encomiums on his exertions, presented him with ten-pence halfpenny, which was his dividend of the profits of that night's performance, as well as continued to cheer him with words of fair comfort and encouragement. But the circumscribed situation of his finances rendered those promises abortive.

The towns that he visited were small, the receipts, consequently, scarcely furnished an existence for himself and company. Yet such was our hero's enthusiasm for a theatrical profession, that he endured a probation of ten months with this manager, constantly employed in the laborious study of almost all the principal characters in tragedy and comedy, without even possessing a guinea during the whole of that period; nay, frequently without the means of common sustenance, and so impoverished, yet so industriously inclined to what he had undertaken, that his greatest regard generally arose from his want of means to purchase candles; whereby he might study the characters that were daily allotted to him.

In this situation our hero endured more than the usual hardships attendant on a strolling life; he was, at one time, even on the point of starving, having passed more than three days, without any refreshment. At the close of Mr. Martin's campaign, he returned to his relations, by whom he was received with all the warmth of parental affection; he then resolved to relinquish all ideas of the stage, and attach himself solely to business; but the applause he had re-

ceived continually rung in his ears, and in the comforts of ease and plenty, he soon forgot the drudgery of study, and the poignant want he was obliged to endure, whilst endeavouring to attain it. In short, he again returned to the profession, when, after making several short excursions of little moment, he enlisted under the banners of Mr. Richard William Knife, a dramatic commander of much esteem in Ireland, and whose daughter our hero married at Belfast. The fame which Mr. C. was daily acquiring in the North of Ireland, soon made its way to the capital, and on Mr. Ryder's being engaged at Covent Garden theatre, Mr. Cherry was called upon, by the Dublin manager, to supply that gentleman's place, which was considered a service of eminent danger, as Mr. Ryder had been, for more than thirty years, the unrivalled favourite of a Dublin audience. Our hero made his first appearance in the Smock-alley theatre, in the winter of 1787, in the character of *Darby* in the *Poor Soldier*; his success was beyond his most sanguine expectations, and he continued, for five years, under the management of Mr. Daly, in full possession of public favour, and a range of comic characters as various as they were extensive.

The first original character he performed in Dublin, was a *Spouting Barber*, in a very pleasant entertainment called the *Hypochondriac*, which gave great satisfaction to the author, Mr. Franklin, whose dramatic productions are in much esteem in this country.

Mr. Cherry daily advanced in professional reputation, and was considered an actor of considerable abilities.

From the increase of his family, and the payments of the theatre not being quite as certain as the Bank of England, our hero was induced to turn his thoughts towards an engagement in some of the provincial theatres of England; the dread of breaking fresh ground at first had great weight with him, but the encouragement he had received from the accomplished Miss Farren, with whom he played all the principal characters the preceding season, operated as a stimulus to his wishes, and supported him under the idea of a trial, which then appeared to him arduously awful. But while he debated with himself upon this question, he received an offer from Tate Wilkinson, manager of the York Theatre, to supply the place of Mr. Fawcett, now of Covent Garden Theatre.

Mr. Cherry made his *entré* on the Wakefield boards, in the characters of *Vapid*, in the *Dramatist*, and *Lazarillo*, in *Two Strings to your Bow*; from his masterly delineation of the above parts, he was marked with such general approbation and applause, as gave him a delightful presage of future prosperity, and he continued three years under Mr. Wilkinson's management, in full possession of pub-

lic favour. Miss Farren having made a summer engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, the manager was under the necessity of dispatching his deputy, Mr. Hitchcock, into Yorkshire, to re-engage Mr. Cherry to perform with her, which he accomplished, upon terms that appeared very flattering, for nothing but the welfare of his family could have drawn him from a situation where his comforts were perfectly established; he therefore returned to Dublin, and appeared with abundant greeting from his countrymen, in *Sir Peter Teasle*. He continued two seasons in Ireland, during which time he wrote and produced two operatical pieces, which were received at Crow-street Theatre, with general approbation; but, from the manager's ungrateful and irregular conduct, he returned with his family to Birmingham, for a summer, where he added much to his popularity and interest, and then entered into an engagement with Messrs. Ward and Banks, managers of the Manchester company, with whom he continued two years; and, on the abduction of Mr. Blisset and Mr. W. Biggs, Mr. Cherry was invited to the Bath theatre, where he made a most successful *entré* in the character of *Sir Bashful Constant*; and, notwithstanding popular prejudice ran high in favour of Mr. Blisset, who had been an established favourite of the Bath and Bristol Public, our hero received every approbation that his exertions warranted; each new character gave him additional strength, and his performance of *Captain Bertram*, in the *Birth Day*, was pronounced, by the Bath critics, to be as high-finished a picture of scenic art as ever had been witnessed on the boards of that theatre. His reputation, as an actor, soon became fixed and determined, and for four seasons he enjoyed the most honourable patronage and support. On the resignation of Mr. King, he obtained an engagement at Drury-lane Theatre, where he offered himself for public approbation in the characters of *Sir Benjamin Dove*, in the *Brothers*; and *Lazarillo*, in *Two Strings to your Bow*.

The success he met with, in both these parts, is well known to our readers. Mr. Cherry has since maintained his credit with the public in a variety of other characters, and is justly considered one of the most sterling and valuable comedians in the Drury-lane company. In addition to his repute as an actor, he has lately secured to himself a distinguished rank among our dramatic authors, by the production of the *Soldier's Daughter*, a comedy, now in the zenith of its attraction. We understand he is to receive from the bookseller, no less a sum than three hundred pounds for the copy-right. It is certainly one of the very few modern comedies that will stand the test of the closet.

THE ORIGIN OF KNIGHTHOOD.

KNIGHTHOOD, or chivalry, was a military institution founded in the eleventh century. In those times of anarchy and confusion, the great lords were become sovereigns on their own estates, and incessantly waged war with each other. These hostilities obstructed the security of the public roads, to the prejudice of commerce. The several districts were defended by moated castles and towers, which soon became nests of robbers and banditti, (of which frequent mention is made in history) who committed violences against the fair sex, and plundered the unwary traveller. These enormous abuses produced an association of noblemen, of a humane disposition, who engaged, and even vowed solemnly to maintain the security of the public roads, and to protect the ladies. The association is said to have begun in France, and soon spread throughout Europe. The members were styled chevaliers, or knights; and, as their numbers increased, they formed themselves into a military, and, in some measure, a religious order. The dignity of this institution was so very great, that the principal nobility, and even kings themselves, aspired to it. The candidates were obliged to prove their nobility, at least for three generations. At seven years of age they were sent to the house of some illustrious knight, in order to be educated in manly exercises, and trained up in the apprenticeship of chivalry: till they were fourteen years old, they went by the name of pages or varlets; but from that time they were styled ecuyers or esquires; and said to be *sortis hors de page*. The esquires were also distinguished by the name of *bas chevaliers*, or inferior knights; from which is derived our word bachelor. The function of the squire, was to dress and undress his lord; to help him to mount his horse; to put on his armour; to carry his gauntlets and shield; in short, to be his armour bearer. At the age of twenty-one, the esquire was admitted a knight, after performing several religious and civil ceremonies. He was obliged to fast some days, and to receive the sacrament. Upon the morning of his admittance, he was clad in a white garment, (for that of an esquire was brown) and proceeding to the church with a sword about his neck, he presented it to the priest, who returned it him again, with his benediction. He then knelt down, with his hands joined, before his lord, who was to instal him. The principal persons that assisted at the ceremony, and sometimes the ladies themselves, helped to put on his armour; one gave him the gold spurs, another the

cuirass, another the gauntlets, &c. But, most generally, the lord who invested him with this dignity, performed the ceremony himself, by delivering a sword and belt into the hands of the candidate, and touching him thrice on the shoulder with the flat side of his sword, or giving him a blow on the cheek with the palm of his hand, which was the last blow he was to put up with while he breathed. These ceremonies were observed only on solemn installations; but in the field, either before or after an engagement, the prince, or lord, only gave the accolade, which was touching the candidate on the neck, or shoulder, with his sword, and pronouncing these, or like words:—"In the name of God I make thee a knight." The highest class of chivalry was that of the knights bannerets, who were obliged to prove their nobility by four quarters, and to have an estate sufficient to maintain fifty men at arms. They were called bannerets, from their privilege of carrying a square banner on the top of their lance. The order of chivalry was in greatest vogue at the time of the crusades; but upon the declension of the feudal system, when kings began to have regular troops, the knights bannerets were no longer of use, and chivalry itself became little more than an empty name.

PLANTAGENET.

It may not, perhaps, be unacceptable to some of our readers, if we give the etymology of this name, which has been borne by several of our English kings. George Buck, Esq. compiler of the life of Richard the Third, in Kennet's History of England, says, it rather should be called Plantagenest, being derived from the two words *planta genesta*, or *genista*, that is, the plant broom. It was first given to Fulke, Earl of Anjou, who lived an hundred years before the Norman conquest. He, having been guilty of some enormous crimes, was enjoined, by way of penance, to go to the Holy Land, and submit to a severe castigation. He readily acquiesced, dressed himself in lowly attire, and, as a mark of his humility, wore a piece of broom in his cap, of which virtue this plant is a symbol, in the hieroglyphic language; and Virgil seems to confirm it, by calling it *humiles genista*, the humble broom. This expiation finished, Fulke, in remembrance of it, adopted the title of Plantagenest, and lived many years in honour and happiness. His descendants, accordingly, inherited the name, and many successive nobles of the line of Anjou, not only did the same, but even distinguished themselves by wearing a sprig of broom in their bonnets.

REMARKS ON THE GARDEN SPIDER.

Extracted from a book of Memorandums.

(Continued from p. 11.)

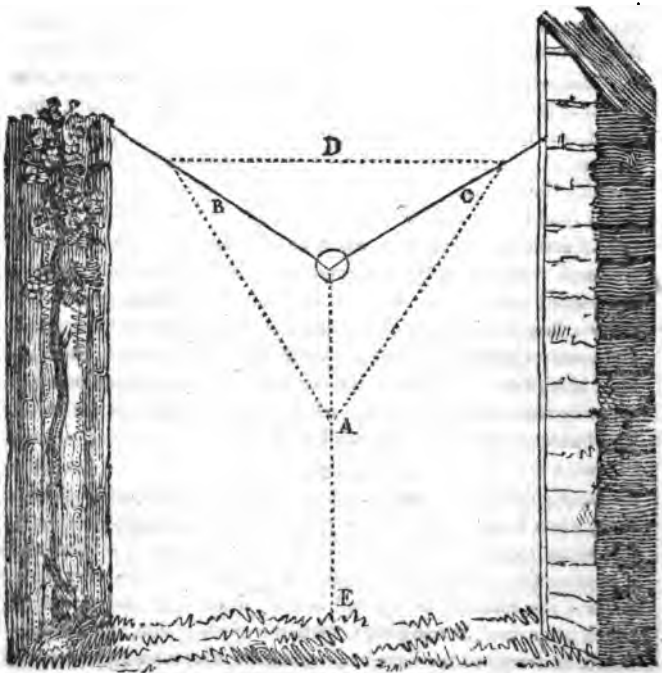
Sept. 14th, 1801.

"H^AVING expressed surprise at the work of a spider, I can now trace with certainty his operations and his power, so as to satisfy myself entirely. Often wondering how came all the long webs that tickle our noses and glitter in the sun, reaching from one tree to another, and often floating loose in the air; I, a few days past, broke down the web of a garden spider, which was suspended from a building to a fence across a pathway of about five feet, and much the same height from the ground. When his suspending lines were broke, himself and his web fell flat against the building. An hour or two after I observed him in motion, and wished to know how he would contrive a communication with the fence as before.

"He seemed, for a while, as if taking a general survey of the distance and bearings of the objects around; and then letting himself down from a spout, to the distance of about six inches, hung suspended, not in their usual position, head downwards, but with one side downwards, and all his legs greatly extended. In this posture I found that, without the help of his legs, he possessed a power of ejecting a web to what length he pleased, and with surprising swiftness. It had exactly the appearance of smoke, issuing through a pin hole; only, in this case, the stream instead of dissipating, became a lengthening line, that floated with the action of the wind, and visibly extended from its source, as fast, or faster than the nimblest black beetle can run. He emitted thus, about seven or eight feet of web, and then ascended to the spout, and waited the event. The line was carried by the wind cornerways, and lodged against the building, and consequently became useless. He did the same again, with the same unsucces, and repeated his work a fourth time, when I caught hold of his floating line, at about four feet long, and when extended to five, I drew it over the leaf of a bean, and it became fast; but he, still lengthening it, the line was very slack. After a few minutes he applied himself to drawing the rope tight, which when done, he travelled upon to the opposite side, and made my fastening secure; then back again, emitting a new web as he went, and joining it to the other to strengthen it, till it became visibly improved.

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Next, starting from one end, he proceeded, without splicing a new strengthener, to the centre of the horizontal line, *exactly to the centre*, and there lowered himself down to the ground, and drew this perpendicular line very tight, or else it was his weight that did it. The ground beneath was a gravel path, he there fastened this line to the gravel, at E (see sketch) by pressing it down with a motion peculiar to themselves, and then ascended again: at which time he had formed an obtuse angle, by drawing down the horizontal line; then, forwarding his work, he drew the line D, to which the lines from the centre were to be fastened. To form the line D, he traversed the lines B C, bearing the line D in his claw detached, and, fastening it at the upper end of B, proceeded to draw the lines from A to C and B in the same manner. From this outline, the formation of the lines from the centre to the extremities appeared easy.



I have sometimes broken down a part of their work, and have observed that they will carefully gather up the fragments of the web, and either leave it in white knots, or appear entirely to swallow it.

"A small spider had fastened a line of his work, to the outermost lines of a web, belonging to a very large one; the latter hastened to the confines of his premises, and cut asunder the stranger's holdfast, something like cutting a boat adrift. I find it a common opinion, that the spider, when he catches a fly, destroys him by poison; it may be so;—but I see, by close observation, that his strong dependence is placed in folding him rapidly up in a web, which he draws from himself abundantly for the purpose.

"I wonder whether I shall hereafter think these moments mispent in watching a spider?—At present I think their nature and properties strange, and not yet entirely known, even to naturalists, their whole proceedings amazingly curious; their degree of instinctive contrivance, and their exactness of figure in their squares and angles, and visible use of every line, truly astonishing.

"The spider, while descending by his web, was baited by the flies, exactly as we see small birds follow a hawk."

October 4th, 1804.

"Found last week a letter in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1759, (I think) by a Mr. Masser, 'on the Gossamer,' wherein he has been correct in his account of the spider having an ejecting power, as to the formation of his web. I found this by observation last summer, and was pleased at the discovery, for to me it was such. But his account of flying spiders is not clear and comprehensive. Does he mean spiders with wings? or, spiders with a power of unlimited elevation, by an ejection of web?"

"Spiders again."

"Proved, by observing a spider with a small microscope, that when I had broken down a web in the garden, he carefully gathered up the fragments, and moistening the accumulated web in its approach to his mouth, swallowed it all again."

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

In addition to the foregoing extracts, I now wish to say a word or two in farther explanation. The nests of this kind of spider, are generally attached fast to woodwork, in a dry situation, in size not

exceeding an hazel-nut, appearing like a knot of raw silk, of an exceeding close texture. I put one of these into an unstopped bottle, and, forgetting to watch it minutely, I at length found it as follows: From the mouth of the bottle to a shelf above, was about eighteen inches; and I found the eggs hatched, and not less than several hundreds of connecting lines of communication between the bottle and the shelf, covered in every direction with the infant swarm, entirely yellow. From this I think it evident, that the power of ejecting the web is exercised at an early stage of life. I think too, from every consideration, that their preying on each other is a matter beyond a doubt.

I have somewhere read, that the garden spider uniformly makes his web of great or small dimensions, according to the approaching degree of sunshine or rain, and thus, with the utmost precision, foretells the weather. This I have not yet proved, but am much inclined to give credit to the assertion.

ROB. BLOOMFIELD.

THE SPIDER.

MR. EDITOR,

IN your last, your correspondent Robert Bloomfield, confesses himself at a loss to know, how the garden spider conveys his web across a distance of five feet, without any thing to support himself. Perhaps the following illustration may be acceptable. When the spider begins its web, it places itself upon the end of a branch, and there fastens several threads, which she lengthens to two or more yards, leaving them to float in the air: these threads are wafted by the wind from one side to another, and lodged on a wall or tree, or any other substance, first met with, to which they are secured by their natural glue; the spider then draws them to her, to try if they are sufficiently fast, and finding them so, they become a bridge for her to pass along at pleasure: she then crawls to the middle of this thread, and fastens another to it, by which she descends till she meets a solid body to rest on, or leaves it, as the first, floating in the air, to be fixed by the same means; in the same manner other long threads are secured from the centre, till it is sufficiently firm for her to spread her small circular ones, by which the geometrical fabric, the air built castle, is completed. Yours,

SILVESTER.

SAGACITY OF BRUTES.

MR. EDITOR,

THE interesting anecdotes respecting the canine race, with which you lately favoured the public, may be very suitably followed up by the following instances of sagacity and sensibility in other animals, which I think will afford considerable gratification to your readers.

Yours, &c.

Z.

THE ELEPHANT.

THE elephant is supposed to be the largest of any quadruped in the known world; and seems to be the wisest also. The observation is Cicero's, whose words (*De Nat. Deor.* 1.) are, *Elephanto belluarum nulla providentior. At figurâ quæ vastior?* All the amiable, and all the furious passions, are to be found in this animal; and its docility is wonderful; for, when properly tamed, he is capable of being instructed and disciplined into a vast variety of entertaining and useful qualifications.

Do him a material injury, and he will act as if he had been tutored by the late Lord Chesterfield: i. e. if it be in his power, he will immediately revenge the affront; but if restrained for the present, either by motives of prudence, or by inability to wreak his resentment, he will retain the offence in his memory, for years together, and take care to repay it with interest, the first favourable opportunity. I have heard or read of a boy, who wantonly struck the proboscis, or trunk, of an elephant; and then courageously secured himself, by running away. Seven years afterwards, the lad was playing near the side of a river; and had, probably, forgot his past misdemeanor. But the elephant had a better memory; and making up to the young delinquent, grasped him with his trunk, and very sedately carried the sprawling captive to the water, where he ducked him once or twice over head and ears, and then quietly setting him down again on terra firma, permitted him to walk off without further hurt.

It is said that, in those countries where elephants abound, such of them as are tame, go about the streets, like any other domestic animal: and it is common for people to give them fruit as they pass. In time, they commence absolute beggars, and will put in the extremity of their trunks at doors and windows, in hope of receiving the little benevolences which custom has inured them to expect. After waiting a short while, if nothing is given them, they withdraw

their trunks, and pass on to the next accessible house. It is related, that some taylor's were at work on a card, bwithinside of a window, whose casement stood open. A passing elephant stopped, and put in his trunk. One of the men, instead of conferring a *donceur*, gave the animal's trunk a scratch with his needle. The injured party took no present notice of the provocation, but patiently walked away. He repaired to a neighbouring stream; and, having filled his capacious trunk with a large quantity of water, returned to the window, where he coolly avenged himself, by spouting the fluid artillery on the aggressor and his comrades, for their late breach of hospitality. If we do not relieve the indigent, they at least have a right not to be insulted. And, very frequently, the meanest are able, sooner or later, to retaliate with usury the contempt they undeservedly receive.

Every beggar is not honest. Nor are all elephants actuated by a strict sense of moral delicacy. Their smell is very acute; and if a person has any fruit or cakes about him, they shew, by the quick and judicious application of their trunks to the proper part of his dress, that they are adepts in the art of picking pockets, with excellent dexterity.

Elephants, like men, have, (if I may be allowed the expression) their virtues and their vices; though, to the honour of the former be it observed, the vices of an elephant bear but small proportion to his virtues. There have been instances of these creatures, who, in the first hurry of rage for ill-treatment, have killed their keepers. But their subsequent remorse has been so insupportably keen, that they have refused to take any sustenance, and literally starved themselves to death. A lesson to persons of violent passions; who, if hurried away by the impetuous torrent, either of excessive and unguarded anger, or of headstrong and irregular desire, are liable to the commission of irreparable evil, and may, in a single moment, lay the foundation of irremediable ruin. I have read of an heathen, who, when he found himself unduly fermented by wrath, would never utter a single word, until he had first deliberately run over in his mind all the letters of the alphabet. I have read of a christian, who, when endangered by similar temptation, would not suffer himself to speak a syllable, until he had silently repeated the Lord's prayer.

Elephants are singularly grateful, and have a very deep sense of friendship. They have been known to lay the death of a brother

elephant, or of a kind keeper, so much to heart, as to pine away from that time forward.

In some countries, we are told, elephants supply the place of executioners. They are trained, at a given signal, to lay hold of the criminal with their trunks, by a strong suction; and either dash him violently against the ground, or toss him aloft in the air, until repeated contusions put a period to his life. Mankind are very prone to value themselves on their supposed civilization; and yet, by artful practising on the ferocity of inferior animals, they sometimes teach brutes themselves to be still more brutal.

Closely as elephants are, they may be taught to dance, both singly and in companies; and they move, on these occasions, with singular exactness and order. They are not insensible to the harmony of music: and if properly inured, keep time with their feet, in a manner which discovers great powers of judgment. If I rightly remember, bishop Burnet informs us, in his travels, that he saw an elephant play at ball, with all the ease and expertness of a man. But Plutarch, in his life of Pyrrhus, mentions a much nobler instance of elephantine understanding and adroitness: accompanied by such magnanimous courage and fidelity, as would have redounded to the honour of a Sertorius, or of an Alexander. When Pyrrhus stormed the town of Argos, a number of accoutred elephants, according to the custom of those times, formed a part of his military apparatus. One of these creatures, perceiving that his rider was fallen, invited him, by every effort in his power, to remount. But finding soon after, that he, (*viz.* the rider) was dead of the wounds he had received; the animal, in a transport of grief and rage, rushed furiously on friends and foes, without distinction: and, taking up the body with his trunk, made good his retreat, and rescued the remains of his breathless master from further violation, by faithfully and heroically conveying them from the scene of action.

The method by which wild elephants are taken, deserves to be noticed. A narrow inclosure is made; one end of which is left open, for entrance; and, at the extremity of the other, several tame female elephants are placed. Between both (*i. e.* between the entrance and the extremity where the females are fixed) a large pit is dug, whose surface is lined with a slight bridge work, so neatly turfed, that it has all the appearance of firm ground. Allured by the females, the male elephants make towards the place, but are suddenly intercepted by the unsuspected snare. Proper persons, who are stationed to watch the event, start from their conceal-

ments; and, with exulting shouts, mock the indignant distress of their unwieldy prisoners.

Elephants are tamed, chiefly by hunger, and by blows; they are said to be extremely fond of pomp, and to receive very pleasurable ideas from the exhibitions of splendor. Hence the natives of East India, who hold the doctrine of transmigration, imagine, that these animals are animated by the souls of departed princes. For this reason, they are treated, especially in the kingdom of Siam, with distinguished respect; and some of the handsomest are decorated with rich ornaments, and even dignified with titles of honour. An elephant of quality is known by the rings of gold, silver, or copper, with which his tusks are adorned. There is something very humiliating to the pride of human reason, in conduct so extravagantly absurd as this.

Elephants are extremely long-lived. It is affirmed, that they will reach to one, two, or even three hundred years of age. If this be fact, and it rests on very respectable testimonies, it is probably true of those elephants only, which are permitted to live according to nature, unspoiled by the artificial and false refinements of our management. It will admit of little doubt, that, on the sum total, those beasts are happiest, who have least connexion with man. Not a single brute, from an elephant to an animated speck, but is eventually the worse, if it fall within the circuit of human government. Let us endeavour to make our male-administration as easy and as little mischievous to them as we can.

THE MAHOMETAN RELIGION.

To have a just idea of this, it is necessary that we should divest ourselves of every prejudice; and in arraigning the character of a man, whom death has prevented from appearing in his own defence, justice ever requires, that if we do not put the most favourable construction on his actions, we should, at least, treat them with impartiality.

To speak candidly, then, Mahomet might be a religious and a moral man. His father left him in rather penurious circumstances, but profiting to the utmost by the education his friends could afford him, and always preserving a most unexceptionable character, he rose to be factor of a rich widow, whom he afterwards married; and becoming, by this connexion, a person of some consequence in his country, he felt it his duty to devote himself to its welfare.

He saw, with the utmost concern, that the Jews and the Christians were constantly at variance, and that idolatry was daily gaining ground. To check the progress of a practice so unworthy the human mind, and so degrading to our Divine Maker, appeared to him an object worthy his whole attention. Filled with this idea, it became the constant subject of his thoughts, and, after long revolving it in his mind, he, at length, conceived it impossible to attain his end by any other method, than by that of uniting the Jews and the Christians in one religion. And this he knew could only be effected by admitting part of the tenets of both.

For this purpose, he acknowledged Adam, Noah, Abraham, and Moses, whom the Jews regarded as their chief prophets, to whom he added our blessed Saviour, in commemoration of whose mildness and beneficence, he called him the breath of God—the most flattering appellation he could offer, consistent with the delicacy it was necessary to observe towards the Jews. Nevertheless, a Christian cannot sufficiently lament, that he was obliged to make concessions to a people execrated by God. But, as his only object was to restore the divine worship to its original purity, he conceived that the Almighty would not be displeased at the manner he was about to adopt, to attain so laudable an end.

The first person to whom he communicated his design, was her in whom, as a good man, he was most interested, I mean his wife. She readily embraced his sentiments, and, in a short time, many of their relations adopted their opinions. Nevertheless, the Arabs in general continued obstinate in their superstition and idolatry; and as Mahomet as yet only made use of the gentle methods of persuasion, his proselytes increased so slowly, that he had reason to despair of success, unless he could make it be believed that he had received supernatural assistance.

Thus far his conduct is irreproachable, since we may forgive his endeavouring to compound the Jewish and Christian religions, which in him, was, at worst, but an error in judgment. But, from this moment, he began to lose sight of the delicacy and patriotic disinterestedness by which he was hitherto actuated, and we must resign him to the lash of the Christian and Jewish divines; both of whom have agreed in stigmatizing him by the epithet of "Impostor." Nevertheless, a philanthropic mind will always be inclined to pity him, and to lament that a man, naturally religious, with so noble an object in view, should be drawn into measures unworthy the piety of his primitive intentions.

He pretended, or perhaps his enthusiasm made him believe, that the angel Gabriel had appeared to him, and, in the name of God, charged him with his mission. But still his progress was not equal to his wishes; he therefore made use of another imposture, and declared that he had been carried up to Heaven, and conversed with God. This, and some miracles he was said to have performed, gave him an unbounded sway over the minds of the people. But the persecution of the government increasing with his success, he was several times obliged to fly to Mecca. Hitherto he had preached nothing but peace; but his fame having now spread, and gained him many proselytes in the neighbouring states, he found himself in a condition to accomplish, by force, what he had in vain attempted by persuasion. Provoked at the opposition he met with, he gave out that God, irritated at the obstinacy of his enemies, had ordered him to take up arms against them. He therefore raised an army, with which he beat the Koreish, or head tribe of Mecca, in the famous battle of Bedr, and gained many other victories, each of which increasing his fame and his followers, he usurped the civil and military authority, as well as the religious, and, before he died, had the satisfaction of seeing himself acknowledged by many of the eastern nations.

A. D. 622. The Mahometans date their Hegira from the period of their prophet's flight from Mecca to Medina, during which, such miracles, they say, were performed in his favour, that it was no longer possible to doubt his being the messenger of God.

In addition to his being an impostor, and making use of violent measures, it is farther objected against Mahomet, that he makes his paradise consist in sensual pleasures; but in this he conformed to the dispositions of the people he held it out to. He tells them that it is inhabited by female angels, whose charms surpass conception, and who, although adorned by the most delicate modesty, will yield to the embraces of the faithful. That they live in large pavilions of hollow pearls, in the midst of refreshing fountains and shady groves, abounding with the most delicious fruits. Besides which, the fleetest horses, elegantly caparisoned, and every thing else they may desire, will immediately spring up for them.

His faith consists in belief in God, and predestination; in his angels, his scriptures, and his prophets; in the resurrection and final judgment. On that awful day the principal questions asked the Mahometans, will be, how they spent their time? How they acquired and used their wealth? What use they made of their knowledge? And how they exercised their bodies?

Infidels and hypocrites will be damned without redemption; but the good and bad actions of the Mahometans will be balanced against each other, and the punishments of the guilty will be in proportion to their sins; the slightest of which will be nine hundred years confinement in a hell, so very hot as to make the brain boil through the skull; and the heaviest nine thousand, in a place where the heat is seven times more horrible.

Oppressors, and such as have been guilty of malice or injustice, will be obliged to suffer in the next world for the sins of those whom they injured in this. An idea that cannot be too much admired.

Another striking instance of the humanity of Mahomet's disposition, is the great encomiums he conferred upon charity. He tells his followers that nothing will be more acceptable to God than alms; and to shew our gratitude to him for those we are constantly receiving at his hands, he orders that they shall pray at least five times a day; and, that there may be no excuse for neglecting this duty, the muezziins are obliged to ascend the steeples, at stated times, and there apprise the people that "it is time to pray."

In this we see both gratitude and wisdom; and to do ample justice to Mahomet, it only remains to examine how far his religion tended to promote the happiness and prosperity of his brethren. To do this, we must keep their country in view: it will then readily occur to us, that the Arabians living in a state of warfare, population must necessarily decrease, and the number of women considerably exceed that of the men. What remedy could he apply to this evil but a plurality of wives? or how put a stop to drunkenness, but by prohibiting wine? The climate of Arabia is hot; heat produces wantonness; wantonness leads to prostitution, and prostitution creates sin, disease, and depopulation. These are crying evils, and the only method to prevent them was, by forbidding every intercourse between the two sexes, man and wife only excepted; for she must be an abandoned woman indeed who will make the first advances to impure love, and these to a man to whom she had never before spoken.

But, as a farther encouragement to population, and that the female captives taken in war might be of service to the state, he tolerates masters lying with their slaves, who, on their part, are to preserve all the modesty and discretion of a wife, and, in return, are always to be treated with tenderness.

That Mahomet allowed these indulgences more through policy than inclination, is evident, since even his bitterest enemies have

never accused him of bigamy, or of impure love, before the death of his first wife. If he afterwards became abandoned, it is no wonder, for he had then cast off his pious principles; and every wise person knows, whatever pretenders to philosophy may say, that a man, when he abandons religion, generally abandons morality also.

Upon the whole, I believe this is by much the most favourable account ever written of Mahomet by a Christian; yet, if we analyze the writings of our own theologians, and set aside their abusive epithets, we shall find that I have said nothing more than they themselves have admitted; because, not understanding the Turkish language, I have trusted to them for matters of fact, although, in justice to a dead man, I could not ascribe to ambition and selfishness, what might originally proceed from virtue, however different a turn it might afterwards take.

To close this essay with the candour with which I have conducted it, we must allow, that, as a patriot and a politician, Mahomet merits a great share of our commendation. But how unworthy a divine mission will his latter conduct appear, when compared with that of our Saviour. Neither persecution nor torture could provoke the blessed Jesus to a deviation from his Heavenly mildness; but, constantly adhering to the will of our Father, he lived and he died for the good of mankind. S.

IRELAND.

THE following extracts from the letters of Lord Chesterfield, manifest the solidity of the noble lord's judgment respecting the state of Ireland, at the time he wrote; and if the advice, domestic and political, offered by his lordship, had been acted upon, we should not, at this moment, have had so much reason to regret the want of unanimity in the sister island.

"I wish, my country people, for I look upon myself as an Irishman still, would but attend half as much to useful objects, as they do to the purity of their claret. Drinking is a most beastly vice in every country, but it is really a ruinous one to Ireland: nine gentlemen in ten, in Ireland, are impoverished by the great quantity of claret, which, from mistaken notions of hospitality and dignity, they think it necessary should be drunk in their houses. This expence leaves them no room to improve their estates, by proper indulgence, upon proper conditions, to their tenants, who must pay them to the full, and upon the very day, that they may pay their wine merchants."

"To descend to this world, and particularly to that part of it where you reside, your present state seems to me an awkward one; your late ferment seems rather suspended than quieted; and I think I see matter for a second fermentation, when your parliament meets. Some, I believe, will ask too much; and others, perhaps, will grant too little. I wish both parties may be wiser and honest, and then they will be quieter than they have been of late. Both sides would be highly offended, if one were to advise them to apply themselves to civil matters only, in the limited sense of that word: I mean trade, manufactures, good domestic order, subordination, &c. and not to meddle so much with politics, in which I cannot help saying, they are but bunglers. No harm is intended them from hence; and, if they will be quiet, no harm will be done them. The people have liberty enough, and the crown has prerogative enough. Those are the real enemies to Ireland who would enlarge either at the expence of the other, and who have started points that ought never to have been mentioned at all, but which will now perpetually recur."

"I am heartily glad that your quarrels are at last made up in Ireland; but I am glad from a very different motive from most other people's. I am glad of it for the sake of the country, which I fear was the least concern of either of the belligerent parties. The triumph of the patriots is complete, and the power is now theirs;—with all my heart, let them but use it well.

There is a great deal of money lying in the treasury, let them apply that to real public uses. Let them encourage the extension and improvement of their manufactures, the cultivation of their lands, and, above all, the protestant charter-schools. Let them people and civilize the country, by establishing a fund to invite and provide for protestant strangers. Let them make Connaught and Kerry know that there is a God, a king, and a government, three things to which they are at present utter strangers. These, and other such kind of measures, would make them patriots indeed, and give them just weight and reputation."

"SOMETIME or other, though God knows when, it will be found out in Ireland, that the popish religion and influence cannot be subdued by force, but may be undermined and destroyed by art. Allow the papists to buy lands, let and take leases equally with the protestants, but subject to the gavel act, which will always have its effect upon their posterity at least. Tie them down to the government

by the tender but strong bonds of landed property, which the Pope will have much ado to dissolve, notwithstanding his power of loosening and binding. Use those that come over to you, though perhaps only seemingly at first, well and friendly, instead of looking for their cloven feet and their tails, as you do now. Increase both your number and your care of the protestant charter-schools. Make your penal laws extremely mild, and then put them strictly in execution.

Hæ tibi erunt artes.

(These will be your arts.)

This would do in time, and nothing else will, nor ought. I would as soon murder a man for his estate, as prosecute him for his religious and speculative errors; and, since I am in a way of quoting verses, I will give you three out of Walsh's famous ode to king William.

Nor think it a sufficient cause,
Nor punish men by penal laws,
For not believing right.

"THE HIGH TIDES IN THE CALENDAR."

Shaks.

CANDLEMASS DAY.

THIS day goes under several denominations: it is called the day of Christ's presentation; because on it Christ was presented in the temple; it is called the holiday of St. Simeon, because it was on it that he took our Saviour up in his arms: and it is called the *Purification*, because then the holy Virgin was purified. It is generally a day of festivity, and more than ordinary observation among women, and it is therefore called the *Wives Feast Day*. The feasting seems to be observed in honour of the *Virgin Mary*, for, as on the day of a woman's being *churched*, there is no common entertainment, so it seems, that this feasting was begun in the times of popery, by way of compliment to the churching day of the Virgin Mary.

It has the name of *Candlemass-day*, because *lights* were distributed and carried about in procession, or because also the use of *lighted tapers*, which was observed all winter at *vespers* and *litunies*, were then wont to cease, till the next *All-hallowmass*.

Ray, in his collection of proverbs, preserves one that relates to this day.

"On *Candlemas-day* throw candle and candlestick away."

SHROVE-TIDE.

SHROVE-TIDE signifieth the time of *confessing sins*, as the word *tide*, which signifies *time*, and the Saxon word *shrive* or *shrift*, which signifies *confession*, plainly shew. Thus, in the constitutions of **Simon Sudbury*, it is ordered, "That lay-men should be admonished to confess in the very beginning of Lent."

This custom of confessing to the priest at this time, was laid aside by our church at the reformation. For sins are to be confessed to God alone, and not to the priest, except when the conscience cannot otherwise be quieted: then, indeed, the grief is to be opened to the spiritual guide in private.

A kind of *pancake feast*, preceding Lent, was used in the Greek church, from whence we have probably borrowed it, with *parche eggs*, and other such-like ceremonies.

Fitzstephen informs us, that, anciently, on Shrove Tuesday, the school boys used to bring *cocks of the gamet* to their master, and to delight themselves in cock fighting all the forenoon. [Stow.]

Since that time a barbarous custom hath been instituted, on this day, of *throwing at cocks*, which we hope will be soon forgotten amongst us. It is an amusement fit only for savages, and not for humanized men, much less for christians.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day.

Hamlet.

THERE is a rural tradition, that, about this time of year, birds choose their mates. Bourne, in his *Antiquities of the Common People*

* *Simon of Sudbury*, archbishop of *Canterbury*, was made at *Lambeth*, A. D. 1373, in the second year of *Richard* the Second, in the first year of *Urban*, the fifth pope, and *Clement* the seventh anti-pope. This most eloquent man, who was wise incomparably beyond the rest of the kingdom, sat about six years, and at last was beheaded at *London*, by command of the rebels, *Tyler* and *Straw*, A. D. 1381. In the church at *Sudbury*, in *Suffolk*, is to be seen a skull, which is shewn to strangers for the skull of this bishop, and probably it is the true one.

† The learned *Moresin* informs us that the *Papists* derived this custom, of exhibiting cock-fights on one day every year, from the *Athenians*, and from an institution of *Themistocles*.—" *Galli gallinacei*," says he, "*producentur per diem singulis annis in pugnam a Papisequis, ex veteri Atheniensium forma ducto more et Themistoclis instituto*." *Coel. Rhod. Lib. 9. Varior. Lect. cap. 46. Idem Pergami siebat. Alex. ab Alex. Lib. 5. Cap. 8. Deprav. Rel. Orig. p. 66.*

This custom was retained in many schools, in *Scotland*, within this century; perhaps it is still in use. The schoolmasters were said to preside at the battle, and claimed the run-a-way cocks as their perquisites. I forbear to describe the method of *throwing at cocks*, for, as *Boerhaave* observes, on another occasion, "to teach the arts of cruelty is equivalent to committing them."

People, observes, that "it is a ceremony never omitted among the vulgar, to draw lots, which they term Valentines, on the eve before Valentine's day. The names of a select number of one sex, are, by an equal number of the other, put into some vessel; and after that every one draws a name, which, for the present, is called their Valentine, and is looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards." Mr. Brand adds, "that he has searched the legend of St. Valentine, but thinks there is no occurrence in his life that could give rise to this ceremony."

ASH WEDNESDAY.

So called from a custom observed in the ancient Christian church, of penitents expressing their humiliation at this time, by appearing in sackcloth and ashes.

In a convocation held in the time of Henry the Eighth, mentioned in Fuller's Church History, p. 922, "*going of ashes on Ash-Wednesday*, to put in remembrance every Christian man, in the beginning of Lent and Penance, that he is but *ashes* and earth, and *thereto shall return*," &c. is reserved, with some other rites and ceremonies, that survived the shock, that almost overthrew, at that remarkable era, the whole pile of Catholic superstitions.

There is a curious clause in one of the Roman casuists, concerning the *keeping of Lent*: it is, "that *beggars*, which are *ready to affamish for want*, may, in *Lent* time, *eat what they can get*." See Bishop Hall's Triumphs of Rome, p. 123. J. S.

SELECT SENTENCES.

CERTAIN faults disgust us so much the more in others as we happen to have them ourselves.

LORD SHEFFIELD, amongst many valuable observations, informs us that "*Corn cannot be monopolized in England. To monopolize only one month's consumption, would require a capital of five millions sterling.*"

BEAUTY after five-and-thirty, is like a forfeited peerage—the title of which is given by the courtesy of the well bred, to those who have no legal claims to it.

WHEN Quin was invited to dinner at six o'clock, by a nobleman, he told his Grace he had two *excellent* reasons for declining the honour; and shewed him a chicken turtle, and a haunch of venison, which were getting ready for him exactly at *four*.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjumat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Poetical Register, and Repository of Fugitive Poetry, for 1802.
London. Rivingtons. 1803. 8vo. pp. 456. Price 9s.

So many literary failures have occurred in periodical publication, since the commencement of our own, that we are glad to greet this progressive volume of the Poetical Register, though somewhat tardy in its appearance. But in a work which depends for its formation on the casual contributions of those who are little interested in its fate, such delays must, perhaps, be unavoidable; and delays that are recompensed by an accumulation of talent and of taste, what reader will be severe to condemn?

Since the first volume of this miscellany was published, considerable alterations have been made in its plan, and three heads are omitted. They are those of Ancient Poetry, Notices of Books in the Press, and Poetical Biography.

"Of these," says the editor, "the first has been left out for want of room, and the second as being somewhat of an encroachment on the province of advertisements. The exclusion of the third article, requires a more detailed explanation. When the editor adopted the plan of giving biographical sketches of eminent deceased poets, he hoped that he might be able to obtain authentic materials for carrying his purpose into execution. In that hope he has been disappointed. Anecdotes, and even lives, from newspapers, magazines, and other unauthorised, not to say polluted sources, he might have gathered in abundance; but to use these would, according to his ideas, have been at once a fraud upon the public, and an insult to the memory of the dead. Under the impression of these feelings, the editor has resolved to omit the head of Poetical Biography."

We presume not to dictate the conduct, nor to direct the feelings of any editor, much less to control his ideas, but we must be allowed to enter the strong *caveat* of common candour against such unqualified and splenetic aspersions as are here directed against the biographical notices contained in newspapers and magazines. The hasty manner in which diurnal or hebdomadal papers are hurried through the press, will render them liable to inaccuracy, and sometimes to imposition. Monthly journals, however, have a greater exemption from this risk, and are less obnoxious to similar charges. Wilful misrepresentation, we are inclined to think, can seldom be imputable to the conductors of such miscellanies, or to the contributors of such communications. Partiality, indeed, may magnify

desert, or prejudice may diminish it, in drawing a hasty outline of personal character; but it is the office and the duty of a critical investigator, to rectify such aberrations from the standard of moral truth, and to arbitrate between the performances of favour or dislike, who are the general delineators of all mankind. If magazines, therefore, which have become the principal repositories of biographical materials, were to be considered as "polluted sources," how little value could henceforth be attached to the European, the Monthly, the Gentleman's, or, we may add, to our own Magazine, of which its well-authenticated memoirs form our proudest boast! But enough, perhaps, has been said on so ungracious a theme; a theme, however, which imperiously demanded from us this temperate remonstrance. We shall now proceed to gratify our readers with a few extracts from this elegant assemblage of Parnassian sweets, which seem to exceed in number, in variety, and in attraction, the garland of 1801. The following, from the pen of a lady, whom we have had previous occasion to praise, is fraught with true energy and pathos.

THE FALL OF SWITZERLAND.

By Miss Bannerman.

Ye mountain-forests proudly wave,
 Your shades have nurs'd the good, the brave,
 And stretch'd o'er many a patriot grave
 Its solitary canopy.
 Ages have roll'd, and suns gone down,
 Helvetia, o'er thy high renown,
 Since Freedom spurn'd all other crown
 Than nature's hoary diadem.
 Hide, Valour, now thy blighted fame!
 When o'er thy cliffs the spoiler came,
 With banners red, and arms of flame,
 And clarions shouting hollowly:
 Then o'er thy glacier-summits cold
 The trumpet's knell of Freedom toll'd!
 Where glory now thy chiefs of old
 To stem the tide of slavery?
 Ye patriot legions charge—repel—
 Fall freemen as your freemen fell!
 Here shall your blood's impetuous swell
 Proclaim your glorious ancestry!
 Master of Fate!—thy laurels hide,
 No glory beams where freedom died:
 Tear from the Gallic standards wide
 The insulted crest of liberty.—
 Beneath that sign, in ages rude,
 Hath many a band of freemen stood;
 O'er hills of ice and fields of blood,
 To charge the invading ravager!

They fought,—they fell,—ye sons of fame,
 You blush not for your country's shame;
 Could not your deeds and victor name
 Redeem her holy solitudes?
 What echoing plain, what mountain hoar,
 Heard not your storm of battle roar?
 That trump is hush'd—to sound no more,
 That led the free to victory!
 Yet, Freedom, o'er thy lost abode,
 Which many a godlike-foot hath trode,
 What heart shall trace thy trophied road,
 Nor burn to vengeance thy destiny!—

By a British Muse of still higher celebrity numerous contributions occur. We are tempted to pass over many of luminous excellence, for the sake of giving an extract from a beautiful and most interesting adieu to that 'fairy palace,' which the fair authoress so sweetly depicted in her poem of Llangollen Vale.

A FAREWELL

*To the Seat of the Right Honorable Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby,
 in Llangollen Vale, Denbighshire, 1802.*

By ANNA SEWARD.

O Cambrian Tempe! oft with transport hail'd,
 I leave thee now, as I did ever leave
 Thee, and thy peerless Mistresses;—with heart,
 Where lively gratitude, and fond regret
 For mastery strive, and still the mastery gain
 Alternate. Oft renew'd must be the strife
 When far from this lov'd region, and from all
 That now its ancient witchery revives;
 Revives, with spells more potent erst than knew
 Your white-rob'd druids on their Deva's bank
 Aweful to frame; when the loud, mystic song,
 And louder clang of their unnumber'd harps
 Drown'd e'en the river's thunder, where she throws
All, all her waters in one rocky chasm,
 Narrow, but fathomless; and goads them on,
 Roaring and foaming; while Llangollen's steeps
 Rebellow to the noise.—Ye, who now frame
 Your talismans resistless, O! receive,
 Ye mild Enchantresses, my warm adieu!

Time, that for me has pass'd, full many a year,
 On broad and withering pinion, may have quench'd
 By the rude wafture of his dusky wing,
 Fancy's clear fires;—Enthusiasm may waste
 In her own fruitless energies, and pine,

Vainly may pine, for the exhausted powers
 Of bankrupt language ; bankrupt of the skill
 To please, with varied praise, the taste, made coy
 By riot of encomium ; but yet,
 The benediction of increasing love,
 Bless'd Pair, receive, with no ungracious ear !

When first your Eden in this peerless vale
 Stole on these eyes, its solemn guests first
 Seiz'd on my wondering senses, to their wish
 The Muse of landscape came, and to my hand
 Her pallet, glowing in ideal hues,
 With smiles extended. Straight my trembling pen
 Eager I dipt, and not unfaithful rose
 Some features of the scene ;—yet, even then,
 In friendship's primal hours, my soul perceiv'd
 Feelings, that more than words expression's force
 To speak them truly, than to paint the charms
 Of that transcendent spot ; its mountains vast,
 Here pale and barren, and there dark the woods ;
 Yon mural rocks, whose surface aye defies
 All change of seasons ; though they deign to yield,
 At intervals, their grey and wannish hue ;
 Purpling to orient suns, and catching oft
 The occidental amber ; sylvan glades,
 Bright fields and shadowy lawn, whose concave soft
 No beam of noon can pierce ;—the shelter'd seat,
 By mossy pillars propt, on the last verge
 Of a lone, clamoring brook, that down its slope
 And craggy bed swift struggles ; for the stones,
 Pointed and huge, ceaseless impede and vex
 Its passage to the base of that rude bank,
 Which rises opposite this shelter'd seat,
 And *instant* rises. Dark the bank, and rude,
 But not inflexible. Its craggy sides
 No longer spurn, as they had often spurn'd
 The mountain shrubs and trees. They feel, at length,
 Their twisted roots into the fissures strike,
 Meandering far. So do they fearless bend
 Their green heads o'er the chaf'd and brawling stream,
 Round the huge stones swift eddying. Fearless now,
 Conscious of deepen'd root, e'en when loud rains,
 Heavy and vast, have, mid the tempest's roar,
 O'erwhelming fallen ; and when the madden'd brook
 No longer meets from tranquil, human eye
 The gaze contemplative. &c."

We regret that our limits allow us not to insert the remainder: but many of our readers will certainly have recourse to the volume itself, when we inform them that, with the names of Miss Seward, Miss Bannerman, Miss Stewart, Miss Pearson, and Miss Watts, in this poetic association, the editor has to boast of Messrs. Preston, Boyd, Brydges, Canning, Leftly, Swift, Stevens, Richards, Darwin, Moore, Carlyle, Bloomfield, Holloway, Diamond, Case, Mant, Brown, Courtier, Spencer, Good, Mitford, and Reginald Heber.

A Sermon preached before the Royal York Mary-le-bone Volunteers, at the Consecration of their Colours, in Brunswick Chapel, St. Mary-le-bone, on Tuesday, the 18th of October, 1803. By the Rev. George Saxby Penfold, Chaplain to the Corps. 4to. London. Printed for the Corps.

THIS very appropriate address has been printed at the request of the auditory before whom it was delivered. Such testimonials to the ability of those who minister in the sanctuaries of our holy religion, are equally honourable to the preacher and to his congregation; while they serve to extend the salutary effect of such pious persuasives to the reader, as well as to the hearer.

Mr. Penfold has taken his text from the second book of Samuel, chap. x. ver. 12. "Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God; and the Lord do that which seemeth him good." His sermon opens thus impressivel:—

"When I look around me, and behold the numerous band of associated brethren I am about to address—when I consider the glorious cause in which they are engaged—the loyalty, alacrity, and zeal, with which they have voluntarily and solemnly pledged themselves to defend that cause—the cause of their King, their Country, and their God!—when I reflect on that genuine spirit of piety, which has prompted their present attendance within these sacred walls—when I behold those standards, now reverently presented before the altar, which they will soon be raised to defend; I cannot but congratulate a meeting, which, grateful to our country, is also, we humbly trust, acceptable in the sight of our Maker, whose holy word assures us, that such are the best means for invoking his blessing upon our efforts. 'If,' say the sacred scriptures, 'thy people go out to battle against their enemies, and shall pray unto the Lord toward the city which thou hast chosen, and toward the house built for thy name; then hear thou in Heaven their prayer and their supplication, and maintain their cause!'"*

"In imitation of a custom thus sanctioned by every principle of reason and religion, we this day present ourselves and our banners before the God of our fathers, in the sanctuary where he, in a more especial manner, vouchsafes to dwell. In the awful presence of the majesty of Heaven, we are then now assembled! humbly, fervently, and devoutly, to implore the assistance of his outstretched arm, against the efforts of an enemy of no common kind—an enemy, who is

* 1st Kings, chap. viii. ver. 44, 45.

bound by no obligation of virtue; no feeling of humanity; an enemy, who scatters desolation and ruin around him, with unheard of success. Elated by his success over other nations; confiding, like Sennacherib of old, in his own strength, and on the multitude of his host, he has once more set his battle in array against us; and, by one great effort, he hopes, but, we trust, vainly hopes, to conquer this land of freedom; to overthrow that venerable fabric which the united wisdom of successive ages has reared; which has long been, and still remains, the admiration of the world; which our ancestors bled to support, and which we will die to maintain."

Mr. P. proceeds to explain to the patriotic defenders of their country, the nature of those duties they have undertaken, and exhorts them faithfully, conscientiously, and manfully, to discharge them. The following paragraph deserves to be perused by every volunteer in our United Kingdom.

"The duties which you are solemnly pledged to perform, are highly arduous and important; infinitely more so than may at first sight appear. Hitherto you have, as independent members of the community, as masters of families, or as fathers of children, been accustomed to issue your commands to others. From the moment you enrolled your names in a military corps, you became subject yourselves to discipline and command; the slightest inattention or neglect of which may expose you, your companions in arms, and eventually your country, to ruin and disgrace. *Strict attention and prompt obedience* are therefore your first and principal duties. Above all, permit me, in the most earnest manner, to conjure you to banish from your minds all envious jealousies; to avoid all party dissensions; all speculative arguments; whether on politics or religion. *Are you not brethren*, united in one common cause, pledged to defend one common country, religion, and God."

The conclusion is striking and sublime: but we have not room for more. Mr. Penfold has long been celebrated as an eloquent preacher, and this discourse will deservedly extend his fame. The crowded congregations, however, which his chapel weekly exhibits, form the noblest panegyric on his ministerial character.

The Life of Tobias Smollett, M. D. with critical Observations on his Works; by Robert Anderson, M. D. The fourth Edition. 8vo. 7s. Edinburgh, Mundell; London, Longman and Rees. 1803.

AN advertisement informs us, that this life was "originally prefixed to the poetical works of Smollett, in the general edition of the works of the British poets, printed at Edinburgh in 1794. It was afterwards prefixed to a collection of his miscellaneous works, printed in 1796, considerably enlarged; and reprinted in a new edition of that collection, in 1800, farther enlarged by the additional information which an intervening collection of his works, and subsequent researches, supplied. In committing it, a fourth time, to the press,

an opportunity has been found of correcting some mistakes, and supplying some deficiencies."

This life forms so excellent a specimen of what Dr. Anderson would effect, were he to favour the public with an enlarged and a detached edition of his lives of the British poets, that we are convinced every reader will join us in wishing he would proceed to perfect a series of poetical biography, which he so ably began; but which he was restricted, by the plan of his publisher, from pursuing to the extent that his judgment and his information would have warranted. We were much pleased to observe, in the Poetical Register for 1802, that Mr. Boyd, the spirited translator of Dante, had so warmly commended Dr. Anderson's edition of the British poets, and so honourably appreciated "the critical merit of the editor, the influence of general knowledge, and particularly of the refined entertainment which those volumes afford; in aiding the cause of virtue, &c." and we would follow up the commendation of that gentleman, with urging Dr. A. to "rouse the Heliconian train," by his varied descant on the lays of his "banded minstrels," while he unveils those latent beauties

"Hid by malignant critics' lore,
Or ne'er by mole-ey'd stupor seen."^{*}

A Biographical Dictionary of the celebrated Women of every Age and Country. By Matilda Betham. 12mo. pp. 774. 1s. common; 12s. fine Paper. Crosby. 1804.

In the year 1801, Mrs. Betham "put forth proposals for publishing a general dictionary of women, in four volumes, octavo. But this intention had not been long announced, before advertisements appeared of another work being in the press, under a similar title. Not meaning to run a race with any other author, Mrs. B. desisted for a while from her undertaking. But when, upon the publication of that work, she found it to be rather a selection of historical extracts, than a digested compilation of female biography, she resumed her original idea of publishing, although upon a more contracted scale, than was before designed."

Of the "Female Biography" adverted to by Mrs. Betham, we have had occasion to express our sentiments,[†] and we reflect on that work with additional dissatisfaction, since we find it has so materially contracted the limits of the *present*. Still, however, the volume before us appears to have very superior claims to the patronage of the public, from the variety of authorities which have been consulted, from the comprehensive catalogue of names which it

^{*} See Poetical Register, p. 137.

[†] See the M. Mirror for June 1803.

embraces, and, most of all, from the laudable distinction which is uniformly paid to morality of character, as well as to celebrity of talent. It is the former of these which constitutes true pre-eminence, and which deserves to be held up as the primary object of female imitation: for what, as Dr. Young has appositely remarked,

What is true beauty, but fair Virtue's face?
 Virtue made visible in outward grace?—
 Though, with some modern fair, meridian merit
 Is a fierce thing, they call—a nymph of spirit!

Some names might have been added to the present extensive list, from our occasional notices of eminent ladies; and we think that a running title in an alphabetical form, would have contributed to facility of reference. By these hints the authoress may not disdain to profit in a future edition of her estimable work.

A short Grammar of the English Language, in two Parts: simplified to the Capacities of Children: with Notes, and a great Variety of entertaining and useful Exercises, upon a Plan entirely new. Also, an Appendix, containing Rules and Observations, for assisting young Persons to speak and write with Perspicuity and Accuracy. By John Hornsey, Schoolmaster, Scarborough. 3rd Edition, corrected and improved. Bent. 12mo. 2s.

To the numerous recommendations which it appears this comprehensive little grammar has received from the literary journals, we are happy to have it in our power to add our favourable report. The lessons are concise and perspicuous. Indeed, of all the books of English grammar, which we have looked into, this seems to be the best calculated to instruct children in its rudiments, from the judicious manner in which the exercises are arranged, to give them, at the same time, a taste for literature and science, and impress them with a just sense of their moral duties.

The *Appendix* is a valuable addition to the contents, and deserves the attention not of young persons alone, but of many who think they stand in no need of further instruction.

In compiling this grammar, Mr. Hornsey has had recourse to the writings of Lowth, Ward, Johnson, Blair, Harris, Coote, &c. but he has made the work entirely his own, by the judgment and taste with which he has conducted the whole.

“Many improvements are made in the present edition, by alterations and the addition of useful matter, especially in the second part, to which chapters III. V. and VI. are added; and the appendix, which, in the last edition, was entitled the conclusion, is so differently arranged, and so much enlarged and improved, that, to many, it may appear entirely new.”

A concise Vindication of the Conduct of the five suspended Members of the Council of the Royal Academy. Stockdale. 8vo. pp. 46. Price One Shilling.

THE plain and authentic statement of facts offered to the unbiassed opinion of the public, in the pamphlet before us, is written, as its author assures us, from no improper spirit of hostility, no undue resentment for past injuries; but merely with a view to remove that obloquy, and repel those calumnies, to which even the strictest propriety of conduct and the utmost rectitude of intention are, sometimes, unfortunately exposed.

The extraordinary suspension of five members,* constituting a majority of the council of the Royal Academy, in May last, from the exercise of their functions, by a vote of the general assembly, became a subject of general observation and comment; and it was, of course, concluded that some instance of gross violation of conduct, some evident neglect of duty, or some flagrant violation of the laws of the institution, could alone have occasioned a sentence so unusual and severe.

The suspended members, in the mean time, though convinced of the propriety of their own conduct, were content to bear the general and undeserved odium; and having humbly submitted the particulars of their own conduct, and the measures of the president and general assembly, to the king, without appealing to the public, expected, with the conscious dignity of rectitude, his majesty's decision. That decision is now upon record. But, as the unjust and illegal sentence pronounced against them has been extensively diffused, through the medium of the public papers of the metropolis, and of the foreign journals, not only in England, but wherever the arts, wherever literature is known and cultivated, it has become proper, in vindication of their own characters, to relate distinctly the whole circumstances of the transaction, and expose the motives and views of that party, by which they have been thus publicly and indecently traduced.

By the rules of the society (framed under the immediate direction of his majesty, and submitted to an opinion of high legal authority), it appears, "that, for the government of the society, there shall be annually elected a president and eight other persons, who shall form a council, which shall have the entire direction and management of all the business of the society—that the seats in the

* John Singleton Copley, James Wyatt, John Yenn, John Soane, and Sir F. Bourgeois.

council shall go by *succession* to all the academicians :—that four of the council shall go out in rotation every year ; and that these shall not re-occupy their seats, until all the rest of the academicians shall have served.

Notwithstanding the clear and explicit language of these laws, several very undisguised attempts have been made to encroach upon its powers, and transfer the government of the society from that body to the general assembly. A confederacy for that purpose was originally formed, and acquired considerable strength during the presidency of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first signal achievement of which was an attack of the most violent and indecent nature, upon that distinguished and truly respectable character.

After the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the party gradually increased in numbers, and having obtained a decided ascendancy in the general assembly, their next endeavour was to reduce the council to a state of dependence. But as it was provided at the original establishment, that its members were not elective, it became necessary, as a preliminary step, to endeavour, if possible, to elude the operation of this wise and salutary law.

In the year 1800, when it was Mr. Tresham's right to succeed, according to the established principle of rotation, Mr. Tresham having shewn himself uniformly adverse to the views of the party, they determined to pass him over in the appointment, and elect one of their own tried and steady adherents. On an appeal to the king, his majesty annulled the election, and directed Mr. T. to take his seat. Disappointed, but not discouraged by this repulse, the party then endeavoured to obtain the appointment of committees from the general assembly, for the purpose of transacting that business which properly fell within the province of the council. Several of the independent members of the academy exerted themselves with the utmost activity in opposing an innovation, so pregnant with mischief to the institution.

An event, at length, occurred, which brought the controversy to a crisis. As the period approached at which several members, who were favourable to the views of the party, were to relinquish their seats, it was determined to improve the interval. A committee from the general assembly was appointed to take into consideration the propriety of increasing the salaries of the officers of the academy, and make their report to the council. In the mean time the council was changed ; four of the new members refused to receive the report, entered on the journal a protest, concisely stating the reasons on which their objections were founded ; and, in order to ter-

minate the controversy, resolved to appeal to the authority and decision of the sovereign. For this purpose the following resolutions were proposed at a meeting held on the 24th of last May.

1. Resolved,* That as much difference of opinion has arisen in the academy, relative to the respective powers of the council and the general assembly; the council has considered itself, under these circumstances, in duty bound to declare, and record it as its deliberate opinion---That the council being, by the laws of the institution, invested with "the entire direction and management of all the business of the society" is, in no respect whatever, subordinate to the general assembly, and that the members of the council are not responsible, either collectively or individually, to the general assembly for their proceedings in the council.

2. Resolved, That the president, attended by the proper officers, do wait upon his majesty, as soon as possible, and humbly request, that his majesty will be graciously pleased to express his sentiments thereon, for the future guidance and direction of the Royal Academy.

These resolutions were approved and voted by a majority of voices, and a subsequent meeting was appointed for the purpose of confirming this determination.

In the mean time the leaders of the prevailing party, perceiving that this appeal to his majesty would be fatal to the accomplishment of their views, prevailed on the president to revoke the appointed meeting of the council, and convene a general assembly. The records were seized;† and after a most tumultuous debate, during which thanks were tendered to Mr. West, the president, for his provident care of the constitution of the Academy, it was resolved, "That it appears to the general meeting of academicians, from the statement of the president, and from the books of the council, that the conduct of John Singleton Coply, James Wyatt, John Yenn, John Soane, esquires, and Sir Francis Bourgeois, in the council, on the 24th of May, 1803, has rendered it expedient to suspend, pro tempore, the said members from their functions, as councillors of the Royal Academy; and that the president be requested to summon a general meeting, on Friday next, June 3, to take into further consideration the proceeding of the council, on the abovementioned 24th of May.

The members of the general assembly having thus suspended the

* These resolutions were moved by Mr. Copley, and seconded by Sir Francis Bourgeois.

† It is expressly enacted, that no law made in council shall be presented to the general assembly, without being confirmed by a subsequent meeting. The president had himself appointed a meeting for that purpose. This appointment was, however, revoked, and the resolutions submitted, without confirmation, to the general assembly

council,* proceeded, as the next step, to dispense with its authority. One of the first acts of their usurpation was, to vote five hundred pounds to the fund at Lloyds, and undertake to determine the duration of the annual exhibition; though both measures were in direct opposition to the nature and provision of those laws, which the members of the society had solemnly and individually pledged themselves to maintain.

Under these circumstances, it became necessary for the suspended members to appeal† to the king; the answer to that appeal was clear, full, and decisive. Its substance was, that "the king, disapproving the conduct of the general assembly, in censuring and suspending the five members, directed, that all matters relative to these proceedings *should be expunged from the minutes of the Royal Academy*; that, as the general body had no power to dispose of the funds of the Royal Academy, without the authority and consent of the council, his majesty disapproved the proposed donation; and that the above orders should be entered on record as a future guide on similar occasions.

Here it might have been naturally supposed, that these contests, so disgraceful to the academy, so injurious to its interests, and so distressing to the feelings of particular members, would have terminated. The general assembly, however, resolved that it should participate in their disgrace, made an effort to extend his majesty's expressions of disapprobation and reproof to the previous conduct of the council; and the president, (on its meeting, after an interval of six months, during which the business of the academy had been wholly suspended), proposed that, the resolutions of the 24th of May, by which he had been required to consult his majesty's pleasure, should be erased from the minutes. This proposition was, of course, resisted, and, on the president's expressing a wish that it should be put to the vote, negatived by a majority of voices, as not comprehended within the scope and meaning of his majesty's order.

The result of this debate being made known to the general assembly, convened to receive the report of the committee appointed

* The council consists of eight members, of which four, at least, exclusive of the president, are requisite to constitute a meeting. The suspension of five was therefore, in fact, a suspension of the whole.

† An address was also presented, after an interval of two months from the prevailing party in the general assembly, and a counter-address from the minority in that body, signed P. Sandby, R. Cosway, P. De Loutherbrough, J. T. Rigaud, W. Beechy, J. Wilton, J. Richards, and H. Tresham, praying that his majesty would be pleased to order that the suspended members should resume their seats in the council.

to prepare an address, in return to his majesty's most gracious message, that communication was followed by the most violent and indecent outrages. The records were again seized. The obnoxious resolutions expunged, partly by the Secretary, and partly by Mr. Deuce, and the following insulting memorandum directed to be inserted in the margin of the book. "Expunged by his majesty's command, and in the presence of the general assembly."

At the same meeting, the address to his majesty was read, and unanimously approved. This was immediately followed by a series of resolutions, with which, to the utter astonishment of those who were not in the confidence of the party, it was proposed the address should be accompanied. Here, says our vindicator, it becomes necessary to interrupt the current of this relation. A just regard to decorum, and a proper sense of that respect which is due to the person and authority of the sovereign, render it expedient to draw a veil over this part of the proceedings of the general assembly.

On the address and resolutions being presented to the king, at Windsor, by the president, his majesty, after a short interval, was pleased to transmit a second order, addressed to the treasurer, in more explicit terms. Its substance was, "That the motion of the 24th of May, relative to the independence of the council, should be re-entered on the minutes; that all the minutes, resolves, and other transactions, relative to the censure and suspension of the five members, should be expunged from the recollection of the Royal Academy, and that (as it was his majesty's wish to restore peace and harmony) the resolutions passed on the 1st. day of December, should be obliterated from the minutes of the meeting."

"Such then," says our author, "have been the measures, such the policy and final objects of this active and formidable party. Such, on the other hand, has been the conduct of the suspended members of the council, and such the motives and principles by which they have been actuated. Non enim est ulla defensio contra vim optanda; sed nonnumquam est necessaria. Confident in the justice of their cause, it was impossible that they could submit in silence to those imputations under which they have so long and so undeservedly laboured. Attacked, calumniated, disgraced, they have anxiously looked forward to the time when they might be allowed to submit their vindication to the world. That period has at length arrived. It has been shewn by a fair and dispassionate appeal to authentic documents, that their conduct throughout the course of these proceedings was legal, and orderly, and temperate. It has been shewn, that they could not have remained silent and inactive spectators of such repeated and systematic attacks upon the fundamental constitutions of the society, without a manifest breach of trust, without violating the express letter of those engagements which they had deliberately and solemnly subscribed. His majesty, the illustrious founder, the patron, the perpetual guardian of the institution, has been

graciously pleased to express his approbation of their conduct. Supported by this high and distinguished sanction, they submit their cause with confidence to the judgment of their country and the world."

The Antigallican ; or, Standard of British Loyalty, Religion, and Liberty ; including a Collection of the principal Papers, Tracts, Speeches, Poems, and Songs, that have been published on the threatened Invasion : together with many Original Pieces on the same Subject. 8vo. pp. 500. Price 7s. 6d. Vernor and Hood.

A work happily calculated to rescue from oblivion a variety of the animated productions of our patriotic countrymen, and affording an additional proof to the many that have already been given, of their good sense and sound spirit at a crisis so truly important.

The Pleasures of Nature, or the Charms of Rural Life ; with other Poems, by David Carey. 8vo. pp. 164. 4s. 6d. Vernor and Hood.

WE cannot deny having received very considerable pleasure from the perusal of this unobtrusive volume, which is evidently the production of a man of taste and talents, and (in the present dearth of poetic genius) claims no trifling share of notice and applause.

The "Pleasures of Nature," (notwithstanding some few inaccuracies) are painted with spirit and feeling. The "Parodies," and "Burlesque Elegies," (particularly the "Farewell to the Muse," and "The Poets Prayer to Apollo,") are entitled to considerable praise ; and if the poems in general *seldom* rise above mediocrity, they have the almost singular merit of *never* sinking below it.—

Syr Reginalde, or the Black Tower ; a Romance of the 12th Century. With Tales and other Poems, by Edward Wedlake Brayley and William Herbert. 8vo. pp. 168. 7s. Vernor and Hood.

ALTHOUGH the poems in the volume before us were originally (like so many others) "written with no higher aim than to amuse a circle of friends," yet their authors are far from making it a pretext to deprecate the severity of criticism, and even promise, with Burns, if convicted of dullness and consigned to oblivion, to submit to the infliction of their sentence without a murmur.

Our readers, however, we are persuaded, will be too good-natured to put their philosophy to so severe a test. "Syr Reginalde" is a tale of much interest. The "Ghost of the Scrag of Mutton" has genuine humour, and each of the remaining poems in the volume has its appropriate merit.

The Christmas Holidays and Black Monday, or the Boy's Return to School; in blank Verse. By Henry Whitfield, M. A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Higley. 1s. 6d. 1804.

WHEN we lately had the pleasure of reviewing the *Allegro* of Mr. Whitfield's Muse, under the title of "*The Christmas Holidays*," we, as Cynthius once served Pitynus, took him by the ear, and whispered a wish to receive from his hand the *Penseroso* of his subject, which he has here presented to us, and called "*Black Monday*."

From this piece our selections must be short. At p. 28, with a *majora canamus*, he thus delivers himself:

Grave truths, sublimer strains than these deserve,
And bold the task important truths to tell,
Such as of old inspired Hebrews penn'd,
Such as Isaiah told, and David sung.

The sceptic mind with equal reason doubts

That Rome was sway'd by the first Cæsar's line,

As that a prophet, king, and priest was born.

Rather lay by on shelves fictitious odes,

Which warbling harp might tune to modern song,

Than doubt these sacred truths.

Those passages in a poet which relate immediately to himself, if not impertinently introduced, have a remarkable effect on the mind, and their use is not without distinguished authority. If we were considerably affected by some lines in the latter part of the C. H. we were scarcely less moved by these two verses at p. 20.

In early years I miss'd a mother's pray'r,

And sister's kiss——Friend! who could fill this blank?

These chaste and elegant poems, which reflect so much credit on the education and feelings of their author, now form together an agreeable whole, and, with a preface, sensible, pious, and interesting, are calculated to afford useful instruction, and harmless amusement, even beyond the circle which their title appears to describe. *Puerisque canto* is Mr. Whitfield's motto: *I sing to boys.*—Be it so; but men may listen and improve.

Speech delivered by Mr. Carr, on Sunday the 17th July, 1803, in the Church of Totness, to the Inhabitants, convened together for the Purpose of taking into Consideration Proposals for rendering the Body of the People instrumental to the general Defence, in Case of Invasion.

FROM this animated, loyal, and pious address, we present our readers with the following extract, as exceedingly creditable to the

speaker, and admirably adapted to the temper and exigency of the present critical moment.

"We are assembled for the impressive purpose of adjusting plans of defence, and for forming ourselves into military bodies, to repel the unsparing enemy who is about to approach our shores. Without a cordial co-operation, and an *instantaneous* and vivid display of our best exertions, and, above all, of our *knowledge* of those great and animating duties which have thus suddenly devolved upon us, the abode of our families, this solemn sanctuary, the *very temple of our God*, in which I am speaking, will, in a few days, be converted into barracks for the accommodation of a desolating and impious banditti. *Believe me, we have not one moment to lose.*—As our cause is one, be our energies unanimous.—Yes! we have to deal with such an enemy as never yet troubled the world's repose;—an enemy, who might learn lessons of *moderation* from the greatest and fellest tyrants of antiquity;—an enemy, *terrible in war*, and scarcely less *destructive in peace*;—an enemy, before whose high bidding, nations once celebrated for their wisdom and their valour, and famed for their enthusiastic love of pure and exalted liberty, now droop their diminished heads, and, amidst the ruins of their prostrate glory, silently implore of the great God of eternal justice, to transfuse into the souls of those who survive the general havoc, a spirit and an energy, worthy of the holy enterprise of rending the yoke that bends them to the earth; of hurling the remorseless usurper from his throne; and of restoring the victims of his insatiable lust of power to their rank, their liberties and their laws.

"Yes! *we are that favoured people.* *We still are preserved, that they may be saved.* To us, and to us alone, is entrusted the *magnificent cause* of God and man.

"We have been told, that Europe presents no friendly face towards us.—Gracious Heaven! what then, has she become enamoured with outrage, has tyranny any charm for her, can desolation captivate!—no!—no!—no!—Could we now contemplate her noble heart, we should find it swoln with *suppressed*, not extinguished indignation; yes! at this moment, she is anxiously waiting the long invoked hour, in which she may freely vent her *sacred rage*, and pour forth the fury of her *hallowed vengeance*. The Genius of Liberty, with a voice "deep, though not loud," restrained, but intelligible, invokes the tardy energy of our arms; she pursues us wherever we track the tyrant's destructive course or fatal policy, from the shores of the Archipelago, to the boisterous billows of the Northern ocean.—Yes! after having poured down like a resistless

hurricane, with equal fury upon the gorgeous residence of princes, and the simple shed of the shepherd, he threatens to cover the ocean with his lawless marauders, to pluck

‘ This precious jewel set in the silver sea;’

But never shall it glitter in the *Consular Diadem*; never!—never!—never!

“ Let him then approach our shores! With the righteous cause of millions on our side, we will overwhelm the modern Pharaoh, and his unnumbered host, in those seas which their own blood shall first incarnadine.”

The Fury of Discord, a Poem. By John Carr, Esq. Author of “The Stranger in France.” 4to. 1s. Trewman, Exeter; Hatchard, London. 1808.

It is difficult to decide which breathes the nobler strain of enthusiastic ardour in the cause of his country, Mr. Carr’s poetry or his prose: in both, he is anxious to augment, though but “by a single drop, that torrent of patriotism which at first stunned and astonished, by the sublimity of its unexpected force and magnitude, those at whose command it rushed from its unnumbered sources.”

After tracing, briefly, the desolating and impious career of the French usurper, under the influence of the “*Fury of Discord*,” Mr. Carr strikes these animating sounds from his Tyrtæan Lyre.

The sound is gone forth—’tis recorded above,

To the mountain it spread from the vale;

“ Our God, and our KING, and our COUNTRY we love,
And for them we will die or prevail.”

Then hasten the day, if thy threat be sincere,

Let the winds blow thy Miriads along,

Then soon may thy boasted Armada appear,
And our rocks catch thy death-breathing song.

Thy guardism, foul deity! hideous with crime,

Shall view, as she moves to our shore,

The GENIUS of BRITAIN, mild, brave, and sublime,
And shall boast her achievements no more.

* * * * *

Britannia! thy Muse, on a rock high and steep,

The fate of the fight shall proclaim,

The strings of her lyre, INSPIRATION shall sweep,
Recording each HERO by name.

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The world to its centre shall shake with delight,
 As thus she announces their fall,
 "They sink, our invaders submit to our might,
 "The ocean has buried them all."

Academic Correspondence, 1803, containing Extracts, No. II. from a Correspondence with the Academies of Vienna and St. Petersburg, on the present Cultivation of the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. A summary Report of the Transactions of the Royal Academy of London, from the Close of the Exhibition, 1802, to the same Period, 1803. And a Description of public Monuments, voted by the Parliament of Great-Britain, to the Memory of distinguished Naval and Military Officers, since the year 1796. Published by Desire of the Academy, by Prince Hoare, Member of the Academies of Florence and Cortona, and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy of London. 4to. 3s. 6d. —on fine Paper, 5s. Robson, Payne, Hatchard, and Barker. London. 1804.

MR. HOARE cannot more honourably, or more usefully, testify his love for the ARTS, than by persevering in a correspondence which promises to throw upon them so new and interesting a light. He has yet received information only from the Academies of Germany and Russia, but he is induced to hope "that another year or two will enable him to collect such general and comprehensive documents relative to the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, as will constitute an authentic record of their degree of cultivation at the present period of time, in most of the countries of Europe; a collection, which (he very justly conceives) cannot fail to be valuable in the estimation of artists, and may, at some future period, become serviceable to the researches of the virtuoso and the historian." The success of Mr. Hoare's communications with the academies in other courts, has been retarded by the unpropitious state of public affairs throughout Europe.

The letters from M. de Labzin, the secretary at Petersburg; and Mr. Füger, director of the academy at Vienna; with the notes accompanying both articles, from the pen of Mr. Hoare, will be perused with great interest. The munificence of the present emperor of Russia is entitled to particular admiration. It appears that his Imperial majesty has deigned, not only to increase the salaries of the professors, and other persons employed in the Academy: but still further to extend his bounty, by lately appropriating for the maintenance of the institution, the annual sum of 146,000 rubles, instead of 60,000 formerly assigned to that purpose, by the Academy establishment of 1764; and also by adding the yearly sum of

10,000 rubles for the payment of those artists whose works shall be judged worthy to adorn the public institution.

In Mr. Fûger's letter, reference is made to the antique statue of Ceres, now in this country, and said to be the workmanship of Phidias. Mr. F. observes, that the Academy of Vienna is very desirous to learn the opinion of the Academy of London, touching the merit of this statue. Mr. Hoare, in consequence of this intimation, applied to Mr. Flaxman, who thinks that "it is certainly a work of the time of Phidias, of an elevated beauty, and powerful execution," but he does not seem to be so confident as the author of a tract, published at Cambridge, (in the public library of which university the statue is set up) that it is the undoubted performance of that great artist. There is an etching prefixed to the present publication from a drawing made by Mr. Flaxman, from this remarkable fragment of antiquity.

The monuments, of which particular accounts are given in these pages, are those of Captains Burges and Westcott, by Mr. Banks; Captain Montagu and Lord Howe, by Mr. Flaxman; Captain Faulkner and Captains Mosse and Rieu, by Mr. Rossi; Captains Harvey and Hatt and General Dundas, by Mr. Bacon, junior; and Sir Ralph Abercromby, by Mr. Westmacott, jun.

The academy and the public are certainly much indebted to Mr. Hoare, for his zeal and diligence in a situation that, we believe, has usually been looked upon as little other than an honorary distinction; but to use the concluding words of his elegant prefatory Address to the President and Academicians. "Exertions of this nature are always honourable to the individuals who make them, and have a tendency to assist the progress of that advancement, to which every virtuous and enlightened people must necessarily aspire."

DRAMATIC.

The Caravan, or the Driver and his Dog. A grand serio-comic Romance, in two Acts, written by Frederick Reynolds. The Music by William Reeve.

IN our memoranda dramatica, for December, we briefly sketched the plot and character of this pleasing little production; and, although grand serio-comic romances in general, without the aid of the mechanist and scene-painter, and the "Caravan" in particular, without the exertions of the unrivalled and inimitable "Carlo," can be supposed to produce little effect, we cannot deny having received considerable pleasure in its perusal, from the neatness of its dialogue, the chasteness of its humour, and the vigour and patriotic energy of its sentiments.

 THE BRITISH STAGE.

The Imitation of Life—The Mirror of Manners—The Representation of Truth.
Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.

 THE DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

 No. VIII.

ON TRAGEDY. BY DR. BLAIR,

[Continued from page 406. Vol. xvi.]

THE GREEK STAGE.

HAVING thus treated of all the different parts of tragedy, I shall conclude the subject with a short view of the Greek, the French, and the English stage, and with observations on the principal writers.

Most of the distinguishing characters of the Greek tragedy have been already occasionally mentioned. It was embellished with the lyric poetry of the chorus, of the origin of which, and of the advantages and disadvantages attending it, I treated fully in the preceding lecture. The plot was always exceedingly simple. It admitted of few incidents. It was conducted, with a very exact regard to the unities of action, time, and place. Machinery, or the intervention of the gods, was employed; and, which is very faulty, the final unravelling sometimes made to turn upon it. Love, except in one or two instances, was never admitted into the Greek tragedy. Their subjects were often founded on destiny, or inevitable misfortunes. A vein of religious and moral sentiment always runs through them; but they made less use than the moderns of the combat of the passions, and of the distresses which our passions bring upon us. Their plots were all taken from the ancient traditional stories of their own nation. Hercules furnishes matter for two tragedies. The history of Œdipus, king of Thebes, and his unfortunate family, for six. The war of Troy, with its consequences, for no fewer than seventeen. There is only one of later date than this; which is the Persæ, or expedition of Xerxes, by Æschylus.

Æschylus is the father of Greek tragedy, and exhibits both the beauties and the defects of an early original writer. He is bold, nervous, and animated; but very obscure and difficult to be understood; partly by reason of the incorrect state in which we have his works (they having suffered more by time, than any of the an-

cient tragedians); and partly on account of the nature of his style, which is crowded with metaphors, often harsh and tumid. He abounds with martial ideas and descriptions. He has much fire and elevation; less of tenderness than of force. He delights in the marvellous. The ghost of Darius in the *Perseæ*, the inspiration of Cassandra, in *Agamemnon*, and the songs of the furies in the *Eumenides*, are beautiful in their kind, and strongly expressive of his genius.

Sophocles is the most masterly of the three Greek tragedians; the most correct in the conduct of his subjects; the most just and sublime in his sentiments. He is eminent for his descriptive talent. The relation of the death of *Œdipus*, in his *Œdipus Coloneus*, and of the death of *Hæmon* and *Antigone*, in his *Antigone*, are perfect patterns of description to tragic poets. Euripides is esteemed more tender than Sophocles; and he is fuller of moral sentiments. But, in the conduct of his plays, he is more incorrect and negligent; his expositions, or openings of the subject, are made in a less artful manner; and the songs of his chorus, though remarkably poetical, have, commonly, less connection with the main action, than those of Sophocles. Both Euripides and Sophocles, however, have very high merit as tragic poets. They are elegant and beautiful in their style; just, for the most part, in their thoughts; they speak with the voice of nature; and, making allowance for the difference of ancient and modern ideas, in the midst of all their simplicity, they are touching and interesting.

The circumstances of theatrical representation on the stages of Greece and Rome, were, in several respects, very singular, and widely different from what obtains among us. Not only were the songs of the chorus accompanied with instrumental music, but as the Abbé du Bos, in his *Reflections on Poetry and Painting*, has proved, with much curious erudition, the dialogue part had also a modulation of its own, which was capable of being set to notes; it was carried on in a sort of recitative between the actors, and was supported by instruments. He has farther attempted to prove, but the proof seems more incomplete, that, on some occasions, on the Roman stage, the pronouncing and gesticulating parts were divided; that one actor spoke, and another performed the gestures and motions corresponding to what the first said. The actors in tragedy wore a long robe, called *Syrma*, which flowed upon the stage. They were raised upon *Cothurni*, which rendered their stature uncommonly high; and they always played in masques. These masques were like helmets, which covered the whole head; the mouths of

them were so contrived, as to give an artificial sound to the voice, in order to make it be heard over their vast theatres; and the visage was so formed and painted, as to suit the age, characters, or dispositions of the persons represented. When, during the course of one scene, different emotions were to appear in the same person, the masque is said to have been so painted, that the actor, by turning one or other profile of his face to the spectators, expressed the change of the situation. This, however, was a contrivance, attended with many disadvantages. The masque must have deprived the spectators of all the pleasure which arises from the natural animated expression of the eye and the countenance; and, joined with the other circumstances which I have mentioned, is apt to give us an unfavourable idea of the dramatic representations of the ancients. In defence of them, it must, at the same time, be remembered, that their theatres were vastly more extensive in the area than ours, and filled with immense crowds. They were always uncovered, and exposed to the open air. The actors were beheld at a much greater distance, and, of course, much more imperfectly, by the bulk of the spectators, which both rendered their looks of less consequence, and might make it, in some degree, necessary that their features should be exaggerated, the sound of their voices enlarged; and their whole appearance magnified beyond the life, in order to make the stronger impression. It is certain, that, as dramatic spectacles were the favourite entertainments of the Greeks and Romans, the attention given to their proper exhibition, and the magnificence of the apparatus bestowed on their theatres, far exceeded any thing that has been attempted in modern ages.

THE DOG AND THE SLIPPER,

AGAINST THE SOCK AND THE BUSKIN;

OR,

The Triumph of FOLLY and SPECTACLE over SENSE, POETRY, and SHAKSPEARE.

It is impossible for any one who has observed the recent proceedings at our two great theatres, not to wonder at the event, and endeavour, if he be a thinking man, to account for so remarkable and apparently disgraceful a revolution.

The common and received opinion ascribes it to that general depravity of sentiment, too often resulting from habitual dissipation

and wide-extended luxury. This, no doubt, is a fertile and potent source of corruption in taste as well as morals; and it is not surprising, that many very rational enquirers have been satisfied with so plausible a solution. If we add to this the shameless effrontery with which those who have been appointed the guardians and dispensers of the popular amusements, acquiesce in the reproach, and, instead of resisting, as far as they are able, what they confess is wrong, do all in their power to foment and confirm the evil, we cannot long be amazed at the apathy with which this humiliating charge is so generally acceded to—but speculation and conjecture must retire before physical and positive causes; and I trust there is not much ingenuity required to acquit the public of this injurious imputation, and to fix it where chiefly, if not alone, it is due. That the exquisite dramas of our great poets are laid aside, or not regarded in the representation, is owing, I maintain, not to any satiety or distaste of their energies and beauties, but to the want of a fit theatre for their representation.

Two persons, possessing patents for the exclusive exhibition of plays, have exercised that privilege, not for the general advantage, but to enrich themselves. For a long time previous to the demolition of the old house at Drury-Lane, the rival theatre was continually extending its limits, and placing the audience, year after year, at a greater distance from the stage, until it reached to its present enormous magnitude, which utterly precludes the performers from displaying, or the auditors and spectators from enjoying, the charms of just elocution, or the graces and transitions of fine acting; but it had become a contest between these patentees, not which should represent plays in the best manner, but who should the more effectually make a sordid use of his authority, in packing together, for his mere aggrandisement, the greater multitude of people; and now, Drury-Lane, to decide the contest at once, becomes so huge, that the persons on the stage appear like pigmies, and only with a glass can be distinguished from one another, or be heard without the aid of strained and artificial tones, that are disgusting. That the relish for rational dramatic performances has not departed from the people, we have a striking proof in the eagerness with which they are still followed, even in the hot season, at the Haymarket; where the puny and distorted efforts of a very inferior actor have been not only tolerated, but applauded; and if essays, such as those alluded to, are relished, or accepted, with what ardour would the exertions of our finest performers be followed, if placed in a situation where their skill and talents could effectually be displayed!

The increased extent, population, wealth, luxury, and dissipation of the capital, undoubtedly requires a proportionable scope and variety of public amusements, and if there are followers and admirers of show and spectacle, in God's name let them enjoy it at Drury-Lane, or Covent-Garden; but let that "gravest, wisest, and moralest of all poems," a good play, not be withheld from the people, or only exhibited where it cannot be enjoyed, because two gentlemen have patents in their pockets to prevent it. Those persons should be apprised, that the grants they hold were never conferred for their peculiar emolument, but delivered to them in *trust*, as confidential and competent *agents*, for administering, in the best manner, to an enlightened public, the amusements of the moral stage: this obligation, on their part, is so obviously implied, that any terms to define it were superfluous; but if, unmindful of their trust, and stimulated only by avarice, the walls of the theatre become so preposterously extended, that the Grace of Symmetry, the *Virtue and Venus of Order*, is lost and confounded in the waste; let not the rights and equitable claims of the people be sacrificed to such a dereliction of duty in their servants, and too specious a pretext be held out for the enemies of this great nation to predict, that, with the decline and perversion of the public taste, the vigour, sanity, and glory of the empire are hastening to destruction.

Let there be erected in the capital of the most distinguished nation upon earth, four or five houses, in various parts of the town, of a size to contain, at the present prices of admission, about four hundred, or four hundred and fifty pounds; the utmost extent to which a theatre for the legitimate drama can reach. This subject will admit of wider discussion, and much more open exposure, than at present I have leisure to bestow upon it:—hereafter, perhaps, you will hear further from

AN OBSERVER OF THE MIRROR.

KING JOHN.

MR. EDITOR,

As your Mirror reflects so much light on other theatrical subjects, it would be very satisfactory to many of your readers, if, in some future number, a proper reason could be given, why the historical tragedy of King John, with the *indelicate* expressions, peculiar to the first act, is suffered to appear on the London boards, in preference to an *altered* edition, which was distinguished last season by

the sanction and very marked applause of a crowded house, at Covent-Garden. It has been equally successful, and maintained a decided superiority at most of the provincial theatres in the united kingdom. From what quarter the suppression of this more chaste and ameliorated production arises, is not for me to point out: but the public, it will be granted, have a right to propose the question, and receive a fair answer.

In this, as well as in his second part of Henry the Fourth, the learned editor* has added to his great and diversified talents, the character of dramatic taste and acknowledged excellence.

That edition of King John comes moreover recommended to a British audience, particularly at this time, by the introduction of much seasonable and apposite matter. The celebrated speech of Faulconbridge is a composition of most animated eloquence and undaunted loyalty. Every feature of spirit and beauty in the original bard has been cautiously regarded; a *servile* idolatry of palpable *deformities* has been justly denied; to these alone, has the pruning knife been skilfully applied.

However suited to the usage of his day were the words of Shakspeare, and hence not liable to objection; yet those very words convey far different and very gross ideas to the minds of a *modern auditory*, the chaster part of whom would feel insulted in private life at the same expressions, which are suffered to abash them in public. It was for this reason, in the Augustan age, when the Latin became more pure and refined, that the comedies of Plautus lost much of their former esteem, and were then censured for abounding so much with disgusting obscenities!

A similar improvement in manners, without a compliment, belongs to the present day; let not that honour, in any instance, be tarnished on the English stage.

The welfare of *morals*, a decent respect to our *fair countrywomen*, the reputation of the *theatres*, and the entertainments of the *public*, do strongly call for a practical attention to the remarks of, Sir,

Your humble servant and well-wisher,

AN ENGLISHMAN.

* Dr. Valpy.

SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPERE.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

—————“No more remains,
 “But that to your sufficiency as your worth is able,
 “And let them work.”

One more attempt, perhaps as abortive as those of the ingenious commentators, to restore this confused passage to any thing like sense and harmony—

—————“No more remains,
 “But to your sufficiency your worth be *added*,
 “And let them work—.”

I need not (says the duke) suggest the rules of good government to one who is better acquainted with them than myself.—No more then remains to qualify you fully and effectually to take my place, but, that your worth and fair character be added, in the public estimation, to your acknowledged abilities.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

“What I will not, that I cannot do.”

This declaration of proud austerity, implies, I have made my will subservient to my duty, and my wisdom infallibly prescribing what my duty is, *I can only* will to do what is equitable and right.

—————“Amen; for I
 “Am that way going to temptation
 “Where prayers cross.”

Where my honour and my cupidity are at variance, where my solicitations or prayers to obtain possession of Isabella's beauties, must be crossed or thwarted by this prayer of her's for the safety of my honour.

—————“Blood, thou art but blood;
 “Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
 “'Tis not the devil's crest.”

Doctor Warburton's interpretation of this passage, appears to be entirely foreign from the sense implied in Angelo's reflection, which I take to be this.—Titles and distinctions, though often falsely applied, are not thereby appropriated, and, howsoever they “wrench awe from fools,” and obtain respect even from “the wiser souls,”

they cannot alter the true qualities of things. Blood is still "but blood." Depravity, howsoever covered with the garb of virtue, is still depravity: it is the difference expressed between association and connexion. The sentiment a little varied, and the conclusion resting on the fair side, is introduced in Macbeth.

"Tho' all things foul shou'd wear the brows of grace,
" Yet grace wou'd still seem so."

ACT III.

"The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
" That ache age, penury, imprisonment,
" Can lay on nature, were a paradise
" To what we fear of death."

This sentiment, perhaps too natural, and the force of which Doctor Johnson's virtue was not hardy enough to resist, occurs in the *Paradise Lost*, though Milton's robuster mind ascribes it to the fallen and depraved Archangel.

—————"Who would lose
" Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
" Those thoughts that wander through eternity
" To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
" In the wide womb of uncreated night,
" Devoid of sense or motion."

—————"The corrupt deputy scaled."

Dr. Johnson's explanation of "to scale" here—to reach his notwithstanding the elevation of his place, will, I believe, be deemed not satisfactory. If the author had employed the metaphor of the scalade, he would, I think, have applied to the deputy a different epithet—it would have been the *towering* deputy, the *high-plac'd* deputy, or some designation suited to the figure.

By the connexion of ideas natural in discourse, there is, perhaps, a reference to corporal corruption. The success of the stratagem, says the duke, will be a medicine by which the inward and concealed baseness of the deputy will be brought forth and diffused about him in disgraceful scales and scrophula. An image similar to this occurs in King Richard III.

"Diffused infection of a man."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FARMER'S BOY.

On the Birth of his Second Son,

HERE at my ease, which rare unmixt I know,—
 If aught may breathe from CAM's Muse-favor'd stream,
 And the bright star of Evening's favoring beam,
 And Suns long absent, which now purest glow,
 ROBERT, to Thee a Lay should happier flow
 Exulting in a most propitious Theme,
 Now Life's new Dawnings on thy Infant gleam,
 And at thy Name conferr'd Hopes livelier blow.

But, BLOOMFIELD, whatsoe'er thy Sons may be,
 —And Nature's kindest Gifts may well be theirs—
 Might they be such as CAM delighted bears
 To Heaven, and touch the pastoral Reed like Thee,
 Hadst thou no Female offspring, still thy Mind
 Much imperfection in thy Bliss would find.

Cambridge, 2 Feb. 1804.

C. LOFT.

SONG.

THREE rolling years at length are past
 Since last we met on yonder waste,
 And now, alas! we've met at last,
 O my Eliza!
 No longer do I see you glow,
 No longer hear the ravish'd vow,
 That light'ned once this maddening brow.

Has sorrow then so altered me,
 Or absence so have changed thee,
 That I am doom'd no more to see
 My sweet Eliza
 Free as air, and gay as love,
 Yet pensive as the plaintive dove,
 That wails the day in yonder grove.

O never, never strive again
 To aggravate Love's fatal pain,
 Nor tear my beating heart in twain,
 O my Eliza
 With whispering vows you never meant,
 With kisses that you only lent,
 To cheat a youth by passion spent.

MORTIMER.

THE PRIEST AND THE PRISONER.

BY THE LATE W. P. TAYLOR, ESQ.

DEEP-FIX'D in thought the pris'ner sat,
 Revolving his impending fate ;
 Yet anxious, by some well-wrought scheme,
 Still to prolong life's fleeting dream.
 The confessor, surprised to see
 Such dull insensibility,
 Thus, to the victim of the laws,
 With energy renew'd his cause.
 " Can, then, of life the mighty stake
 So trivial an impression make ?
 Reflect, ere five short hours are flown,
 Your crimes you must, by death, atone."
 " No, father ; not if you will lend
 Your aid, and prove a convert's friend."
 " A convert !"—" Yes—sincere and true :
 Of death too near has been the view,
 Ever to suffer me again
 To tread the paths of vice and pain."
 " Yet granting, son, there's no pretence,
 But that 'tis real penitence ;
 And granting that I wish'd to save
 A sinner from an early grave,
 Where are the means?"—Down Raymond falls,
 His guardian, his preserver, calls
 The humane priest—" There, father, there—
 The altar's *moveable*—your chair—
 Stay"—breathless—agitated—faint—
 With hopes the reader's heart must paint—
 Raymond the altar gently moves
 (By silence whilst the priest approves)

Beneath the window's lofty height,
That casts a dim and gloomy light;
And seems to tell the convicts there
"This chapel closes earthly care!"
"Of fifteen feet thus four I gain;
Eleven only still remain:
Upon the altar's steady base
Your confessorial chair I'll place;
Now, dearest father, quick ascend,
And to my feet your shoulders lend—
Farewel!—nor e'er shall you have cause
To grieve you sav'd me from the laws."
He's gone—so shortly all's achiev'd,
'Tis scarcely by the priest believ'd—
Who yet his wonder must forego,
And things replace in statu quo
Then seats himself, nor deigns to stir
'Till summon'd by the officer—
"Father, the time's expir'd—we wait
To lead the pris'ner to his fate."
"Enter, my children"—in amaze,
Upon the placid priest they gaze;
Then each one eagerly demands
The victim Raymond at his hands:
"The victim! say the angel rather—
(In transports, cries the holy father,)
In vain for him on earth you'll seek;
Believe me—for the truth I speak—
Hence did I see him take his flight
Out at that window.—Mark the height—
Then judge if mortal pow'r could save
Th' intended victim from his grave."
Amazement is, of course, exprest,
And one, more sportive than the rest,
"Since he's got wings, for his diversion,
Ne'er was a *better-tim'd* excursion."
Of fleeting years some half a score,
With equal speed will we pass o'er.
Our confessor, one winter's day,
Through Ardenne's forest took his way;

A gloomy wild, where oft, 'twas said,
 Murder on hapless wand'ers fed.
 Bewilder'd in a road unknown,
 Grey ev'ning rapidly came on ;
 Nor was it without cause for fear,
 Some-one he saw approaching near,
 Who on the father fix'd his eyes,
 Seeming to view him with surprise,
 Then ask'd him, " Whither bound ?"—related
 How oft to travellers ill-fated,
 This forest was their journey's end—
 " But follow me, I'll prove a friend."
 Resistance would have useless been ;
 And this too thought the priest, I ween,
 Who, with his mind on death bent wholly,
 Followed reluctantly and slowly.
 Canst thou not, reader, now foresee
 What of the tale the end will be ?
 And canst thou not, through all disguise
 The honest convert recognise ?
 Who thus, in friendship's terms, addrest,
 Soon as they reach'd his cot, his guest—
 " Oh ! truly welcome ! truly dear !
 No force, no wrong shall reach you here :
 My all is yours !—My children—wife—
 View the preserver of my life !
 Ye all will joyfully agree
 To bless that mild humanity,
 Which had both *pow'r* and *will* to save,
 A fellow-creature from the grave !"

Whate'er the hospitable board—
 Whate'er his cottage can afford,
 Is all produc'd :—three happy days
 The confessor with Raymond stays ;
 Then from his sorrowing friends departs,
 With blessings—issuing from their hearts.
 But why engross the reader's time
 With more of this unpolish'd rhyme ?
 Which merely speaks, in language rude,
 Of *Mercy*, and of *Gratitude*.

Brentingby, July 10.

ELEGY.

FARE thee well ! poor luckless maiden ;
 Peace await you on yon shore !
 Grief no more thy soul shall sadden,
 Storms assail thy bark no more.

Lightly on thy clay-cold bosom,
 Lie the softest, greenest sod !
 May the flow'rs that o'er thee blossom,
 Ne'er by thoughtless fools be trod.

Haply, may some child of sorrow,
 View thy peaceful, lowly bed,
 Wishing such were his to-morrow,
 There to rest his weary head.

From his beaming eye may trickle
 Gent'lest drops of pity down,
 Grieving, Death's destroying sickle,
 Op'ning flow'r so sweet has mown.

May some heav'nly, kindred spirit,
 Waft above thy parting soul ;
 There reward shall greet thy merit,
 God who bruise'd thee—make thee whole.
 E——z.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. A. H. HOLDSWORTH,
Wife of A. H. Holdsworth, Esq. M. P. for Dartmouth, who died
4th Jan. 1804.

TYRANT of all our loves and friendships here !
 Behold by beauteous victim !—ah ! 'tis thine
 To rend young hearts, and force the tend'rest tear,
 Where joy should long in cloudless radiance shine.

Alas ! the mourning Muse in vain would paint,
 Blest shade ! how purely past thy life away ;
 Or with the meekness of a favour'd saint,
 How rose thy spirit to the realms of day.

Twos thine to fill each past that gladdens life,
 Such as approving angels smile upon,
 The faultless daughter, parent, friend and wife,
 Virtues short liv'd ! they *set just as they shone.*

Thus in the bosom of some winding grove,
 Where oft the pensive melodist retires,
 From his sweet instrument *the note of love*
Charms the rapt ear, but as it charms, expires.

Farewell ! pure spirit, o'er thy early grave
 Oblivion ne'er shall spread her ivy shade;
 Nature shall bid her richest foliage wave,
 Where her *reposing favourite child is laid.*

There widow'd fondness oft, when summers bloom,
 Shall with thy infant pledge of love repair,
 Oft shall they kneel beside thy mossy tomb,
 And tears shall dew the flowers that blossom there.

Totnes, 8th Jan. 1804.

J. CARR.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

DRURY-LANE.

JAN. 28.—Mr. M. G. Lewis's tragedy of *Alfonso, King of Castile*, produced two seasons ago at Covent-Garden, was acted for the first time at this theatre. Mr. Pope and Mrs. Powell, announced for the characters of *Orrino* and *Ottilia*, being taken suddenly ill, their places were kindly supplied by Mr. H. Siddons and Mrs. Litchfield, from the rival house. Mr. Siddons appeared to very high advantage in *Orrino*; and Mrs. Litchfield, the original representative of *Ottilia*, made, if possible, a still stronger impression than usual upon the audience, particularly in her dying scene. Her voice completely fills this capacious theatre, and Mr. Sheridan, who was present the whole evening, complimented her on her performance, in terms of the highest panegyric. Raymond, in *Alfonso*, was particularly energetic, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnson sustained their former characters with their accustomed ability. The tragedy was got up with great care, and considerable splendour of decoration.

FEB. 7.—THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER—a comedy, by Mr. Cherry, of this theatre, was received with greater and more universal applause, than any

piece that has been produced for some time. It is of the sentimental school, and many of the scenes resemble the *Comédie larmoyante*, of the French stage; but he has not suffered the interest to languish beneath a *weight of woe*—he has relieved the serious incidents with several of a gayer nature; and, by a happy contrast of pathos and humour—of moral sentiment, and sprightly remark, it must be confessed, that he has formed, on the whole, a very agreeable, and by no means uninteresting or uninteresting drama. Neither, however, in the fable, nor the characters, is there much novelty. The widow Cheerly is a rusticated widow Belmour. An affectionate old uncle, alternately disowning and caressing his nephew; looking upon his conduct, at the same moment, in an unfavourable and amiable light; the good-hearted nephew always getting into a scrape; and the avaricious *Ferret*, who betrays his friend, and attempts the destruction of innocence to conceal his villany, are characters among our most familiar acquaintances on the stage. *Timothy Quaint*, is, perhaps, an original, and he never appears without occasioning infinite merriment. The plot is liable to some critical objections: the end of the third act seems to threaten a premature termination; but other incidents are made to arise, unexpectedly, as it were, *out of its ashes*. Captain Woody, the widow's brother, arrives from abroad; Young Heartall imagines him to be a favoured suitor, and this mistake gives rise to a pleasant scene of raillery and equivocal between *brother* and *sister*, and *lover*, which is worked up with great dramatic skill. In the last act, the perfidy and plots of *Ferret* are laid open by the return of old Malfort. He now resigns his ill-gotten riches, and, after a declamation against the passion of avarice, the parent of all his guilt, he expresses his determination to retire from the world, and endeavour to atone for his crimes by a sincere repentance.

This *denouement* is like that of Mr. Holman's *Votary of Wealth*, who winds up the moral of the comedy with a similar discourse on the detestable passion by which he had been influenced.

But want of originality, in the present state of our acting drama, is a deficiency rather to be noticed than censured. The *Soldier's Daughter*, however slight its pretensions in this respect, will abide the test of more substantial criticism. There is nothing common or coarse in the dialogue; it is easy, elegant, and in many instances brilliant and captivating. The thoughts are frequently new, and even what are old are turned with such neatness and felicity, as to give them the air and effect of novelty. The interest is always sufficiently strong to keep alive the attention, and the author has successfully avoided that buffoonery which, however it may set on some quantity of *barren spectators to laugh*, must ever be considered as disgraceful to the stage of an enlightened country. Upon the whole, we are of opinion, that this comedy merits all the success it has experienced; and, considering that it is the first attempt of its author, we certainly cannot be too sanguine in our expectations with regard to his future productions.

All the performers exerted themselves with true brotherly zeal. Bannister was excellent in his character throughout, but particularly in the delivery of the pathetic passages. Downton also, and Collins, Mrs. Young, and Mrs. Jordan deserve the author's best thanks. In the epilogue, which very whimsically de-

scribed a *female army of reserves*, there were several happy points, to which Mrs. Jordan gave, and continues to give, the most powerful effect.

COVENT-GARDEN.

DEC. 21.—*The Distrest Mother*,—of Philips; a feeble version, or rather imitation of the celebrated *Andromache*, of Racine, was performed this evening, and received every advantage from the acting of Mr. Kemble in *Orestes*, Mrs. Siddons in *Hermione*, Mr. C. Kemble in *Pyrrhus*, and Mrs. Litchfield, who made her first appearance since the opening of the theatre, in *Andromache*. In the *mad scene*, Kemble exceeded all praise; he was indeed the *furius agitatus Orestes*.

26.—*Harlequin's Races; or Time beats all*.—The Christmas pantomime, this year, was inferior, in every respect, to the *harlequinades* of former seasons at this theatre. The principal scenes and machinery were taken from *Harlequin and Oberon*, a very excellent pantomime produced in 1796. [see vol. III. p. 54.] but the transposition was not effected with any skill, and the *tout ensemble* was displeasing even to the *eye of childhood*.

JAN. 9.—*Henry the Fourth*,—*Part the Second*,—advertised for this evening, was obliged to be postponed, on account of Mr. Cooke's illness; and the *Provoked Husband* was substituted in its stead.

11.—*Jane Shore*.—An apology was made for the indisposition of Mr. Cory, who was announced for the character of *Gloster*; but the services of Mr. Raymond, from Drury-Lane, having been obtained, the audience of course experienced no disappointment. Mrs. Litchfield and Mrs. Siddons, in the finely contrasted characters of *Alicia* and *Jane Shore*, never exerted themselves with more effect.

16.—Their Majesties had signified their intention to be present at the theatre this evening; but the king being slightly indisposed, with a rheumatic affection, (as it was understood,) his physicians thought it not advisable for him to venture abroad. This circumstance threw a considerable gloom over a crowded audience, assembled to greet the royal visitors.

17.—*Henry IV*.—*Part II*.—As an acting drama, this is much inferior to the *first part*. Excepting the scene between the sick king and the prince, there is nothing in the serious division of the play that excites much interest. *Falstaff* is still himself, but we laugh less at him than at the butts upon whom he showers his satirical shafts. The historical events of the play are also less important than those in part I. for though, as Dr. Johnson observes, "the fate of kingdoms depends upon them," the archbishop of York and his adherents, have so little dramatic consequence, and their conspiracy is so soon defeated that the audience feel little or no interest with regard to the result. If any sensation be excited, it is that of indignation at the horrible treachery by which Lancaster gets the rebels in his power;—and so far the king's cause suffers in the opinion of the audience.

For these reasons, the *second part* of *Henry the Fourth*, will, perhaps, never be again, if it ever were, very popular in representation; but its beauties are

yet so numerous, and the opportunities for good acting so striking, that its revival, occasionally, cannot fail to be an object of interest to the lovers of Shakspeare, especially when distinguished by the same attention and splendour which have now been bestowed on it by the manager of this theatre. The sick chamber of Henry, with all its appurtenances, the couch, the table, the lighting up, the organ, &c. &c. inspire all requisite awe and solemnity; these, with the majestic figure and countenance of Mr. Kemble, arrayed and prepared according to the exact costume of our fourth Henry, as he is exhibited to us in all the portraits, give the whole scene, as near as possible, the impression of reality. This scene, to which the death of queen Catherine, in *Henry VIII.* is a noble counterpart, was performed in a style of great excellence by Mr. Kemble. Two things deserve especial remembrance; the discrimination with which he marked the line "*Set me the crown upon my pillow here,*" that crown which he has indirectly obtained, which he is always afraid of losing, and of which so many attempts have been made to divest him.---The tone of mingled majesty and reproof in addressing the Prince of Wales, "*Come hither to me, Harry,*" was likewise remarkably expressive.

Cooke has added greatly to his reputation by his performance of *Falstaff*; he conceived the character with true Shaksperian spirit, and marked the *satirical* passages most admirably. Mr. C. Kemble was very happy in the *Prince*.---Munden's *Shallow* was a very finished piece of acting, and Blanchard's *Pistol* went off in a capital style. It is to be lamented, with regard to this play, that Cibber, by transferring the scene between *Morton* and *Northumberland*, to *Tressel* and *King Henry*, in *Richard the Third*, has robbed it of one of its chief ornaments. It is also to be lamented that Mr. Kemble, in the alterations he has made, with a view to give more spirit and *eclat* to the concluding scene, has committed two very glaring offences against character and costume. In the first place, it is absurd to make the Prince, *before his coronation*, appear in his *coronation robes*, with the crown upon his head; and in the next, it is shockingly inconsistent for the Prince [*Henry V.*] to say, "*My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man,*" [*Falstaff*] at the time he is supposed to languish under his highest displeasure, and before the new king had reinstated him in his office.---These errors we beg to observe are not Shakspeare's, nor those of any former adapter of his play to the stage.

20.---*Othello*.---Though the performers were new to each other in their respective parts, their several merits are too well known to need to be pointed out. With Mr. KEMBLE and Mrs. SIDDONS in *Othello* and *Desdemona*, and Mr. COOKE and Mrs. LITCHFIELD in *Iago* and *Emilia*, the play no doubt held forth a very strong attraction, and a most crowded house was the consequence.---The tragedy had the advantage of new dresses and decorations, and the whole was gotten up, and acted, in a style worthy of so noble a production.

JAN. 8.---*King John*.---Mr. Kemble, Mr. C. Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, were particularly noticed on the late revival of this play at Drury-Lane. [See vol. x. p. 394.] Mr. Cooke's *Hubert* is therefore, in fact, the principal novelty in the performance; and we must say, that we never heard two or three speeches, which have scarcely ever before been noticed, delivered with such prodigious

effect as they produced this evening, through the masterly management of this great actor. We allude to his answers to *King John*, whose soundings respecting the murder of *Arthur*, a character for which Mrs. Creswell's abilities do not seem to be calculated.

With all our reverence for Shakspeare, we do think the first act of this play ought to be totally expunged. It is very weak in interest, and presents no beauties of style to atone for indecencies which render it almost infamous for a modest family to be present at the performance. We do not want Shakspeare to be frittered away, by idle alterations or capricious omissions; but if any of his plays disgrace, by their representation, the morals of the nation, either let the offensive parts be removed, or the production confined altogether to the closet. See a letter from a correspondent in the stage department of the present month, upon this subject.

12.—*Hamlet*.—Mr. Suett, from Drury-Lane, very obligingly took Munden's character of *Polonius*, who was prevented, by indisposition, from performing.

23.—*Love gives the Alarm*.—A comedy by Mr. Holman, met with an unfavorable reception, and has not been repeated. The play appeared to have been written in haste, but there were strong symptoms of party hostility among the audience, to which the condemnation of the comedy may in some degree be attributed.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

PARODY ON MISS BAILEY.—An excellent comedian, in Staffordshire, had played the part of *Risk*, in "*Love Laughs at Locksmiths*," with much applause; but, a week before his benefit, was arrested for a small sum, which the manager immediately defrayed, and set the Thespian at liberty. On his night, to a very crowded house, he sung the following curious parody on "*Miss Bailey*," which was loudly encored.

THE BAILIFF.

Tune—"Miss Bailey."

A player bold in Staffordshire, set in for country quarters,
Perhaps forgot a trifling debt, for gamsie or for garters;
His wicked conscience goaded him, he lost his spirits daily,
He took to drinking Hampton ale, and thought upon the bailey!

O! the bailey, the shoulder-tapping bailey! &c.

One day, as he was going home, to tea, perhaps to dinner,
Thinks he, though I'm a funny man, yet I'm a wicked sinner,
At ev'ry step he heard behind, his face turn'd rather pale,
When, gruffly at his shoulder, cried a voice—"Behold the bailey!"

O! the bailey, &c.

Avaunt ban bailey, then he cried, your face looks red, not mealy,
 Good player-man, the bailey cried, you've acted rather freely;
 The lawyer's bills go hard with you, because your means thus fail ye,
 And you must go along with me—along with you the bailey!

O! the bailey, &c.

The player cried, if at my night each seat's engag'd in all rows,
 The manager the better has then in his satin small clothes;
 He'll pay the damages you ask; the goblin vanish'd gaily,
 Crying, bless you with your benefit, but ne'er forget the bailey!

O! the bailey, &c.

All baileys learn this lesson from our bailey's good example,
 And never, with unfeeling hearts, upon the needy trample;
 And young men wild, take warning, pay your debts, or else they'll jail ye,
 And then you'll ne'er be haunted by that ugly ghost the bailey!

O! the bailey, &c.

Theatre Royal LIVERPOOL.—Since the departure of the London performers, I have expected to see a minute description of what is called the *regular company*, which, considering the extent of the town, the length of time the theatre is kept open, and the elegance and size of the building, ought to boast of actors of no inconsiderable merit. In your Mirror for November, you notice only the abilities of Mr. Mathews, Mrs. Mathews, and Mr. H. Lewis; I shall, therefore, endeavour to give my opinion of the remaining principal performers in the company. Mr. Cooper, who played a few nights in London, was here some time, but has seldom appeared. Richard, Romeo, Penruddock, Jaffier, Henry V. Peregrine, Iago, and Horatio, are nearly all the characters he performed. In Penruddock, Richard, Iago, and Henry V. he was the most happy, but was not so great a favourite as was expected from his first appearance. Mr. Young is certainly a good actor, and a very great favourite. Hamlet, Octavian, Young Norval, and some few parts in Mr. Lewis's line, he plays with a deal of judgment and spirit, but he should not have attempted Job Thornberry. Grant has not played so frequently as in former seasons; he is, nevertheless, a valuable performer; tragedy or comedy, old men or young men, all are the same to him, and many of the characters he undertakes would not disgrace the London boards. Penley, who divides the low comedy with Mathews, has considerable humour, and original merit; his Dr. Ollapod, Scrub, Tandem, Caleb Quotem, Isaac Mendoza, Spado, Ralph, and Frederick Willinghamurst, have raised him high in estimation with the town: this is his first season here. Hammerton, who has played here several years, has taken an entire new cast, (the Irishmen) and indeed, too much cannot be said of the excellent manner in which he supports them; his Dennis Brulgruddery, and Sir Callaghan, are admirable; his figure is not unlike Mr. Johnstone's of Drury Lane, and could he sing, he would be a formidable rival to him; but there he is very deficient. Ryley has likewise been here several seasons, and if he would take more pains in a

certain description of old men, he would be better regarded. Smith and Howard are in the second line of gentlemen; they are both natives of the town, and are tolerably well spoken of, but they must improve greatly, before they are above mediocrity. Stephens, from York, Shaw, Crumpton, and Benwell, are the vocal performers; neither can boast of the voice of a Braham, or an Inledon, but they are useful men, and assist in tragedy, comedy, and pantomime. Miss Grimani, from the Haymarket, is at present the heroine. In characters which suit her figure; such as Juliet, Amantis, Mary Thornberry, &c. she gains much applause. Miss Biggs gives great satisfaction in the old women; she plays them with spirit, is always perfect, and takes great pains in dressing them. Mrs. Kennedy follows very closely the steps of Mrs. Mattocks. Miss Smith is a beautiful girl, and a fine figure; in favour of her acting but little can be said. Mrs. Penley plays a variety of business, is an excellent dancer, and has taken the leading characters in serious and comic pantomime. A new divertimento, the Golden Farmer, Julia of Louvain, and Armstrong, or the British Outlaw, produced under the direction of Mr. Cross, from the Circus, have been received with great eclat. The theatre, I understand, closes in March, when, as I have been particular in enquiring after the receipts of the benefits, I may be able to give you a just account of them. Mathews' benefit was a bumper.

February 8th, 1804.

R. R. O.

P. S. Mrs. Chapman, through indisposition, it is much to be lamented, has been forced to retire from the stage.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

(Continued from Vol. XV.)

THE English Fleet, in 1342, an Opera, by T. Dibdin, Esq. the Music composed by Mr. Braham.

The composition of an English opera requires great musical genius, science, and experience. Our most successful composers of operas has been Dr. Arne, Dr. Arnold, Linley, Storace, Shield, &c. As this is Mr. Braham's first essay of an* entire piece, we gladly pay him the tribute he merits of our approbation. We congratulate the manager and the public on the acquisition of a gentleman whose talents are so various and so energetic.

EIGHT Pieces, for a Military Band, from the elegant and scientific pen of Mr. Mazzinghi.

THE "Beggar Girl," a little Ballad. Poetry by Mr. Cherry, Author of the "Soldier's Daughter," and the music by Moorehead.

This song originally made its appearance in the musical journal, conducted by Dr. Busby. It is now republished in a better and more correct style.

* Mr. B. has composed part of the Cabinet and Family Quarrels, with Davy, Reeve, and Moorehead.

New Military Divertimentos, dedicated, by Permission, to His Royal Highness the Duke of York, and composed by J. C. Weyrauch, Master of the Band, to his Royal Highness.

Well arranged, pleasing, and not too difficult. We are glad to see a set of compiled pieces from the classical works of Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel, &c. announced by Mr. Weyrauch.

The New Naval Songster, with all the old Music, considerably enlarged and improved.

We do not detract from the merits of this excellent publication, by observing that it contains a number of our established favourites old songs, "Rule Britannia," "Hearts of Oak," "Black eyed Susan," "Britons Strike Home," with "The Storm," translated into French. These old ditties, although generally well-known, are certainly necessary to complete an English collection. We do not observe any of Mr. Dibdin's (except "Blow high, blow low") in this work. This gentleman's works, as a naval songster, form a collection (and a good one) of themselves.

Three MSS. Quartettes for two Violins, Tenor and Bass, as performed, formerly, at Salomon's Concert, composed by John Davy, are to be produced from a very respectable music-press. If we do not err the same which has announced the complete Edition of W. A. Mozart's works.

Mr. W. T. Parke is preparing a New Edition of his Oboe and Flute Preceptors, with considerable Additions. Mr. P.'s character and experience as a musician are so well known, that it renders it unnecessary to say any thing more of these books of progressive instruction than this. They are written in the same spirit (though not so copious) as Mr. Clementi's book for the piano.

Mr. F. Eley, Master of the Royal East India Volunteers Band, continues to publish Sets of Military Pieces, so numerous, that a list of them would occupy our musical corner entirely. They consist of every air of merit from the works of the most classic authors, as well as theatrical pieces, with movements of Mr. Eley's own composition, in the true military spirit. We observe they are calculated for a small band, as well as for a large one, which we approve of, for the public accommodation.

New Grand March, for a Band, and for the Piano; dedicated (by Permission) to Captain Searle, and all the Officers of His Majesty's Ship Monarch, and composed on board by J. Moorehead, Master of the Admiral's Band.

We are glad to see our old theatrical friend, Moorehead, alert, and bustling in the musical world.

Bainbridge's Instruction for the Patent Flageolet.

The improvement of this pleasing little instrument does credit to Mr. B.'s ingenuity.

✂ We readily correct an error in a former M. M. in which the organ work of Mr. James Henry Leffer was announced as published. We hope Mr. Leffer will not long withhold it from the admirers of that noble instrument.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

MRS. LEE AND THE GORDONS.—On Sunday the 15th of January, the Rev. Lockhart Gordon and Mr. Lauden Gordon, brothers, dined with Mrs. Lee, a lady of considerable property, at her house in Bolton-row, Piccadilly. In a short time after dinner, Mrs. Lee rang the bell of an adjoining room to that which she had been dining in with the gentlemen, which was answered by a female servant, whom Mrs. Lee ordered to get her a glass of water, appeared very low spirited, and desired the servant to remain in an adjoining room, as she was afraid the gentlemen would take her away; to which the servant answered, that it was impossible to take her out of her own house; but Mrs. Lee replied, they were armed with pistols, and she feared they would force her; she then returned to the room where they dined, and, in a few minutes after, Mrs. Lee's footman was sent to call a hackney coach; while he was gone, the two female servants were alarmed by their mistress's voice, saying, "I will not be taken out of my own house," which induced them to go to her assistance, when they found the two Mr. Gordons forcing Mrs. Lee down stairs from the drawing-room, and Mrs. Lee holding by the banisters, resisting them; on which they went to her assistance, and endeavoured to rescue her from the gentlemen, when Mr. Lockhart Gordon seized them both, and presenting a pistol, swore he would shoot them both if they made any noise or resistance, and succeeded in forcing Mrs. Lee out of her house into a post-chaise, which was waiting within a few yards of the door; and the post-boy being mounted, drove off as soon as the parties got in, with the greatest speed possible. The servants followed it with screams and cries, but in vain; the swiftness with which it drove eluded all pursuit. The servants making this extraordinary circumstance known to Mrs. Lee's friends on Monday morning, Mr. Parkin (the solicitor for the post-office) applied, with the servants, at the Public-Office, Bow-street, and Mr. Robinson, the sitting magistrate, issued his warrant to apprehend the Mr. Gordons, and Miller and Atkins, two of the officers, were dispatched in pursuit of the parties; they continued their enquiries during the day, and in the evening they learned that Mr. Lockhart Gordon had been at his lodgings in the New-road, Mary-le-bone, and had dressed and gone out to a ball in Portland-place, to which they pursued him, as directed; but on their arrival at the house, they learnt he had been there, but was gone. Having lost all trace of him, they thought they must give up the pursuit for the night, it then being near eleven o'clock; but before they returned home, they set off for Mrs. Lee's house, to see that all was quiet there, and when they got into Bolton-street, they heard the watchmen's rattles, and on their coming up to the spot, found a gentleman in their custody, who, on enquiry, proved to be Mr. Lockhart Gordon; upon which the officers told him they had a warrant against him. His pistols were then taken from him, and he was secured; they both proved to be loaded with balls. It appeared that Mr. Gordon had been to Mrs. Lee's house about eleven o'clock at night in a hackney-coach, and having gained admittance into the passage, told the servants he was come for Mrs. Lee's clothes; but observing a strange man in company with the footman, enquired if he was a peace-officer, and was retiring, when the footman slipped out of the house, and procured the assistance of two watchmen; and just as the coach was driving from the door, with Mr. Gordon in it, they returned, and one of the

watchmen striking the near horse a violent blow on the head with his staff, stopped the coach, when Mr. Gordon jumped out, and presenting two pistols, swore he would shoot any man who attempted to take him, and ran away towards Curzon-street, Piccadilly.

On Tuesday morning he was brought to Bow-street, and underwent a long examination before Nicholas Bond, Esq. and Sir Wm. Parsons, when the above circumstances were fully established by the servants, and several other witnesses. By the statutes, the 3d of Henry the VIIIth, and 39th Elizabeth, it is made felony, without benefit of clergy, to take any woman forcibly away, with intention to possess her property, marry her without her consent, or to defile her person. Mr. Parkin therefore contended, that it was fair to presume the offence in question came within the meaning of those statutes, and in this opinion Mr. Bond and the other magistrates concurred. The prisoner, on being apprised of the situation in which he stood, said, he was very willing the law should take its course, and that he should readily meet any prosecution on that ground. He was committed for further examination.

Mrs. Lee, we understand, is possessed of considerable property in her own right; but, from some family disagreement, does not live with her husband. She is a very beautiful and amiable woman, about twenty-seven years of age, and has been acquainted with the prisoner and his brother since they were children; Mrs. L. having been, when a child, under the protection of their mother, who resided at Bath. The prisoner is in deacon's orders, and has a gentleman-like appearance.

The following particulars respecting this very extraordinary affair, have since transpired: Mr. Lauden Gordon, since his arrival in England from the West Indies, about two months ago, has resided near Ranelagh, and a part of the time in the same house with his brother, Mr. Lockhart-Gordon, at Alsop's-buildings, New-road. On Sunday the 15th he was at the latter place, when he informed the lady who keeps the house, that some very particular circumstances obliged him to leave town immediately, and as he was going out to dinner that day, requested she would pack him up some linen and clothes in his trunk, hire a post-chaise for Uxbridge, and come in it the same evening, at seven o'clock, with the trunk, to the corner of Bolton-street, which she accordingly did; and, after waiting a short time, Mr. Lauden Gordon came, and told her to take a coach and go home. Mr. Gordon then returned to Mrs. Lee's house; soon after which she was carried off, and they took the Uxbridge road. On Thursday evening, Miller, a Bow-street officer, accompanied by one of Mrs. Lee's female servants, set off post in quest of the fugitives; and the same evening a letter from Mrs. Lee, directed to her maid, was brought to the house in Bolton-row, by a young man, who said that it came in lost to him in another letter from his mother, who keeps an inn at Tetsworth, in Oxfordshire, and where, it appeared, they had stopped on the Sunday night; but, from their strange behaviour to each other, much astonishment was excited in the minds of those at the inn, especially as the lady remained while her gown and stockings were washed. Mrs. Lee's letter ran nearly thus: "No clothes! no money! death or compliance!" From Tetsworth they proceeded to Gloucester, where they were found on Wednesday afternoon by Miller, who took Mr. Lauden Gordon into custody; and about nine o'clock on Thursday night the parties arrived in town. Mr. Lauden

Gordon was ordered to remain in custody; and Mrs. Lee and her servant went to the house of Mr. Parkin, her attorney, in Great Ormond-street.

Mrs. Lee and the Gordons underwent a long examination on Friday, at Bow-street.

Fanny Antonina Lee, of Belton-street, Piccadilly, stated, that she was the wife of Matthew Lee, Esq.; that she had known Mr. Laudon Gordon from childhood, and having lately had a dream, of wondrous yet intricate import, which she had communicated to him, he had written her a letter, solving the difficulty, and, with his brother Lockhart, dined with her last Sunday. Nothing particular occurred during the repast; but when their meal was concluded, and the glass had made a few circulations, Lockhart pulled out his watch, and exclaimed, "'Tis near seven o'clock! you know the chaise was ordered here by seven!" She instantly demanded "What chaise?" Lockhart replied, "You are going with my brother to-night;" to which she answered, "No. I am not, indeed." Lockhart rejoined, "Laudon has got a present for you." She asked "What present?" Lockhart then pulled out a plain gold ring, such as is usually produced at weddings, and said to his brother, "Here, give it her." They consequently attempted to put it on her finger, which she resisted; but upon Lockhart Gordon drawing out a brace of pistols, she was so terrified, that she fell into a state of insensibility, and does not remember any thing till she found herself forcibly confined in a post-chaise between Lockhart and his brother. The horses and chaise were changed at two stages, and in the dead of the night they reached Tetworth, nine miles on this side of Oxford, where, after knocking up the people of the inn, supper was ordered; after which, Lockhart told her to go to bed, which she complied with; and, in a short time, was followed by Laudon. No personal violence was used: but, from a firm persuasion that her oath would be the consequence of resistance, and not from inclination, she and Laudon Gordon slept in the same bed that night. Next morning at breakfast, Lockhart said, "In my brother, who adores you, you have now a protector for life, and in me you have found the best friend you ever had; one who will never desert you whilst he has a drop of blood in his veins." After breakfast, Lockhart departed for town, and she was prevailed upon to proceed with Laudon to Gloucester.

Margaret Davidson, servant to Mrs. Lee, corroborated the production of the pistols, and the force used in carrying off her mistress, but admitted that twenty minutes passed between the time Mrs. Lee came out, and said to her that the Mr. Gordons were armed with pistols, and was afraid they would take her away, and the time they brought Mrs. Lee out of the dining-room, and took her into the chaise.

Mr. Lockhart Gordon having reproached Mrs. Lee with presenting his brother, whom, he said, she once tenderly loved, she answered, "I am tenderly alive to his situation and yours; and, so far as I have been enabled, have endeavoured to save you both; nor is it the first time that your lives have been in my power."

Mrs. Lee seems to be about 30 years of age; her figure is interesting, and her face handsome. She is a natural daughter of the late Lord Le Despencer. Her mother's name was Dashwood. Lord Le Despencer, on his death bed, bequeathed to Mrs. Lee, then Miss Dashwood, 70,000*l.* to be paid in her own hands

when she came of age. Mrs. Lee was then an infant. The money was placed in the funds to accumulate until the period of her taking possession. When in her fifteenth year she was courted by many young men of fashion, and she was then the belle of Bath, being the toast in every gay party. Among her suitors were, Lord Say and Sele, and a nephew of the Earl of Macclesfield, and she consented to be united to the latter gentleman. An equipage suitable to the lady's fortune was ordered, the wedding clothes were provided, the ring bought, and even the wedding dinner ordered; but the night previous the lady changed her mind, and would not have him. Meeting a short time afterwards Mr. Lee, the elegance of his person, and his gentlemanly manners, made so deep an impression, that she agreed to elope with him for Gretna Green, which plan was carried into execution in a few days, the lady leaving behind her a numerous train of passionate admirers. The marriage with Mr. Lee took place in 1792, and about nine months after the parties were separated, owing, it is said, to use a fashionable phrase, to the *whim* disposition of the lady. On the separation taking place, she relinquished a part of her fortune in favour of her husband.

Lockhart and Lauden Gordon are first and second cousins to the present Earl of Portsmouth.

They are to be tried at the next Oxford assizes.

At the last meeting of the Antiquarian Society, was read a letter of Mr. Jackson, on the ancient Utica, which was next in extent and magnitude to Carthage, and in the same gulph. Here Mr. Jackson visited the subterraneous vaults, in which the ceilings were covered with bats of an enormous size, called by Virgil harpies, which, being disturbed, left their places, and nearly extinguished the flambeaux, and, but for a lantern, the curious visitors might have been lost in the dark. In the same place Mr. Jackson found foxes, burrowing in the underground ruins.

EXTRAORDINARY SAGACITY OF A DOG.—On the 21st ult. at the Public-Office, Worship-street, Wm. Tweed was examined on a charge of felony. The prosecutor, named Scott, said, that the prisoner, who lodged with him, had broke open a box, and stole thereout a quantity of wearing apparel. He was apprehended at the Pitt's Head public-house, in Old-street, by means of a small terrier dog, belonging to Mr. Scott, who flew at him with the greatest fury, which attracted the notice of the landlord. He observed the dress of the prisoner, and that the coat he had on was his brother's, who had been robbed of it. When the prosecutor's brother was sent for, he recognized his coat; and on the prisoner being searched, several duplicates were found on him, descriptive of the other articles which he had stolen. The pawnbrokers not being all present, the prisoner was committed for re-examination.

The cow-pock, it seems, is not a preventive of the plague. Dr. Valli, with a view to ascertain the point, inoculated himself with the plague, after having subjected himself to vaccination; he at length took the plague, but the last accounts from Vienna, state, that he was expected to recover.

Dr. Sacco has produced the cow-pock on most domestic animals, and has had the same success with *equine* as well as *vaccine* matter. He has subjected sheep to the cow-pox, but without acting as a preventive against the *clavellee*. The practice of clavelisation is now rapidly extending in Germany.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.—Sylvester Godlia, one of the persons concerned in the late forgery on the bank of Portugal, and who was sent thither in

custody a few months ago, with Gillington and Fawcett, against whom he was a principal witness, having escaped out of the prison at Lieben, was lately apprehended at Bethnal-Green. He effected his escape by an old nail, which he found in his cell, and a chain, with which he forced up a plank in the floor, and made his way through it to another dungeon, where he found a cutlass, which enabled him to open a door; and, having previously engaged the sentinel placed near the door in his favour, they both went off together. He was seven weeks in making the apparatus in the floor, as he was forced to act with the greatest caution to elude the observations of the guard that brought him his victuals; then putting his cloak over the spot, and sweeping the dungeon himself, having contrived the piece of the plank cut out, to fix in at the time. After his escape, he concealed himself in the house of an English woman, at a place called Bonisieres, and, then went on board the Lord Nelson privateer; and, after cruising about ten days, was cast away at Vigo, in Spain, where he remained eight hours in the sea, by which the cramp taking him, he clung to a piece of wood, and, in that situation, almost senseless, was taken up by a Portuguese vessel, who landed him at Vigo. After undergoing many hardships by land, he got to Bilbao, and thence to England, by a Spanish vessel, bound for Cork, but which, on account of the damage she had sustained at sea, put in at Ilfracombe, Devonshire.

A most simple, accurate, and expeditious method of measuring coals has lately been contrived, and which promises to remove all the objections to which the present mode is liable. By this method every bushel is gauged, the gauge ascertains the legal quantity put into the bushel, and is managed by a sworn labouring coal-meter; by which means the public will be benefited, and more particularly, as it will be impossible for a handful of coals to be spilt after passing through the medium of the bushel. By the old method, it is well known, that the coals are tilted three times previous to their being placed into the waggon, and that in all the several motions, as well as during their conveyance from the barge to the waggon, a quantity is liable to be spilt. By the new mode, the coals are only raised sufficiently to be above the waggon, and are then measured by either one, two, three, or four bushels, which work at the same time, and by a motion at once simple and expeditious. It is said that 200 chaldrons may be measured in the above manner, in the space of ten hours. Such a quantity appears to be incredible; and if the facts are as above stated, the invention must be very important, and prove highly advantageous to the public.

VOLUNTEER RESIGNATIONS.

KING'S BENCH.—*The King v. Dowley*.---Mr. Dowley had been convicted by the magistrates in certain fines, for non-attendance at the meetings of his corps; upon which he brought his case into the Court of King's Bench, which was argued at great length by Mr. Erskine and the Attorney General. Lord Ellenborough stated, that the case appeared to the court to lay in the narrowest compass. They must decide it on the facts which appeared on the face of the conviction, which might or might not apply to cases arising in future. It was unnecessary to go through all the facts stated in the conviction, for they were fresh in the recollection of every body; but from them it appeared that the corps of Southwark Cavalry were formed upon the regulation of the acts of the 34th and 42nd of the king; the rules of the corps were also set forth, but they were totally silent as to the period of service; but by the 42nd of the king, it was enacted, that every volunteer had the power of notifying his intention of discontinuing

his services in the corps; and it proceeded to enact the consequences of such discontinuance, namely, that the person resigning should be liable to serve in the militia, by himself or substitute, if he had been previously balloted, and that he should lose all his exemptions. By this clause of the act, it therefore appeared, that whatever agreement the volunteer made, it was under an implied right of resignation. It was therefore necessary to see if this right was, by any subsequent act, taken away. By the 43rd of the king, commonly called the *Levy en Masse* act, four sorts of volunteers were named, viz. the corps already formed, and those volunteers under the act, and by the fifty third section, the king was empowered to suspend the operation of that act, when the volunteers, already formed, amounted to a certain proportion; but it was to be observed, that nothing was said about the period of service for which they were to serve. It was merely stated, that, if the numbers were kept up to a certain proportion, or that they should agree to serve on certain conditions, that then the act was to be suspended; if not, then the *levy en masse* was to go forward. It was true, that the twenty fourth section speaks of the period of service, but that section was applicable only to volunteers under the act, and was totally silent as to the volunteer corps then already formed. The last act upon the subject, the 43rd of the king, chap. 121, left this point untouched. The act had no retrospective view upon this matter; it enacted that persons should be liable to the fines and regulations of their respective corps, but made no provision as to the point in question. From the consideration, therefore, of the whole of the acts, considering that the power of resignation was expressly recognized by the 43rd of the king, and that that power was no where afterwards expressly taken away, and that the defendant had exercised that power, the court were of opinion that the conviction ought to be quashed.

DOLLARS.---Mr. Bolton, of Birmingham, has engaged to re-stamp several millions of dollars, in the manner of the English silver currency, and in imitation of our own crown pieces, with the difference only that the present edge milling of the dollars is to remain. The experiment has already been successfully tried, and a specimen of this new coin has been presented to his majesty, and received the royal approbation. In this improved state, it is said, the dollars will be issued at their actual value, 4s. 9d. each, and those now in circulation, will be received at the bank at their present price of 5s.

The distribution of the French officers lately arrived in England from St. Domingo, we understand to be as follows:

At Ashbourn, in Derbyshire---Rochambeau, general in chief; Jacques Boye, general of division; Gaston O'Gorman, aid-du-camp and colonel; Antoine Rene, secretary; Jean B. Allegre, interpreter; ----- Eustache, black servant; Albert Violette, servant; Gregoire Guidet, boy; Severe Maynard, aid-du-camp and colonel; Francis Pagutt, general of brigade; P. Couapon, servant.

At Leke, in Staffordshire---Francis Felix, colonel; Charles Le Clerc, captain of engineers; Theodore Renault, inhabitant and planter; Louis Tellier, servant.

At Chesterfield, in Derbyshire---Henry La Poype, aid-du-camp and colonel; Jean La Poype, general of division; Sperat de Veyrier, brigadier general; and five servants.

SUDDEN DEATH.---On Monday morning, Feb. 6th, about nine o'clock, Captain Fitzgerald went to the Northumberland coffee house, where he was well

known, and occasionally lodged, to ask for a bed. On being shewn to his chamber, he desired that he might not be disturbed till six in the evening, stating that he had been up the whole of the preceding night. When the waiter went to call him at the appointed time, he found the captain, though yet warm, to his great astonishment, quite dead. A neighbouring surgeon was instantly sent for by the master of the house, who opened an artery, but without effect. The coroner's jury sat on Tuesday upon the body, at two o'clock, and after a very minute investigation of the circumstances, pronounced a verdict of—Died by the visitation of God. The deceased was a captain of marines, and was known in the fashionable world by the name of fighting Fitzgerald, from the number of duels that he had been concerned in. He had dined on the previous Sunday at the Northumberland coffee house, in company with a friend, in apparent health and spirits, and may be considered a recent instance of the frailty of human nature.

LADY AUGUSTA MURRAY.—The late application of this lady to the court of chancery having excited much curiosity, we are enabled to gratify our readers with the substance of the bill filed on her part. It begins with reciting a deed executed between her and his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

The deed then states that his Royal Highness was married to her ladyship at Rome, according to the ceremonies of the church of England, in April, 1793; and that they were afterwards married in England, in December following, at St. George's, Hanover-square, which last marriage, but not the former, had been declared void. The deed likewise states, that there was issue of the said marriages two children, a son, now near ten years of age, and a daughter; that his Royal Highness felt himself bound in law, conscience, and honour, to consider the said Duchess as his lawful wife; that as he then resided abroad, and his return to England was uncertain, he was desirous of making such a provision for her during his life, as would enable her to support an establishment suited to her rank and dignity, and to maintain and educate their said children; and on those considerations, he, by that deed, granted an annuity of £.4000 to her trustees, to be payable out of any income or pension he then had, or should afterwards have, out of the civil list, or any parliamentary fund, or otherwise; which £.4000 a year, it was thereby directed should be applied for the maintenance of the Duchess, and the maintenance and education of their said two children. The bill then states, that an annuity of £.12,000 had been granted to the Duke of Sussex, by authority of parliament, commencing from the fifth of January, 1802, which annuity Messrs. Coutts had received, under a power of attorney from his Royal Highness, who is now at Lisbon.

The bill next states, that his majesty had, in the year 1795, been graciously pleased to grant an annuity to Messrs. Coutts, but in trust for lady Augusta, of £.1200, subject to taxes and deductions, that reduced it to £.900, which pension she had in 1800 (before the duties' annuity took place) permitted to be made a security for the payment of a rent of £.600 a year, reserved on the lease to his Royal Highness, of a house in Grosvenor-square; the bill then stated, that no part of the annuity of £.4,000 had been paid to the Duchess, or her trustees, and that the pension of £.1,200 a year having been applied in payment of the rent of the said house, and the taxes and assessments. She was not only deprived of all means of subsistence for herself and her children, and their education, but likewise charged with demands from divers tradesmen, to the amount of £.7,000 and upwards, many of whose bills included debts contracted by his

Royal Highness previous to his leaving England, and for which she was threatened with arrests, and that she had been actually arrested at the suit of the proctor, for expences in the suit in Doctors' Commons:—and his Royal Highness being at Lisbon, and out of the jurisdiction of the court. The bill therefore prayed, among other things, that Messrs. Coutts might be restrained from paying the annuity of £.12000 to his Royal Highness, until the annuity of £.4,000 and the arrears were satisfied. The facts stated in this bill were verified upon oath by the Duchess and her trustees. Mr. Coutts, by his answer, admitted the power of attorney, and that he had due notice of the deed, but that he had no money belonging to his Royal Highness in his hands.

The Lord Chancellor ordered an injunction to restrain Mr. Coutts from receiving the Duke's annuity, until further order of the court; but his Lordship observed, as this suit involved matters of considerable importance, he should, in some future stage of the business, desire the assistance of the Master of the Rolls, and Lord Alvanley.

BIRTHS.

Of sons:—the Countess of Banbury; the ladies of General Vallancy, in Dublin; of Colonel Dykes, of the Coldstream Guards; of Major Owen, of the 36th Foot.—Of daughters: the Countess of Dalkeith; Lady T. Vyner, at Gantley; the ladies of the Hon. C. Murray, at Brainslaw-House; of Colonel Mair, at Hilsea.

MARRIED.

At Edinburgh, Lord J. Campbell, to Miss Campbell, of Fairfield. At Berlin, his Royal Highness Prince William, to the Princess of Hesse Homburg. H. M. Mainwaring, Esq. of Peover, Cheshire, to the daughter of Sir R. S. Cotton, of Cumbermore Abbey. E. T. Hussey, Esq. grandson of Lord Walpole, to the eldest daughter of Sir E. Bacon. Major Plunket, to Miss Gunning, the a uthor.

DIED.

At Buxton, the Lady of Sir R. Peele. At Bath, Sir W. Mansel. At Croydon, the Lady of Sir J. Bridges. At Bath, H. Partridge, Esq. The Lady of A. Wedderburne, Esq. of Grosvenor-square. At Edinburgh, J. M'Douall, Esq. brother of the late Earl of Dumfries. Miss Fordyce, niece of the Duchess of Gordon. Aged 80, the Rev. T. Buckeridge, Master of St. John's Hospital. Aged 67, at Stratford, Mrs. A. Richardson, only remaining daughter of the author of *Clarissa*, &c. At his house in Wimpole-street, P. G. Craufurd, Esq. In Upper Grosvenor-street, W. Fellows, Esq. At Thorpe Lee, Surry, Sir E. Blackett, Bart. At Lullingstone Castle, Lady Dyke. In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Lady A. Capel. The Lady of F. Freeling, Esq. of the General Post-Office. The Rev. Dr. Ogle, Dean of Winchester, father to Mrs. Sheridan. At Colchester, Sir W. Gordon, Bart. At Falmouth, A. Todd, Esq. The Duke of Saxe Meiningen, in the 43d year of his age; his Dutchess has been declared Regent. In the Isle of Wight, aged 73, the Right Hon. L. Lord Holmes, of Kilmallack. In Cleveland-row, P. Drummond, Esq. the Banker. In Baker-street, S. D. Bucknall, Esq. Sir F. Sykes, Bart. M. P. for Wallingford. In Saville-row, the Duchess of Ancaster. At Bristol, C. Viscountess Bolingbroke. In Duke-street, the Countess of Talbot. Aged 88, T. Elde, Esq. one of the Register of the Court of Chancery. Lady Warren, widow of Sir George W. in consequence of her cloaths catching fire.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
MARCH, 1804.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. COLLINS, OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ENGRAVED
BY RIDLEY, FROM A FINE PAINTING BY DE WILDE.

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the United Kingdom,

1804.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have obtained a very fine painting of that veteran of the stage and the friend of Garrick, Mr. Jefferson, of Plymouth, which we intend for a future number.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following articles:

Observations on the Newcastle company, by M. J.

The British Patriot, by J. C. S. (*Boston.*)

The Nation's safe, or Britons an Example to the World.

Stanzas commencing thus, "While lofty bards," &c.

The Cornucopia, by a Gentleman Farmer.

We are obliged to our *Norwich* correspondent for his communication.

The commentator on Philoctetes will have the goodness to excuse us a little longer.

The Memoir of Sir James Mackintosh is likewise postponed till next month.

Almeria's story is a sorrowful one, but too tedious, and not well told.

X. X. is desired to accept our acknowledgments for his information.

The remarks of Detector are not admissible.

The same answer is returned to the author of a Letter on Management.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

Page 109, line 5, for "Douce" read "Dance."

Page 128, last line but six, for "Behold by" read "Behold thy."



MR. COLLINS,
in Master Stender

Pub. by Verner & Hood, Paulery, 26. March 1864.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

MARCH, 1804.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. COLLINS.

THOMAS COLLINS, son to the conductor of several respectable theatres in the west of England, viz. *Southampton, Portsmouth, Winchester, Chichester, &c.* was born in the city last mentioned, in the year 1775. His father, unwilling to encourage the inclination he, at a very early period, manifested for the stage, placed him under the tuition of Mr. Brooks, a performer of some eminence on the violin, and leader of the band in the Bath orchestra. This arrangement was but indifferently calculated for the object in view. Like Emery, who was similarly situated, he felt a stronger desire to sing to the fiddle than to play it; and was no sooner released from his apprenticeship, than he made his appearance in his native city, as an actor, in 1793, in *Young Philipot*, in the *Citizen*. He became immediately a favourite in his father's circuit, and filled a very extensive line of comic business. Mr. Sheridan, some time since, had an opportunity of seeing him perform several characters, at the Winchester theatre; and judging very favourably of his talents, offered him a situation at Drury Lane, where he made his appearance, in the month of October, 1802, in the characters of Jabal, in the *Jew*, and Robin Roughhead, in the farce of *Fortune's Frolick*. He was received with uncommon warmth by the audience; and every new character seems to display his talents in a stronger light. Indeed, very few young actors have made so rapid a progress in the good opinion of the public.

ROMAN LETTERS.

LETTER IV.

AUGUSTUS possesses much more policy than his uncle. Caesar was continually reminding the Senate of their nonentity. Augustus, on the other hand, is never weary of expatiating on the virtue and power of the fathers, and the high veneration he entertains for their opinion. Under the semblance of this regard, I find, he disposes the mind of the Senate to whatever he thinks requisite to his pleasure or his interest. Liberty is now the watch-word, but it seems to be little but a gilded slavery; not so cruel as that of Sylla, but certainly more dangerous, as it will most probably last longer. The people are as completely cheated of their liberty as myself, and seem as little willing to be emancipated.

I expressed a strong desire, the other day, to see a portrait of the excellent Octavia: a similarity of dignified sentiment, familiar to Thalia, induced this wish, as I conceived there might be some likeness in person, as well as mind, and I was not disappointed. Titus Marcellus, a brother of my friend, who had been an unsuccessful suitor to Octavia, engaged to shew it me.

She is the image of my Thalia.

She possesses great dignity, blended with a majestic height, and softened by an exquisite symmetry of form: her eyes are shaded by a large circling eye-brow, which gives a decisive character to her face; her nose truly Roman, her lips beautifully pouting, with a fine natural vermilion colour, and her chin rising gracefully from the indented valley under the mouth, and rounding gently toward the neck; her head is without any ornament, her hair combed straight, from the top of the head to the* ear, and from thence curling backward, in ringlets, over the temples.

Perhaps history does not furnish a woman more admirable than Octavia: she was married to Marc Anthony, the man we were so disgusted with at Athens. The loss of her son, Marcellus, has sunk her into a gloomy despondence, which renders her the peculiar care of Augustus, and the admiration of Rome.

* This portrait is drawn from an engraving, by E. Harding, jun. from a gem in the Museum Florentinum.

One day, when Virgil was reading his 6th book to Augustus, in the presence of Octavia; and coming to that exquisite passage,

*Heu miserande puer! Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.*—————

Octavia was so affected that she fainted, and ordered the poet ten sesterces for each line: neither is this to be wondered at; as, independent of the maternal feelings of the mother, the passage itself is so beautiful and affecting, as must touch the heart of any one possessing the smallest sensibility.

You will be afflicted when I tell you, that philosophy, in this city, is in the lowest state: every one professes himself a philosopher; and what is very accommodating, every one finds a philosophy best suited to his propensities. Epicurus, the exquisite moral philosopher, is here regarded as a sensualist; and Socrates, the wise and the good, is by some esteemed a buffoon, because of his cheerful and lively sallies. How fatal to the interest of society is the idea, that a man of abilities can not be cheerful! To shew you how little action is blended with theory, I will give you an anecdote of Q. Sulpitius: by some accident or other he crowded himself into my house with J. Flaminius, a young nobleman, with whom I have formed an acquaintance: the conversation turned upon cruelty to animals. It was then I discovered him to be of the Pythagorean doctrine. He told us, that he had ordered his slave two hundred lashes that morning, for killing and eating a pheasant. "Such deviations from moral rectitude," said he, "inspire me with horror; particularly when I reflect, that the very pheasant, thus devoured, might contain the soul of a man, who has rendered some important service to his country. We ought, therefore, to be particularly cautious how we sport with the feelings of animals: for my own part, such an abhorrence have I to the encouragement of any thing which tends to inflict pain upon others, that I always dine upon roots and vegetables."

I had not time to make many observations upon his argument, as Flaminius rose to depart: as he moved towards the door, he said, loud enough to be heard by Sulpitius, "Sulpitius, Sylla's associate."

In our walk towards the house of Flaminius, which stands upon an eminence commanding a distinct view of the city, we had to pass immediately through the Forum. The crowd were rather tumult-

tuons, and we stopt till the noise should have a little subsided; as we were conversing, I remarked a man fixing his eye with the most particular, and indeed impertinent attention upon my face, appearing to observe every curve and line in it.—I desired Flaminius to remark him. “It is Zephyrus,” said he, “the physiognomist;” he knows every character in Rome by his countenance; he has made the observance of the human face his most particular study; and from long attention, he knows the virtues and vices of each individual by a mere cursory survey—he seems to have eyed you with remarkable earnestness; and to convince you of his abilities, I will step up to him, and request to know the result of his attention; you will then be a judge of the extent of his powers—”

Before I could put my *vetó* to this proposition, he had passed over to the other side of the street. Aristotle was the first that wrote upon this subject; and, I recollect that Pythagoras used to physiognomize his scholars before he admitted them.† I must confess I felt so much regard for myself as to be anxious to know the outlines of my own character. When Flaminius returned, he smiled and said, (but before I tell you what he did say, you must form the friendly resolution to excuse the vanity of repeating it) “You have more virtues than vices,” said he, “I went up to him and said, that is Aristides of Athens—What is his character? I have a particular wish to be informed of it.”—“I have observed him with attention,” replied Zephyrus. “You say his name is Aristides, and that he is from Athens—if he is not allied to Aristides the Just in consanguinity, he certainly is in sentiment; his soul is as elevated as his carriage is dignified; he is mild, yet resolute; possessing a suavity of manner, with a firm energy of action, and formed to do honour to the republic of which he is a member.”—“Cease,” said I to Flaminius, “I do not know myself; he has spent much time to little purpose—let us proceed.”

Adieu,

The vanity of which I have been guilty leads me to reflect on that of the Romans, and which shall be made one of the subjects of my next letter.

M.

* Cicero *de fato*, (5).

† Aulus Gellius, b. 1. c. 9.

IMPROVEMENTS MUCH WANTED IN THE METROPOLIS.

Being a few useful Hints to such Gentlemen as walk the Streets, frequent the Theatres, or go to Coffee-Houses.

Such gentlemen as carry small canes, ought to put them in an horizontal position, under their right arm, taking especial care that the ferule end, which must be carried behind them, be sufficiently dirty. This, with a jerk in the gait, and a frequent whisk, as if to look about them, will prevent the crowd of busy troublesome people, who infest the public streets, from pressing too close.

If a short man carries an umbrella, let him lift it no higher than the eyes of the over-grown monsters who are frequently walking the streets. By this means, he will prevent their coming so near as to splash him; at least, if they do, it will be at the hazard of their eyes.

Such gentlemen as write their letters in coffee-houses, should endeavour to get two or three of the newspapers of the day, to put under their paper; this will prevent the table soiling their letter or their ruffle; and as to the impatience of those who wait for them—that is not the business of a gentleman to inquire about.

If you see the coffee-rooms crowded, endeavour to fix yourself at the corner of a table, in such a manner, that you prevent any one passing you to get seated in any other part of the bench; or, if that cannot conveniently be done, put one or both of your legs at full length upon the seat, lean back and whistle, or pick your teeth. This will show your consequence.

If you walk the streets, always wear boots and spurs; I say *spurs*, because it is three to one but they catch the apron or petticoat of any woman who is passing you; and if she is young and handsome, you may make a low bow, and ask her pardon in a graceful *degagé* way, and by this means form an agreeable connexion. The same rule will hold good when you go to the play-house; besides, if your boots are sufficiently dirty, you prevent people incommoding you by pressing too close.

Whenever you call a hackney-coach, take care the fellow stops his horses in such a manner as to intersect a crossing. This will naturally occasion a number of people to stop, and give you an opportunity of showing your person and your importance at the same time.

GREEK RELIGION.

ST. PAUL visited Athens, and the other states of Greece, to preach Christianity, and notwithstanding all the anathemas the Pope has denounced against the Greeks, there is, in fact, but little difference between their religion, and that of the Roman Catholics. They equally make use of the sign of the cross; worship images; pray to the saints; have confessors; and believe in transubstantiation, although they do not kneel at the elevation of the host. If they deny the doctrine of purgatory, they admit something very like it, in praying for the souls of the dead. Their bishops and superior clergy are never permitted to marry, but a simple priest is allowed that indulgence once in his life, though he can never take a second wife. They acknowledge the Pope to be the chief of the Patriarchs, but deny his having the power of granting indulgences; and this was his holiness's first reason for accusing them of schism.

It is true, there is another grand point in which they dissent, both from the Roman Catholics and the Protestants; in the article of the Holy Ghost, which they say can proceed from the Father only. There are some less essential differences, such as their using leavened bread in the consecration of the sacrament, and mixing the bread and wine together. And they also differ in the ceremonies of baptism, marriage, and burial. In the first, they give three complete immersions. The second is performed by the priest's changing the ring from the bride's to the bridegroom's finger, saying a few words, and then from the bridegroom's to the bride's. He repeats this ceremony about thirty times, without any alteration, and when he desists, it is again as often performed by each of the godfathers and godmothers. Their funerals are like those of the savages—howling and making hideous cries till the corpse is interred, and then feasting over the grave.

The Patriarch of Constantinople is the head of the Greek Church, and has under him the Patriarchs of Jerusalem, Damascus, and Alexandria. St. Polycarp is their favourite saint. He was one of St. John's disciples, and suffered martyrdom at Smyrna, of which he was the first archbishop.

CHALMERS AND JUNIUS.

Πᾶσιν τοι κίνδυνος ἐφ' ἔργμασιν· οὐδέ τις οἶδε
 ἵποιχῆσθιν μελλεῖ πρηγματος ἀρχομένου.
 Ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν εὐδοκιμεῖν πειρώμενος οὐ προνοήσας,
 Ἔισ μεγάλην ἄτην καὶ χαλέων ἑσσεε'

Θεογνίδος γινῶμαι.

Inter poetas minores.

SIR,

GEORGE CHALMERS, Esq. in the preface to his "Political Annals of the Colonies," informs his readers, that his "understanding, like that of other men, is *not only fallible, but liable to mistake.*" This, Sir, I do verily believe; and I do further believe, that the said George Chalmers never was more egregiously mistaken, than in thinking himself qualified to criticise upon such a work as "Junius's Letters." With regard to the political sentiments of Junius, I have nothing to say, but his style is far above the attacks of Mr. Chalmers, as the passage above quoted, from that gentleman's preface to his Annals, would of itself be sufficient to shew.

Your correspondent, "Vindex," blames Mr. Chalmers for censuring Junius's use of an indicative mood following "if," under circumstances, which, as "Vindex" thinks, justify Junius. But what can Mr. Chalmers say to his own use of "if," with an indicative mood, in the following passage.—"If part of the capital, which had been usefully employed in husbandry, is withdrawn, in order to cultivate the cane and the coffee of the West-Indies, our domestic agriculture *must* necessarily suffer in the exact proportion to the sum taken away: *if* the business of ship-building is no longer carried on near the banks of our rivers, but on those of our colonies, *that* important manufacture *can* be no longer considered as a national one. *If* a portion of the capitals, which had been engaged in transacting our commerce with our European correspondents, is diverted to the plantations, our European traffic *must* necessarily languish; it *must* decline in the exact proportion to the amount of the stock withdrawn."

Take a few more specimens.

"On the authenticity of the facts, the public *may* safely rely,

U—VOL. XVII.

because the author *used* every endeavour to establish their accuracy, because they who doubt may examine the authorities which are exactly cited to encourage inquiry."—A masterly sentence throughout!!!

"Neither party was gratified, because the hopes of both were as usual disappointed," i. e. neither party was pleased, because both parties were displeased.

"Having sat three weeks without either passing laws, or granting money for the uses of the state, he *dissolved* them, never reflecting, that though such a measure *may* shew resentment, it *can* never be attended, during times of high passion, with any salutary effect."

"It may be doubted, whether his piddling husbandry of petty farms, which has been ostentatiously praised by Dr. Price, can produce a sufficiency of food for a manufacturing country, or even prevent the *too frequent* returns of famine."

How often should famines return?

"Agriculture must be practised as a trade before it can supply superabundance. Certain it is, however, that, till the reign of Henry VIII. we had in England no carrots, turnips, cabbages, or sallads, and few of the fruits which now ornament our gardens, or *exhilarate* our tables."—This is *piddling* indeed!!!

You, I am afraid, Mr. Editor, are tired of reading, and I am nearly sick of writing; but I cannot help adding one short sentence more, as it gives us some insight into Mr. Chalmers's ideas concerning composition.—"I was studious not to multiply words, because I knew that brevity was always vivacious, that vivacity often covereth a multitude of faults." Poor Junius, that thou hadst not vivacity enough to screen thee from Mr. Chalmers's *leaden mace*!

Such, Sir, is the critic who thus fiercely attacks the "*Letters of Junius*," against which he has shot his "*telum imbellè et sine ictu*," and against which he may for ever shoot, but in vain; and which, by those who are capable of understanding them, will ever be considered, in point of style, as truly an "*opus aureum*."

I am,

Your constant reader,

And obliged humble servant,

Stamford.

E. A. P.

IMPORTANT MEDICAL COMMUNICATION
ON
THE DISEASE OF SCOLDING.

FROM the days of the Spectator to the present time, periodical writers have indulged in invectives against scolding, from an evident misconception of the true nature, principles, and practice of scolding. Nay, our ancestors were more to blame, because they went farther, and, considering scolding as a crime, invented a punishment for it. Much light has never been thrown upon the subject; but, as I have made it my particular study for the last five-and-thirty years, that is, ever since I entered into the happy state of matrimony, I hope I shall have it in my power to dispel the darkness of ignorant and persecuting times, and contribute something to eradicate those unreasonable prejudices, which many gentlemen of our own days entertain against scolding.

The theory of scolding has been grossly mistaken. That which is a disease has been considered as a fault; whereas, in fact, scolding is a disease, principally of the lungs; and when the noxious matter has been long pent up, it affects the organs of speech in a very extraordinary manner, and is discharged with a violence which, while it relieves the patients, tends very much to disturb and frighten the beholders, or persons that happen to be within hearing.

Such is my theory of scolding; and if we examine all the appearances which it presents, in different families, we shall find that they will all confirm this doctrine. It is, therefore, the greatest cruelty, and the greatest ignorance, to consider it as a crime. A person may as well be confined in jail for a fever, or transported for the gout, as punished for scolding, which is, to all intents and purposes, a disease arising from the causes already mentioned.

Nor is it only a disease of itself, but it is also, when improperly treated, the cause of many other disorders. Neglected scoldings have often produced fits, of which a remarkable instance may be found in a treatise written by Dr. Colman, entitled, *The Jealous Wife*, in the fourth chapter, or act, as he calls it, of that celebrated work. On the other hand, where the scolding matter has been long pent up, without any vent, I have little doubt that it may bring on consumptions of the lungs, and those dreadful hysterical disorders which, if not speedily fatal, at least embitter the lives of

many worthy members of society. All these evils might have been averted, if the faculty had considered scolding in the light of a disease, and had treated it accordingly. In pursuance of my theory, I now proceed to the

SYMPTOMS.

The symptoms of scolding are these; a quick pulse, generally about one hundred beats in a minute; the eyes considerably inflamed, especially in persons who are fat, or reside near Wapping; a flushing in the face, very often to a great degree; at other times, in the course of the fit, the colour goes and comes in a most surprising manner; an irregular, but violent motion of the hands and arms, and a stamping with the right foot; the voice exceedingly loud, and, as the disorder advances, it becomes hoarse and inarticulate; and the whole frame is agitated. After these symptoms have continued for some time, they gradually, and in some cases very suddenly, go off; a plentiful effusion of water comes from the eyes, and the patient is restored to health; but the disorder leaves a considerable degree of weakness, and a peculiar foolishness of look, especially if any strangers have been present during the fit. The memory too, is, I conceive, somewhat impaired; the patient appears to retain a very imperfect recollection of what passed, and if put in mind of any circumstances, obstinately denies them. These symptoms, it may be supposed, will vary considerably, in different patients, but where they appear at one time, there can be very little doubt of the disorder.

PREDISPOSING CAUSES.

In all diseases, a knowledge of the predisposing causes will be found to assist us in the cure. In the present case, these causes are, irritability of the vascular system, an exaltation of the passions, and a moderate deficiency of natural temper.

OCCASIONAL CAUSES.

The occasional causes of scolding are many. Among them may be enumerated, the throwing down of a china bason, misplacing a hat, or a pair of gloves, or an umbrella; leaving a door open; over-doing the meat; under-doing the same; spilling the soup; letting the fire go out; mistaking the hour, &c. &c. with many others, which I do not think it very necessary to enumerate, because these causes are so natural, that we cannot prevent them, and because, whatever the occasional cause of the disorder may be, the symptoms are the same, and the mode of cure the same.

CURE.

Various remedies have been thought of for this distemper, but all, hitherto, of the rough and violent kind, which, therefore, if they remove the symptoms for the present, leave a greater disposition toward the disorder than before. Among these the common people frequently prescribe the application of an oak stick, a horse-whip, or a leather strap or belt, which, however, are all liable to the objection I have just stated. Others have recommended *argumentation*; but this, like inoculation, will not produce the desired effect, unless the patient be, in some degree, prepared to receive it. Some have advised a perfect silence in all persons who are near the patient; but I must say, that wherever I have seen this tried, it has rather heightened the disorder, by bringing on fits. The same thing may be said of *obedience*, or letting the patient have her own way. This is precisely like giving drink in a dropsical case, or curing a burning fever by throwing in great quantities of brandy.

As the chief intention of this paper was, to prove that scolding is a disease, and not a fault, I shall not enlarge much on the mode of cure; because, the moment my theory is adopted, every person will be able to treat the disorder *secundum artem*. I shall mention, however, the following prescription, which I never found to fail, if properly administered:

Take—Of *Common Sense*, thirty grains,
Decent Behaviour, one scruple,
Due Consideration, ten grains.

Mix, and sprinkle the whole with *one moment's thought*, to be taken as soon as any of the occasional causes appear.

By way of diet, though it is not necessary to restrict the patient to a milk or vegetable diet, yet I have always found it proper to guard them against strong or spirituous liquors, or any thing that tends to heat the blood.

But it is now expedient that I should state a matter of very great importance in the prevention of this disorder, and which I have left till now, that my arguments on the subject may appear distinct, and may be comprehended under one view. It is commonly supposed, and, indeed, has often been asserted, that this disorder is peculiar to one only of the sexes; and, I trust, I need not add, what sex that is. But although it may be true that they are most liable to it, yet it is certain, from the theory laid down respecting the pre-disposing causes, that the men are equally in danger. Why then do we not

And as many males afflicted with scolding as we do females? For this plain reason;—scolding, as proved above, is the effect of a certain noxious matter pent up. Now this matter engenders in men, as well as in women; but the latter have not the frequent opportunities for discharging it, which the men enjoy. Women are, by fashion and certain confined modes of life, restrained from all those public companies, clubs, assemblies, coffee-houses, &c. &c. where the men have a continual opportunity of discharging the cause of the disorder, without its ever accumulating in so great a quantity as to produce the symptoms I have enumerated. This, and this only, is the cause why the disease appears most often in the female sex. I would propose, therefore, if I were a legislator, or if I had influence enough to set a fashion, that the ladies should, in all respects, imitate the societies of the men; that they should have their clubs, their coffee-houses, disputing societies, and even their parliament. In such places, they would be able to take that species of exercise that tends to keep down the disorder, which at present accumulates in confinement, and, when nature attempts a discharge, the explosion is attended with all the violence and irregularities I have before enumerated.

Thus much I have ventured to advance respecting scolding, and I hope that I shall succeed in abating the unreasonable prejudices which have been fostered by an affected superiority in our sex, joined to a portion of ignorance, which, to say the least, renders that superiority a matter of great doubt. I have only to add, that my motives for all this have been perfectly disinterested, and that I shall be very happy to give advice to any person labouring under the disorder. Letters (post paid) may be addressed to

CELSUS BOERHAAVE, M. D.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

ST. PAUL'S DAY.

If St. Paul's day happen to be unclouded, and without rain, it is looked upon as an omen of the following year's success; if otherwise, that the year will be unfortunate. Thus the old verse,

*Clara dies Pauli, bona tempora denotat anni;
Si fuerint venti, denarrant prœlia genti,
Si nix aut pluvie, pereunt animalia quœque.*

The interpretation of which is very well known to be this :

If St. Paul's day be fair and clear,
It doth betide a happy year;
If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars will trouble our realm full oft.
And if chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all sorts of grain.

ST. SWITHIN.

SWITHIN, a holy bishop of Winchester, about the year 860, and called the weeping St. Swithin, for that about his feast, Præsepe and Aselli, rainy constellations arise cosmically, and commonly cause rain.—Blount in Verbo.

ACHS AND CORNS.

THERE is nothing superstitious in the prognostications of weather, from *achs* and *corns*. *Achs* and *corns*, says the great philosopher, Bacon, do *engrieve* (i. e. *afflict*) either towards *rain* or *frost*. The *one* makes the *humburs* to *abound more*, and the other makes the *sharper*.

HOUSE-LEEK.

It is common, in the north of England, to plant the herb *house-leek*, upon the tops of cottage houses. The learned author of the vulgar errors, informs us, that it was an ancient superstition, and this herb was planted on the tops of houses as a defensative against lightning and thunder.

Quincunx 126.

HIGHLANDER.

A HIGHLANDER, says Mr. Pennant, never begins any thing of consequence on the *day* of the *week*, on which the *third* of *May* falls, which he calls the *dismal day*.

WEATHER-COCKS.

VANES, on the tops of steeples, were anciently in the form of a cock, (called from hence, *weather-cocks*) and put up in papal times to remind the clergy of *watchfulness*. In summitate Crucis, quæ Campanario vulgo imponitur, Galli Gallinacea effingi solet *Figura*, quæ Ecclesiarum Rectores Vigilantiæ admonet."

Du Cange. Gloss.

SWALLOWS.

It is accounted unlucky to destroy *swallows*:—This is probably a Pagan relique. We read, in *Ælian*, that these birds were sacred

to the *Fenates*, or household gods of the ancients, and therefore were preserved. They were honoured anciently as the *nuncios* of the spring. The Rhodians are said to have had a solemn anniversary song, to welcome in the swallow. Anacreon addressed his tenth ode to this bird, and the following is an elegant translation of it by Mr. Thomas Moore, from whom we soon expect to see a work called the "Philosophy of Pleasure," which we are pleased and proud to say, having read a part, will entitle him to the appellation of the English Anacreon.

ODE.

Tell me how to punish thee,
For the mischief done to me?
Silly swallow ! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
*Or, as Tereus did of old,
(So the fabled tale is told)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay ?
How unthinking hast thou been !
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumber'd in a dream,
(Love was the delicious theme !)
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah ! thy matin broke my rest !

ROBIN REDBREASTS.

Mr. ADDISON supposes the popular ballad of the *Bubes in the Wood* to have preserved the lives of many *Robin Redbreasts*. The subsequent stanza places them in a very favourable point of view :

" No burial this pretty pair,
" Of any man receives,
" 'Till Robin-redbreast, painfully,
" Did cover them with leaves."

Vide Percy's Collect. Ballads.

SPITTING.

Spitting, according to Pliny, was superstitiously observed in averting witchcraft, and in giving a shrewder blow to an enemy. Hence seems to be derived the custom our *bruisers* have, of spitting in their hands, before they begin their unmanly barbarity. Several other vestiges of the superstition relative to *fasting spittle*, (*Fasci-*

* Or as Tereus did of old, &c. Modern poetry has confirmed the name of Philomel upon the nightingale, but many very respectable ancients assigned this metamorphose to Progne, and made Philomel the swallow, as Anacreon does here.

nationes *saliva jejuna* repelle, veteri superstitione creditum est. Alex., ab Alex.) mentioned also in Pliny, may yet be traced among our vulgar. Boys have a custom (inter se) of *spitting* their faith, when required to make asseverations in a matter of consequence. In combinations of the *colliers*, &c. in the North, for the purpose of raising their wages, they are said to *spit upon a stone together*, by way of cementing their *confederacy*. We have too a kind of popular saying, when persons are of the same party, or agree in sentiments, "*they spit upon the same stone.*"

CHECQUERS.

THE chequers, some ages back, a common sign of a public-house, was originally intended for a kind of *draught board*, called tables, and shewed that there that game might be played. From their colour, which was red, and the similarity to a *lattice*, it was corruptly called the *Red Lattice*, which word is frequently used by ancient writers to signify an ale-house.

ON GRAMMAR, AND LANGUAGES.

THERE are some circumstances relating to the structure and analogy of languages, that seem inexplicable.

That the Greek and Latin should have their nouns and pronouns so alike in inflection, as to seem only dialects of the same language, and yet be, in every other respect, so widely, I may say, radically different, notwithstanding the small catalogue of similar words produced by pressing the digamma into the service.

In languages that have the same origin, but differ afterwards from extraneous circumstances, common words, such as sun, moon, heat, cold, will be nearly the same. In languages of distinct origin, but which afterwards become connected, common words expressing natural objects are different, while the artificial terms resemble each other. In which respect the two learned languages agree,* I leave to the judgment of the unprejudiced. The English resembles the northern languages in the first respect, and the Greek as well as the Latin, and its modern dialects, in the last. It is very remarkable,

* Most of the common words which are made to resemble each other by the aid of the digamma, as *ὄλιος*, vicus, *ὄλιος*, vinum, are in fact artificial words; *εὐλήνη* and luna, *ἀνὴρ* and vir, *γυνή* and mulier, seem radically different.

that the English and modern Greek should be alike in the peculiar circumstance of using the verb I WILL, *Θέλω*, as an auxiliary to express the future tense.*

That the Welch should resemble the Oriental languages, in having no present tense, and making the preterite the root of the verb.

That the Italian verb substantive, contrary to all analogy, should be conjugated by itself. *Sono stato*, not *ho stato*.†

That there should be, at this time, three different languages spoken in this island, English,‡ Welch, and Erse; and that the islands of Otaheite and New Zealand should have one common language, with a small variation of dialect only, though from their distance there seems to be no possible mode of communication.

As there is no distinction in the cases of nouns, either in English or in French, Italian and Spanish, it seems very absurd to mention them at all in the grammars of those languages. To an Englishman, who has never learned Latin, the nominatives and genitive case must be unintelligible; and the English classical scholar will surely not have so far forgotten the idiom of his mother tongue, as not to com-

* Might not one be tempted to deduce this corruption of the Greek verb, from the conversation of the Greeks of Constantinople with the Barangi, a body of English troops, who formed the emperor's life-guard; and whose attachment to their native language is confirmed by a quotation from Cedrenus, in Mr. Gibbon's History.

Πολυχρονίζουσι οἱ Βάρανγες κατὰ τῶν πατρῶν γλώσσων, ἢ τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς).

† The fact is, in the Italian, like its mother the Latin, the verb substantive has no participle; and when it adopted the form of the northern conjugations, it was forced to borrow a particle from the verb *sto*, and *sono stato* literally means, I AM PLACED. In Spanish, both the verbs *ser* and *estar* are considered as auxiliary, and the grammarians make this distinction between them; *ser* signifies simply, essence; *estar*, position. For instance, '*ser* quatro leguas de Londra,' would not signify to be four leagues distant from London, but to be the substance of those four leagues. The proper word is *estar*.

‡ Though the English translator of Mallet's Northern Antiquities says, the Welch and the Erse are the genuine daughters of the Celtic; yet, in the specimens he produces of each, we cannot trace the smallest resemblance.

§ By the way, the nominative case, like the positive degree, is a bull, and reminds one of the divine, who, preaching on the text, 'Sun, stand thou still,' opened his sermon by stating that there were three kinds of motion; the motion progressive, the motion retrograde, and the motion mentioned in the text.

prehend his French or Italian master, when he tells him that nouns, in those languages, as in his own, have no inflexion, but the whole business is managed by prepositions and articles. To an ancient Roman, or a modern German, the mention of cases might be necessary.

Though the English, in general, devote more of their time to the study of Latin than any people in Europe, they are the only people in Europe who never speak it; and the reason is obvious. The youth educated in our great public schools, are obliged to imitate the best models of antiquity so scrupulously in their compositions, and would so certainly be punished by their masters, as well as ridiculed by their school-fellows, either for using a barbarism or a false quantity; that they never can attain the facility of composition necessary for common conversation, since an error in either might procure the delinquent both a flogging, and a nickname for life. This must render the speaking Latin among us impossible, as we are not near so fastidious as to our own language; for the most accurate speakers of English will sometimes offend against the strict rules of Grammar.

I was once told a remarkable instance of the severity of a country school-master on this account. A passage from a Greek author was cited. The master asked his pupils to tell him whence it was taken. All were silent but one, who answered Herodotus. The boy was right; but the master gave him a blow for his erroneous pronunciation.

When I was at Oxford, I remember a dispute about the quantity of the penult of Granicus, which produced a bett. It was referred to the three best scholars of the college, who unanimously decided for Granicus. The loser then produced a verse in Ovid, and another in Homer*, the only ancient poets in which it is found, where it is clearly Granicus. What was singular in the case, though the umpires themselves immediately bowed to this authority, it was determined that the person who was right had lost the bett, as he was condemned by those persons to whom he had appealed; and it was too late to alter their sentence after it was given.

As we are very fond of abusing ourselves, it is a common thing to talk of the great sibilation of the English language. But is the

* Γράνικος τε, καὶ Αἰώνιος, διδὸς τε Στάμινδος.

HOMER.

— Granico nata bicorni.

OVID.

Latin freer from it? We could find few instances of it among our own poets, equal to these lines of Horace, where the *s* occurs in nine subsequent words, and twice in one word besides.

‘Dum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
 ‘Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
 ‘Legibus emendes.’

Indeed it cannot be otherwise, if we recollect how much the inflexion of both nouns and verbs in Latin, depends on this letter.

MILTON'S IL PENSEROSO.

THE following lines, first published in 1647, have some *intrinsic* merit; but if they were, as a learned commentator suggests, the occasion of the *Il Penseroso* of Milton, as “being the *plan*, which is there drawn out into larger dimensions,” they have a merit beyond their own, in the opinion of every lover of English poetry.

Hence, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights,
 Wherein you spend your folly;
 There's nought in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see't,
 But only melancholy;
 Oh! sweetest melancholy!
 Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
 A sigh, that piercing, mortifies;
 A look that's fastened to the ground;
 A tongue chained up—without a sound.
 Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves;
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls,
 Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls,
 A midnight bell—a parting groan,
 These are the sounds we feed upon.
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley.
 Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely melancholy.

Q. Z.

SAGACITY OF BRUTES.

[Continued from page 88.]

MAN is supposed to have been originally indebted, for several leading hints in points of considerable usefulness and importance, to the birds of the air, and to the beasts of the field. Nor is it beneath the dignity of human rank, to derive instruction from nature, under whatever mode, or form, her exertions may appear. Unerring authority bids us, on some occasions, learn of insects themselves: Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.

It seems extremely probable, for instance, that spiders and silk worms gave the primitive house-wives a notion of spinning. That birds and fishes suggested the practicability of sailing, in vessels constructed similarly to the shape of those animals. And that the hippopotamus*, or river-horse (which, when overcharged with too great a quantity of blood, strikes himself against the point of a sharp reed, until he has bled sufficiently, and then rolls in a particular kind of mud, until the bleeding is stanch'd), supplied the ancients with the original idea of phlebotomy. One of our best † cosmographers observes, that the cynocephalus, a species of monkey very common in Africa, is said to have furnished the first hint of dividing the day and night into twenty-four hours; this creature having been observed to make water, with a mechanical exactness, twenty-four times regularly, and at equal intervals, in the course of a day and night, when the sun is in the equinox.

A goat is by no means considered as an animal of bright intellects. And yet some things are related of him, which indicate no small share of rationality. Luther's story is well known: who relates, that two goats, meeting on a narrow plank over a deep river, it being impossible for them to pass a-breast, one of them very prudently couched: that so, the other walking over him, neither of them might be in danger of falling into the stream.

If a goat knows how to conduct himself with prudence, when cases of difficulty and danger call for the exercise of that talent; he can also prove himself no contemptible adept in the art of war, when either his own safety, or that of his family and friends, requires him to repel force by force. An instance of this occurs,

* See Chambers's Dictionary, on the word bleeding.

† Complete System of Geography, vol. ii. p. 385.

in the narrative of Lord Anson's Voyage*; nor can I better express it, than in the words of that authentic and well-written performance: premising, only, that the theatre of the following unsuccessful invasion was the island of Juan Fernandez, in Spanish West India. "We once had an opportunity of observing a remarkable dispute betwixt an herd of these animals [i. e. of goats], and a number of dogs. For, going in our boat into the eastern bay, we perceived some dogs running very eagerly upon the foot; and, being willing to discover what game they were after, we lay upon our ears some time to view them, and at last saw them take to an hill; where, looking a little further, we observed, upon the ridge of it, an herd of goats, which seemed drawn up for their reception. There was a very narrow path, skirted on each side by precipices, on which the master of the herd posted himself, fronting the enemy: the rest of the goats being all behind him, where the ground was more open. As this spot was inaccessible by any other path, excepting where this champion had placed himself, the dogs, though they ran up-hill with great alacrity, yet, when they came within about twenty yards of him, they found they dared not encounter with him (for he would infallibly have driven them down the precipice): but gave over the chase, and quietly laid themselves down, panting at a great rate." Could any commanding officer on the face of the globe have displayed more military skill, in taking all possible advantage of his ground; and more resolute prowess, in maintaining it, than this Leonidas of the herd? And, on the other hand, were not the invaders equally judicious, in sounding a timely retreat, and in not attempting to storm a fortress, which both the nature of the place, and the discreet valour of the defendants concurred to render impregnable? It is no impeachment of courage, but an argument of superior wisdom, to desist, in due season, from designs that are found to be impracticable.

Plutarch, that nice observer of nature, in his entertaining dialogues concerning the different wisdom of aqueous and of land animals, adduces many pertinent examples, strongly tending to corroborate his hypothesis, that an inward intelligent principle of action is by no means the exclusive prerogative of men. I shall, here, select some of the most striking instances he brings; not marshalling them, according to the exact routine of methodical arrangement, but introducing them, for the most part, just as they occur in the disquisitions of the Greek philosopher.

* See that work, p. 121, 122. Quarto edit.

1. The cock-pigeon may stand as a pattern to husbands, of a far more exalted species. This amiable bird does, in his way, give honour and assistance to his wife, as to the more elegant and more tender vessel. During the session of the hen upon her eggs, he has no objection to alleviating the rigours of her confinement, by kindly brooding on the nest, in her stead, as often as want of exercise, or of refreshment, inclines her to fly abroad. Nor will he quit his trust, until his mate's return: when he recommitments the future family to her patient and affectionate care. After the young are hatched, he is very diligent in providing for his household. While the female keeps guard at home, he goes to market, or, if you please, sallies out in search of forage: which he distributes, with much impartiality and discretion, among his hungry offspring. Sometimes, the business of seeking provision devolves, by mutual consent, on the hen: in which case, if she happen to tarry out, longer than necessity seems to require, the male bird will go in quest of her; and express his displeasure by a significant chattering, and by mildly chastizing her with his bill. As much as to say: I know how to temper my tenderness, with a few grains of gentle authority. Why art thou thus gadding about, and carelessly taking your pleasure, when you ought to be thinking on household affairs, and to be collecting a breakfast, or dinner, for the little folks at home? The female generally takes these conjugal expostulations very patiently: and, after softly chattering, for a moment or two, in her own vindication, either pursues the business for which she set out; or flies back to the nest, if her husband chuse to take the office of caterer on himself. When they meet a few minutes after, they salute as affectionately as ever, and all their petty differences are forgot.

2. The swallow is an excellent house-wife, and has an high sense of cleanliness and decency. Hence, as her modest ambition aspires but to one apartment, which serves her

For chamber, and parlour, and kitchen, and hall;

she is very solicitous to preserve it extremely neat and unsullied. She therefore teaches her offspring so to arrange themselves, at certain times, as that every thing indelicate may fall over the outside of the nest, without any annoyance to the purity of the common habitation. The care she takes of her house, is the less to be wondered at, when we remember she was at the pains of building it herself. And her skill, as an architect, is admirable. Aware how much depends on laying a solid foundation, she places

the larger and stronger stubble at the bottom of the intended edifice; and disposes the slenderer and slighter materials upon that. The interstices are plastered up with mud: which, when hardened by the air and sun, is quite inoffensive to any of the senses, and answers every purpose of comfortable warmth. If the season proves so dry, that ready-prepared mud cannot be obtained; she remedies this inconvenience, by dipping the edges of her wings in some adjacent pond or brook, and then, shaking off the drops upon the ground, mixes the moistened dust into mortar with her bill, and conveys it to the place of destination. The style or form of the structure is nearly spherical: which figure is, at once, the most capacious, and the most durable. And she contrives the entrance with so much judgment, as equally to guard against the access of enemies and of cold.

3. If the wisdom and goodness of Providence are so eminent in the endowments of smaller animals; it may be reasonably expected that creatures, of larger size, and whose wants are consequently greater, should discover a proportionable extent of acuteness and sagacity. Hence the wild boar will whet his tusks, before a combat: and the bull, when going to encounter an adversary, previously throws himself into such an attitude, either of attack, or defence, as may give him the best advantage over his antagonist. The lion seems to be sensible, that the track of feet so remarkable as his own, would expose him to a double inconvenience: it would serve the huntsman as a clue to his haunts, and put inferior beasts on their guard from coming in his way. The former might be ruinous to his personal safety: the latter would greatly curtail his means of subsistence. To obviate both those difficulties, he sheaths his claws, when he walks on a yielding soil; and contracts his feet into as narrow a compass as he can. This artful precaution frequently sets the hunter at a loss; and betrays many an unsuspecting quadrupede into a false and fatal security. The ichneumon, in order that he may become more hateful and formidable to his natural enemy the crocodile, will roll himself, all over, in mud: which often proves a better defence from the fury of so unequal a foe, than if the ichneumon was armed with weapons, or clad in a coat of impenetrable mail.

The Cretan bees, conscious of their natural inability to fly, with due steadiness and equipoise, when the wind is boisterous, have been observed to clasp a small piece of gravel, on each side, under their wings, that their light and slender bodies, thus judiciously ballasted, might preserve a due weight, and maintain a power of

self-command. The heights and recesses in Mount Taurus are said to be much occupied by eagles; who are never better pleased, than when they can pick the bones of a crane. Cranes are very prone to cackle and make a noise; and particularly so, while they are flying. The sound of their voice rouses the eagles; who spring at the signal, and often make the talkative itinerants pay dear for their imprudent loquacity. The older and more experienced cranes, sensible of their besetting foible, and of the peril to which it exposes them, take care, before they venture on the wing, to arm themselves, each, with a stone, large enough to fill the cavity of their mouths, and consequently to impose inevitable silence on their tongues.

SELECT SENTENCES.

MANY of our mortifications arise from our mistaking each others propensities and capabilities. We want to make a silk purse from woollen yarn; and to hunt hares upon elephants; and finding this impracticable, we are vexed, and complain. Much of this would be avoided, if we justly considered men but as tools. An instrument, which has not sharpness enough for a razor, may have strength sufficient for a paring shovel; and that which has not hardness enough for an hammer, may have proper weight for a mallet. So that a tolerable judgment upon the different characters of mankind, may help us to work some agreeable or useful end, even out of the worst and coarsest materials.

"THE business of life is to go *forward*," says Dr. Johnson: "he who sees evil in *prospect*, meets it in his way: but he who catches it by retrospection, *turns back* to find it. That which is feared may sometimes be avoided; but that which is regretted to-day, may be regretted to-morrow." We should, to be *useful*, decidedly condemn the indulgence of brooding over circumstances and events that thought cannot mend; because it unstrings the mind; and that once done, it is surprising with what rapidity all its peace unravels itself!—and how much it loses of the power of judging rightly on the mixed condition of human affairs.

METHINKS there is a certain pure and delicate pride, in an ingenuous nature, which tempts it to *fall short*, even of that praise it thinks is due, and which it languishes to bestow, lest it should be mistaken for adulation.

Q. Z.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quast adjuvat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The History of France, from the Year 1790, to the Peace concluded at Amiens, in 1802. By John Adolphus, Esq. F. S. A. 2 vols. Kearsley. Concluded from Page 38.

As the events which crowd on the pen of the historian, after the death of Louis XVI. render it impossible for us, even in the briefest mode of abstract, to give our readers any general idea of their variety or importance; we shall present them with an extract (which throws an additional light on an event considerably involved in obscurity; and, at the same time, exhibits a fair specimen of Mr. Adolphus's style and reasoning) and close our review of this valuable and entertaining history.

After narrating the siege and battle of Aboukir, and the total destruction of the Turkish army, he proceeds:

"This fortunate achievement terminated the military exploits of Buonaparte in Egypt. The ascendancy of his character, the celebrity of his name, and dextrous application of his talents to the purposes of maintaining his authority, were insufficient to prevent the formation of a formidable party in his own army, who would not be content to see the honour of France tarnished by his wanton barbarities, while the troops seemed doomed to be sacrificed to the pursuit of a conquest, which would never be thoroughly achieved, since every new success led only to the formation of more extravagant and diffusive designs. On Buonaparte's return from Syria, the physician, who had refused to administer poison, accused the general, in full assembly of the institute, of treason against the honour of France, her children, and humanity: he entered into the full of details of the poisoning of the sick, and the massacre of the garrison, aggravating these crimes by charging Buonaparte with previously strangling, at Rosetta, a number of French and Copts, who were ill of the plague; thus proving that this disposal of the sick was a premeditated plan, which he wished to introduce into general practice. In vain Buonaparte attempted to justify himself; in vain he pleaded that he ordered the garrison to be destroyed, because he had not provisions to maintain them, or strength enough to guard them; and that it was evident, if they escaped, they would act against the French, since, amongst the prisoners, were five hundred of the garrison of El Arish, who had promised not to serve again; * and that he destroyed the sick to prevent contagion, and save them from falling into the hands of the Turks. But these arguments, however specious, were refuted directly; and Buonaparte was at last obliged to rest his

* They had been compelled, in passing through Jaffa, by the commandant, to serve.

defence on the positions of Machiavel. The members sat petrified with terror, and almost doubted whether the scene, passing before their eyes, was not illusion.

"The spirit of inquiry and resistance thus disclosed, and a conviction derived from the conduct of the troops at Acre, that a time might come when his commands would not be sufficient to secure general obedience, powerfully stimulated him to the accomplishment of the wishes he had always entertained of returning to France. To these motives were added, it is said, others arising from intelligence he had received of the victorious progress of the allies in Italy, and the eager desire he felt to attempt the re-establishment of the ascendancy of France, which the fortune of his arms had so greatly contributed to gain. When Buonaparte had fully resolved to quit his comrades, he prepared for the execution of his project with the utmost secrecy, knowing that the slightest suspicion of his design must have proved fatal to him. He ordered Rear-admiral Gantheaume to equip, and keep in readiness for sailing, the frigates which remained in his possession, and to give notice the moment the combined British and Turkish quadron should quit the coast. The desired intelligence reached the general, at six o'clock in the evening; at nine he dispatched orders to those who were to accompany his flight, to hold themselves in readiness to set out at midnight to attend him in a tour in Lower Egypt. They were to meet him, it was said, on the coast; and each was furnished with sealed instructions, not to be opened till the moment of the rendezvous.

"Gantheaume had stationed in the road, at the distance of a league from the shore, two frigates, *La Muiron* and *La Carère*; and Buonaparte, having secured the military chest, and left sealed orders for General Kléber, repaired on ship-board, attended by a few confidential followers, leaving the army enraged, surprised, and despondent, to lament the miseries of their situation, and the perfidy of their chief. Among those whom Buonaparte favoured with permission to revisit France, were Generals Berthier, Androsy, Lannes, Murat, and Marmont; and Monge and Bertholet, two of the savans who had attended the expedition. Their voyage was at first retarded by contrary winds, and was considerably lengthened by the necessity of steering close to the coast of Africa, which was considered as most likely to be out of the track of any European vessels, and least exposed to the dangers of pursuit. At length, however, they reached the port of Ajaccio, in Corsica; and shortly afterwards Buonaparte landed near Frejus, after being chased by a British squadron of superior force.*

"The next events which attended Buonaparte, would seem as if Fortune, in the utmost capriciousness of her reputed divinity, had endeavoured to exhibit to the world a splendid and extraordinary specimen of her power to elevate an individual, in defiance of circumstances, and in contempt of merit. It can scarcely be supposed possible, that a general, abandoning his army in such a situation, without even a pretext of orders, without the means of apprising go-

* The events of the Egyptian expedition are derived from the narratives of Berthier and Sir Sydney Smith; the *Epitome of military Events*; *Histoire par Desadoards*; *Histoire du Directoire Executif*; *History, &c.* by Sir Robert Wilson; Cooper Williams's *Voyage*, Dr. Wittman's *Travels*, and the *Gazettes and State Papers*.

vernment of his views, and without any strong party in the state formed to favour him, should escape severe animadversion, or avoid personal degradation, if not punishment. But, at this period, so abject was the domestic situation of France, that the government, possessing neither power, virtue, nor popularity, appeared to await, with stupid resignation, the new revolution which should terminate its too protracted existence; while individuals were endeavouring, with clumsy exertions, only to avert the weight of ruin from themselves, and establish such a character of comparative innocence as would enable them to retreat in safety from the approaching storm.

"Laws of barbarous severity, intended for the repression of seditious movements, failed in their effect. Motions in both the councils, for the crimination of individuals, occasioned general dissatisfaction, without promising relief of the general misery. The tyrannical enforcement of decrees for a forced loan, and levy of conscripts, occasioned only a more steady and uniform resistance. The torch of civil war was again lighted in the departments of the Upper Garonne and Thoulouse, and many departments of the West and South were strongly agitated. A sense of the inability of government to surmount these disasters was universally prevalent; and General Jourdan had actually proposed a decree for declaring the country in danger.

"Syeyes was labouring, with endeavours which could scarcely be termed covert, for the overthrow of the government. The exact views of this crafty intriguer cannot be developed; but it is clear, that a hatred to the right heir to the Crown, on the one hand, and a fear of the Jacobins, whom he had mortally offended, and by whom his life had been attempted, on the other, would impel him to avoid the re-establishment of royalty, or the alteration of the existing system, to a form favourable to the ferocious band of republicans. Strength was evidently wanting to the executive power, and that could only be given by a dictatorship, residing in one or more individuals, not embarrassed by councils, who knew not how to use or to restrain authority, with whom faction was every thing, and virtue nothing.

"While the abbé was known to be toiling to achieve this point, and doubtful only what general he should call to his aid, Fortune landed Buonaparte in France. The people, far from permitting themselves to enquire into the causes of his conduct, were happy to suppose that he brought the means of terminating their misfortunes and disgraces; they flattered themselves that their destinies were in his hands, and that the success which had attended his banner would again be extended over the whole country. His arrival in Paris was therefore hailed as a great national deliverance, and he became the centre of those intrigues, which seemed to receive their final sanction and guaranty from the addition of his name. The two councils prostrated themselves at his feet, and gave a solemn banquet in honour of his return, in the church of St. Sulpice, called, since the revolution, the Temple of Victory. At this fête the directory and members of both councils attended; but although the efforts of art and taste were exhausted in rendering the scene splendid, and the banquet sumptuous and animating, the general aspect of the guests was replete with constraint and embarrassment. Suspicion prevailed on all sides: the machinations for the overthrow of government were ready to be put in operation: Buonaparte appeared only for a moment in the hall, and retired, impressed, perhaps for the first time, with the fear, which was never

afterwards to be absent from his mind, that, in some morsel or some goblet, to be presented by the hand of treachery, he might swallow his death.

"Three days after this celebration, the council of ancients met at seven o'clock in the morning, on an extraordinary summons. One of the inspectors of the hall, after declaring the causes of the convocation, and detailing the misfortunes of the country, obtained a decree, founded on these articles of the constitution, ordering the council to meet the next day at St. Cloud, and forbidding all continuation of deliberative functions elsewhere, charging Buonaparte with the execution of the decree, and entrusting to him the command of all the troops in Paris, for protection of the national representation. Buonaparte, accompanied by Generals Moreau, Berthier, Lefebvre, Macdonald, and others, appeared at the bar, congratulating the council on the wisdom of the measure. "We will have," he said, "a republic, founded on true liberty, on civil liberty, on national representation: this I swear, in my own name, and in that of my companions in arms." The sitting immediately rose, amid shouts of "Vive la république, vive la constitution!"

"At nine in the morning, the directors, whose power these transactions were designed to overthrow, first heard an account of them. Barras, Gohier, and Moulin, sent for General Lefebvre, to call in the military to their aid: but that general declared he would receive orders from Buonaparte alone; and Syeyes, and Roger Ducos, the two other directors, had already prepared a formidable body of troops in the gardens of the Luxembourg, which passed in review before Buonaparte. While he was thus engaged, Barras's secretary arrived, whom, after a short private conference, the general thus addressed; "What have you done with that France, which I left you in such a brilliant situation? I left you peace, I find you in war: I left you victory, I find you defeated: I left you the millions of Italy, I find laws of plunder and misery. What have you done with a hundred thousand Frenchmen, whom I knew as my companions in glory? they are dead!" This apostrophe, faithfully conveyed to the directory, produced an humble message in answer, and all notions of forcible resistance vanished.

"The council of five hundred received, at the commencement of their sitting, the decree of removal; and, full of indignation and dissatisfaction, broke up amid shouts of "Vive la république! Vive la constitution!" to hold their next meeting at St. Cloud.

In a wing of the palace, surrounded with military, the Council of Ancients commenced their deliberations. When the presence of a majority of the whole number was ascertained, some reflections were made on the decree of removal, and some members complained that they had not been summoned to the extraordinary sitting; but, as such debates would have led to explanations on a constitution which was no longer to exist, the majority of the council terminated them by suspending the sitting till notice should arrive of the assembling of the other legislative body. This interruption did not prevent the reading of a letter from the secretary-general of the Executive Directory, announcing that the message on which the council declared its meeting, could not be received, four of the directors having given in their resignation, and the fifth having been placed under a guard by superior orders.

"Soon afterwards Buonaparte appeared, followed by his aide-de-camp; and, after declaring his attachment to the country, exhorted the council to exert their great powers in saving two things, for which such ample sacrifices

had been made, "Liberty and Equality."—"And the Constitution!" exclaimed one of the members. "The constitution?" he replied; "you have violated it on the 18th Fructidor, the 22d Floréal, and the 30th Prairial. The constitution!—it is invoked by all factions, violated by all, despised by all. It cannot be to us the means of welfare, because it obtains the respect of none." He then stated invitations he had received from Barras and Moulinas, to join them, and overthrow all men who professed liberal ideas, but he had refused them. He placed no dependence on the council of five hundred, because it contained men who were desirous of restoring the convention, revolutionary committees, and scaffolds, and had deputed emissaries to excite commotions in Paris. He declared his resolution to support his proceedings by means of the grenadiers, whose caps and bayonets he perceived at the entrance of the hall; and if any orator, *paid by the foreign powers*, should move to put him out of the law, he admonished that orator that he was pronouncing his own outlawry. Finally, he recommended the council to form themselves into a committee, to take salutary measures according to the urgency of circumstances, while he would repair to the council of five hundred.

"That body was holding its sitting in the hall of the Orangerie, and displayed dispositions hostile to the conspiracy. Lucien Buonaparte was president; and Gaudin, attempting to make observations favourable to the proceedings of the general, was silenced by cries of 'No dictatorship! No dictator!' The members then took oaths of fidelity to the constitution; and, as soon as the appel-nominal was finished, a letter from Barras was read, announcing his resignation of the office of director, and his happiness in leaving the guidance of public affairs to a general whom he had been the first to promote. This act of Barras was, in the highest degree, propitious to Buonaparte, who gave him an escort to his country seat at Gros-bois, while Gohier was put under arrest, and Moulinas made his escape.—The council, determined to adhere to the forms of the expiring constitution, were proceeding to take measures for the election of a new director, when Buonaparte, attended by a few of his guard of grenadiers, advanced into the midst of the hall. His reception was widely different from that he had experienced in the senior council: furious outcries of *Out of the Law! No Dictator!* resounded in his ears; violent exclamations against the introduction of armed men, a general rush of the members towards him, and an attempt to stab him with a dagger, which was parried by a grenadier, completely bereft him of his presence of mind. Incapable of utterance, he was lost, and would have been borne down by the torrent, but for Lefebvre, who exclaiming, 'Let us save our general,' pressed forward with a strong body of grenadiers, and dragged him out of the hall.

"Lucien Buonaparte then endeavoured to tranquillise the members, but in vain; he quitted, or probably was driven from, the chair. Having been some hours absent from the hall, which time he employed in haranguing the troops, and urging them to support his brother, he returned, and again attempted to restore order. Finding his efforts unavailing, a picquet of grenadiers entered, and carried him away to the place whither his brother had been conveyed; the drums beat the *pas de charge*, and a general of brigade exclaimed, '*Citizens representatives, I answer no longer for the safety of the council; I invite you to re-*

fire.' This proclamation producing no effect, an officer of the guard, getting on the president's desk, cried, '*Representatives, withdraw!* the general has given his orders.' Still they remained motionless; and a third officer uttered the word of command '*Grenadiers, forward!*' He was obeyed, and the hall was speedily cleared; the voices of the members being drowned by the beating of drums. In the evening, a select number of the council met by special permission, and voted that the grenadiers, who had made a rampart of their bodies around the commander in chief had deserved well of the country.

"A committee of five was formed to consider of measures of public safety. At eleven, Boulay de la Meurthe, appearing as their reporter, declared the vices and radical defects of the existing constitution; and the council having first decreed the abolition of the executive directory, the powers of the state were vested in Buonaparte, Syeyes, and Roger Ducos, under the title of consuls. A constitution afterwards gave to these consuls, or rather to Buonaparte, as first consul, the whole and absolute government of the state, although a pretence of deliberation was preserved by the establishment of a conservative senate and a tribunate. Syeyes, the manufacturer of the new revolution, and the constitution, soon found that he had been toiling for another man's elevation, and retired from the semblance of power, to the tranquil possession of an estate voted to him by the legislature; and the authority of the first consul, for the others were but nominal auxiliaries, was implicitly acknowledged by the whole nation."*

Comprising so many and so great events within so narrow a compass, our readers will, naturally, conclude that it has been Mr. Adolphus's plan, rather to relate than comment on them. Where, however, reflections do occur, it may, perhaps, be considered as superfluous to add, that they are ingenious and apposite.

Mr. Adolphus's style, generally speaking, is simple and correct; the passages, however, where it occasionally deviates from the historical into the declamatory, proceed from the warmth of a mind, ardent in the cause of virtue, and glowing in its detestation of vice, and if to be considered as blemishes, are blemishes the candid will ever be readier to praise, than to censure; to pardon, than to condemn.

Village Anecdotes; or the Journal of a Year, from Sophia to Edward, with original Poems. By Mrs. Le Noir. 3 vols. 12mo. Vernor and Hood.

A tale of much sweetness and simplicity; the attractions of which are proportioned to the taste and feeling of its reader. Mrs. Le Noir is, we understand, a daughter of the late ingenious and unfortunate Christopher Smart.

* Histoire du directoire executif; Desadoards; State Papers, &c.

An Invocation to Edward Quin, Esq. as delivered at a Society, called the Eccentrics. With Notes. By John Gale Jones.—2s. 6d. Bagshaw. 1804.

It is possible that these rhymes, delivered by their author before an audience composed of men who "*meet above three hundred times a year,*" to

"*Sup well pleased on toasted cheese and ale,*" P. 3.

might occasion a degree of ungenerous laughter, exercised alternately at the expence of each other; but to the public they cannot fail to prove wholly uninteresting, unentertaining, and, in fact, unintelligible. Except such portions of humour and pleasantry as they derived from locality, they possess none. If these spirits attended them during their appearance in the club-room of the excentrics, they no sooner *smelt the air,* than they vanished.

If the writer of these lines be the same Mr. Gale Jones as we formerly recollect to have seen exhibiting himself at a debating society in the city, and labouring harder than any coal-heaver for a just, perhaps, but far less reward, we cannot compliment him on the improvement of his talents, his taste, or manners. We have before now paid our *sixpence* to hear him declaim, and we have more than once thought his speech worth almost the whole of the money; but he should not write verses; indeed he should not (since he cannot) write at all. *Non omnia*—But the English will probably suit Mr. Jones much better than the Latin—All men are not able to do all things. Some people betray themselves the moment they open their mouths; others, the instant they meddle with a pen.

Mr. Jones is, we are told, by profession a surgeon; but, from the style in which he handles the knife in *cutting up* his companions, we should have taken him for a butcher, and no little bungler neither. For the absence of elegance and decency in his composition, Mr. J. has given a sufficient reason, by informing us, that he and the publican, at whose house the excentrics meet, were "educated at the same seminary." We hope, for the sake of the rising generation, that this "*same seminary,*" if it still exists, will not long continue to do so, unnoticed by the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

After boasting of such an *alma mater*, Mr. Jones must e'en give us a taste of his profound erudition; and for this purpose indulges us with some of *his* Greek; but where he found it so written and so spelt, or why Mr. Spragg, his printer, did not teach him better,

we are at a loss to guess. In four little words, we have nearly as many errors; but there is one amongst them which seems so likely to happen to him, or his fellow student, that we cannot but forgive it. At page 31, in writing *Peri*, he naturally thought, and the publican would no doubt have sworn, that it was written with a P; and to one who knew nothing of Greek, what could look more like a P. than the Greek R. in its capital P? But, in future specimens of his learning, we would advise Mr. J. however strange it may appear to him, to print his Greek P thus, π.

To proceed with the symptoms, which we every where discover, of ignorance and vanity, we may observe, that, if Mr. J.'s scholarship had been equal to the knowledge of the quantity of Amycus, he would not have placed that proper name after Orontes, but before it, in the line

*Orontes and Amycus claim his care.** P. 20.

But enough of this; for, to use an expression suited to the meridian of our author, "we sing psalms to a dead horse."

"We know not what the rules are of this society, but as none are so perfect as not to admit of improvement, we recommend to their consideration a very wholesome one to be found amongst those invented by Ben Jonson:

Qui foras vel dicta vel facta eliminat, eliminatur.

A Picture from Life; or, the History of Emma Tankerville, and Sir Henry Moreton. By Henry Whitfield, M. A. in 2 Vols. 7s. Highley. 1804.

NOVEL-WRITING, in the hands of men of wit, but of unsound and irreligious principles, as we sometimes find it, or, as we frequently view it, in those of ignorance, dullness, and insipidity, is in the first instance never to be too severely condemned, nor, in the second, ever too much to be despised. But we scarcely know any literary composition better calculated to combine the advantages of moral instruction, and the pleasures of innocent amusement, or likely, in a greater degree, to promote the interests of rectitude and virtue, than this species of mental production, when it is executed by those, who, with genius, wit, judgment and learning, pos-

* If Mr. J.'s school-fellow is as liberal to the society in his measure, as Mr. Jones has been to Amycus, they are more to be congratulated on their Publican than their Poet.

ness an ardent love of truth, and a generous wish for the welfare and happiness of mankind.

To see a considerable share of these desirable qualifications in the author of the *Picture from Life*, affords us no small satisfaction; and we congratulate the numerous corps of volunteers in the service of circulating libraries on the enrollment of Mr. Whitfield's name on the brief list of those from whose labours they may expect both pleasure and improvement.

Having recently been called to the examination of two pleasing little poems* by this gentleman, we took up these volumes with some eagerness, promising ourselves much gratification; and, it is but just to confess, that our anticipation has met with no disappointment.

The ground work of *A Picture from Life* is by no means so intricate as that of many novels of inferior merit. It is simple, and has few claims to novelty; but the simplicity of the outline does not preclude ornament, nor does its want of novelty render it the less interesting.

Previous to our entering more particularly into the qualities of this ingenious publication, we shall present the reader with a short sketch of the fable.

Miss Tankerville having lost, at a very early period of life, her mother and father, Colonel Tankerville, is educated by her aunt, Mrs. Maitland, a lady ranking in the class of female politicians, and famous for her good and domestic recipes. Under such care, she is represented as grown up, and already become conspicuous in the fashionable world.

At this period the story commences. At a masquerade Miss Tankerville is insulted by Sir Richard Oliver, and is protected by Sir Henry Moreton: a duel is the consequence, and Sir Henry Moreton having wounded Sir Richard Oliver, makes his escape to Vienna, where he encounters many difficult and perilous adventures. Among these, the art which a beautiful Italian female uses in endeavouring to seduce Moreton, is not the least formidable. Miss Emma Tankerville is forced away by Sir Richard Oliver in a post-chaise, and is overtaken by Moreton's intimate friend Dauncy, who rescues her, and restores his fair charge to her disconsolate guardian. Mr. Lester, a distressed merchant, is relieved by Emma, and relates a calamitous tale to his benefactress. After this, by the

* Christmas Holiday and Black Monday. See our last Number.

advice of the physician, she goes to Germany. In a forest, near Vienna, she is surprised by banditti. Sir Henry Moreton delivers the lady, whom he has so faithfully loved, from the haunts of this nefarious and rude set.

A marriage is the result, *an union which the politic Mrs. Maitland ratifies*. The parties arrive in England, and the novel concludes with giving a brief finish to the characters, among whom the Honourable Mr. Pellet, a dashing buck, and Dr. Anapest; a pedant, claim a great share of attention.

Such is the basis on which Mr. Whitfield has raised a superstructure, that reflects great credit on him as a scholar and a man of genius: Being this month confined in space, we must defer our observations on the characters, sentiments, and conduct of this entertaining work, until our next number.

Life of Buonaparte, in which the atrocious Deeds which he has perpetrated, in order to attain his elevated Situation, are faithfully recorded; by which Means every Briton will be enabled to judge of the Disposition of his threatening Foe; and have a faint Idea of the Desolation which awaits this Country, should his Menaces ever be realized. By Lieut. Sarratt, of the Royal York Maryle-Bone Volunteers. Crown 8vo. pp. 286. price 3s. 6d.

A faithful exposition of the life and crimes of the Corsic Despot, calculated to increase our just hatred against him, and strengthen us in our noble resolution of dying in defence of our king, our constitution, and our liberties.

A Wreath for the Brow of Youth. By W. M. Craig. Ornamented with Engravings in Wood. Vol. I. 8vo. Harris.

The author of this very pleasing volume, convinced of the truth of the poet's assertion, that—

*Example moves where precept fails,
And Sermons are less read than Tales-----*

has been induced to give it to the public, from a wish to extend to other families those benefits, which the result of that conviction has yielded his own.

We heartily wish that public may encourage him to proceed; and that his labours may be crowned with the success to which we consider them so justly entitled.

The Stranger in France; or, a Tour from Devonshire to Paris. Illustrated by Engravings, in Aqua Tinta, of Sketches taken on the Spot. By John Carr, Esq. 4to. 1l. 1s. Od. Large Paper 1l. 11s. 6d. Johnson. London. 1803. (Continued from Page 331, Vol. XVI.)

THE following is the interesting account of Sir Sidney Smith's escape from the Temple, which we promised to extract, when this very entertaining volume was last under our notice. No apology will be deemed necessary on account of its length.

"After several months had rolled away, since the gates of his prison had first closed upon the British hero, he observed that a lady who lived in an upper apartment on the opposite side of the street, seemed frequently to look towards that part of the prison in which he was confined. As often as he observed her, he played some tender air upon his flute, by which, and by imitating every motion which she made, he at length succeeded in fixing her attention upon him, and had the happiness of remarking, that she occasionally observed him with a glance. One morning, when he saw that she was looking attentively upon him in this manner, he tore a blank leaf from an old mass book which was lying in his cell, and with the soot of the chimney, contrived, by his finger, to describe upon it, in a large character, the letter A, which he held to the window to be viewed by his fair sympathizing observer. After gazing upon it for some little time, she nodded, to show that she understood what he meant, Sir Sidney then touched the top of the first bar of the grating of his window, which he wished her to consider as the representative of the letter A, the second B, and so on, until he had formed, from the top of the bars, a corresponding number of letters; and by touching the middle, and bottom parts of them, upon a line with each other, he easily, after having inculcated the first impression of his wishes, completed a telegraphic alphabet. The process of communication was, from its nature, very slow, but Sir Sidney had the happiness of observing, upon forming the first word, that this excellent being, who beamed before him like a guardian angel, seemed completely to comprehend it, which she expressed by an assenting movement of the head. Frequently obliged to desist from this tacit and tedious intercourse, from the dread of exciting the curiosity of the gaolers, or his fellow prisoners, who were permitted to walk before his window, Sir Sidney occupied several days in communicating to his unknown friend, his name and quality, and imploring her to procure some unsuspected royalist of consequence and address sufficient for the undertaking, to effect his escape; in the achievement of which he assured her, upon his word of honour, that whatever cost might be incurred, would be amply reimbursed, and that the bounty and gratitude of his country would nobly remunerate those who had the talent and bravery to accomplish it. By the same means, he enabled her to draw confidential and accredited bills, for considerable sums of money, for the promotion of the scheme, which she applied with the most perfect integrity. Colonel Phelipeaux was at this time at Paris; a military man of rank, and a secret royalist, most devoutly attached to the fortunes of the exiled family of France, and to those who supported their

maux. He had been long endeavouring to bring to maturity, a plan for facilitating their restoration, but which the loyal adherent, from a series of untoward and uncontrollable circumstances, began to despair of accomplishing. The lovely deliverer of Sir Sidney, applied to this distinguished character, to whom she was known, and stated the singular correspondence which had taken place between herself and the heroic captive in the Temple. Phelipeaux, who was acquainted with the fame of Sir Sidney, and chagrined at the failure of his former favourite scheme, embraced the present project with a sort of prophetic enthusiasm, by which he hoped to restore, to the British nation, one of her greatest heroes, who, by his skill and valour, might once more impress the common enemy with dismay, augment the glory of his country, and cover himself with the laurels of future victory. Intelligent, active, cool, daring, and insinuating, colonel Phelipeaux immediately applied himself to bring to maturity, a plan at once suitable to his genius, and interesting to his wishes. To those, whom it was necessary to employ upon the occasion, he contrived to unite one of the clerks of the minister of the police, who forged his signature with exact imitation, to an order for removing the body of Sir Sidney, from the Temple, to the prison of the Conciergerie: after this was accomplished, on the day after that on which the inspector of goals was to visit the Temple and Conciergerie, a ceremony, which is performed once a month in Paris, two gentlemen of tried courage and address, who were previously instructed by colonel Phelipeaux, disguised as officers of the *maréchaussée*, presented themselves in a *fiacre* at the Temple, and demanded the delivery of Sir Sidney, at the same time shewing the forged order for his removal. This the gaoler attentively perused and examined, as well as the minister's signature. Soon after, the register of the prison informed Sir Sidney of the order of the Directory, upon hearing which, he at first appeared to be a little disconcerted, upon which the pseudo-officers gave him every assurance of the honour and mild intentions of the government towards him. Sir Sidney seemed more reconciled, packed up his clothes, took leave of his fellow prisoners, and distributed little tokens of his gratitude to those servants of the prison, from whom he had experienced indulgences. Upon the eve of their departure, the register observed, that four of the prison guard should accompany them. This arrangement menaced the whole plan with immediate dissolution. The officers, without betraying the least emotion, acquiesced in the propriety of the measure, and gave orders for the men to be called out, when, as if recollecting the rank and honour of their illustrious prisoner, one of them addressed Sir Sidney, by saying, "citizen, you are a brave officer, give us your parole, and there is no occasion for an escort." Sir Sidney replied, that he would pledge his faith, as an officer, to accompany them, without resistance, wherever they chose to conduct him.

"Not a look or movement betrayed the intention of the party. Every thing was cool, well-timed, and natural. They entered a *fiacre*, which, as is usual, was brought for the purpose of removing him, in which he found changes of clothes, false passports, and money. The coach moved with an accustomed pace, to the Faubourg St. Germain, where they alighted, and parted in dif-

ferent directions. Sir Sidney met colonel Phelipeaux at the appointed spot of rendezvous.

"The project was so ably planned and conducted, that no one but the party concerned was acquainted with the escape, until near a month had elapsed, when the inspector paid his next periodical visit. What pen can describe the sensations of two such men as Sir Sidney and Phelipeaux, when they first beheld each other in safety? Heaven befriended the generous and gallant exploit. Sir Sidney and his noble friend reached the French coast wholly unsuspected, and committing themselves to their God, and to the protective genius of brave men, put to sea in an open boat, and were soon afterwards discovered by an English cruising frigate, and brought in safety to the British shores.

"The gallant Phelipeaux soon afterwards accompanied Sir Sidney in the *Tigre* to Acre, where, overwhelmed by the fatigue of that extraordinary campaign, in which he supported a distinguished part, and the noxious influence of a sultry climate, operating upon a delicate frame, he expired in the arms of his illustrious friend, who attended him to his grave, and shed the tears of gratitude and friendship over his honoured and lamented obsequies."

Poems, on various Subjects. By Mrs. Grant Laggan. Edinburgh, Moir. Longman and Rees, London. 8vo. pp. 446. 10s. 6d.

THE volume before us displays a strength of fancy, and a versatility of talent, which reflect the highest credit on its fair authoress. It is, however, by no means, exempt from failings. Its diction (though sometimes splendid) is often incorrect; and the allusions to Highland scenery and manners, through so many of its pages, are apt to fatigue. The following lines, written on returning home, after a journey from *Glasgow*, are simple and pleasing.

Dear lowly cottage! o'er whose humble thatch
The dewy moss has velvet verdure spread;
Once more, with trem'ulous hands, thy ready latch
I lift, and to thy lintel bow my head.
Dear are thy inmates! Beauty's roseate smile*,
And eye soft melting hail my wish'd return;
Loud clamours infant joy; around meanwhile
Maturer breasts with silent rapture burn.
Within these narrow bounds I reign secure,
And duteous love and prompt obedience find,
Nor sigh to view my destiny obscure,
(Where all his lowly, but each owners mind
Content) if pilgrims passing by our cell,
Say, "with her sister Peace, *there* Virtue loves to dwell."

* Alluding to a young lady of uncommon beauty and elegance of person and mind, who then resided in the family.

The Sporting Dictionary, and Rural Repository of General Information, upon every Subject appertaining to the Sports of the Field, inscribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Sandwich, Master of his Majesty's Stag Hounds. By William Taplin. 8vo. 2 Vols. Vernor and Hood.

The variety of publications, which annually issue from the press, under sporting titles, more generally the result of theoretic lucubration than of practical knowledge, or personal experience, have suggested to Mr. Taplin the plan of the present volumes, comprising an aggregate of information which will render them in the highest degree useful to gentlemen who devote their leisure hours to field sports, and to the public in general.

The Decameron; or, Ten Days' Entertainment of Boccaccio. Translated from the Italian. In two Vols. Demy 8vo. 16s. Royal 8vo. 1l. 4s. The second Edition, corrected and improved. To which are prefixed, Remarks on the Life and Writings of Boccaccio, and an Advertisement, by the Author of Old Nick, a Piece of Family Biography, &c. Printed by Wright, for Vernor and Hood, &c.

BOCCACCIO, one of the most entertaining writers that Italy has produced, and so distinguished for the sweetness and elegance of his style, that he is allowed, almost equally with Dante and Petrarch*, to have extended and enriched the language of his country, has at length received that attention from the BRITISH PRESS, to which his reputation and his merits so justly entitle him.

THE DECAMERON is his great work. Lorenzo de Medici has described it as containing a surprising 'diversity of subjects, sometimes serious or tragical; at others, humorous or ridiculous; exhibiting all the perturbations incident to mankind, of affection and of aversion, of hope and of fear; displaying, in the invention of its circumstances, all the peculiarities of our nature, and all the effects of our passions.' This is high praise, but not too high for the object of it. The variety and originality of the inventions are astonishing; and, if they have given so much delight, in perhaps every country of Europe, through the medium of translation, how must they be estimated by those who can discern and relish the peculiar

* Fortunately for Italy, these illustrious writers flourished in the same age. "Quando Dante morì, *Il Petrarca* era di età di anni diecisette; e quando morì *Il Petrarca*, era *Il Boccaccio* di minore età di lui anni nove: e così per successione andarono le muse." Dante died in 1321; Petrarch in 1374; and Boccaccio in 1375.

graces of language with which they are acknowledged to be so richly embellished in the original!

To render the *Decameron* interesting to Englishmen, it is sufficient that, of our own writers, Chaucer and Shakespeare have been under obligations to it; the latter, indeed, in no great degree; but the FATHER OF ENGLISH POETRY formed the Plan of his *Canterbury Tales* in evident imitation of those of Boccaccio.

The best translation of the work, which has appeared in this country, was printed for Dodsley in 1741. That translation has been adopted as the basis of the present performance, which, though called only a *second edition*, has undergone so complete a revision, and so accurate a comparison with the Italian, that it must have cost the ingenious editor nearly as much trouble to *correct and improve*, as probably he would have had in re-translating the whole work. He has not confined his attention to the typographical and grammatical errors, but those of the translation he has also frequently rectified. He has adhered to the spirit of the original with more closeness; and the proper names, which the translator very capriciously varied and mutilated, the editor has, where he thought it material, restored to their right form and orthography.

"Constantly, without the authority of his author, the translator narrated, and made others narrate, speaking of a thing past, in the third person singular, of the present tense of the verb, which had a disagreeable effect; an abundance of old and obsolete spelling and language had also crept into this version; as well as no small number of inelegant modes of expression, viz. "*Put her upon talking of her husband;*" "*Making of a treaty*" "*Without more to do;*" "*Fell to singing;*" "*His speech failed him, and he died out of hand;*" &c. all of which have been drilled (if the figure may be used) according to the tactics of modern and more polite composition." *EDITOR'S Advertisement.*

To all these improvements, the Editor has added another of still greater importance. "Many words and sentences that trenched on decency, although warranted by the original, he has metamorphosed or expunged, without ceremony or compunction;" and we concur with him, that it may now be safely affirmed, "that Boccaccio, in his present condition, is in no way calculated to make either the good bad, or the bad worse; but that, on the contrary, his wisdom and morality will improve both, while the freedom and levity of some of his tales will, into the virtuous mind

Come and go, and leave
No spot or blame behind."

MILTON.

Not the least valuable part of the present elegant edition, are the *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Boccaccio*. The account which accompanied the former, afforded, in two pages, little further than a notice of the period of his birth and his decease. This is here very considerably enlarged, by compilations from Filippo di Matteo Villani, Girolamo Tiraboschi, Vincenzio Martinelli, M. Bayle, War-ton, Tyrwhitt and Roscoe, and various other sources, which the Editor has been so diligent in tracing, that any future additions, either with respect to the Life or Writings of our Author, are scarcely either to be expected or desired. In short, he has dis-charged what Pope, with an affectation for which Dr. Johnson has very smartly reprov'd him, called the *dull duty of an Editor*, with so much fidelity and skill, that we do not believe the undertaking could so well have prospered in any other hands. It were, indeed, much to be wished that this *dull duty* were more frequently dis-charged by men of kindred taste and talent, who, possessing ori-ginal genius themselves, are best able to appreciate it in others, and who are, at the same time, capable of setting a proper value on the laborious achievements of diligence and precision.

The volumes are printed with uncommon neatness and ele-gance; and a Head of Boccaccio, finely engraved by Ridley, from Titian's picture, appears as the frontispiece.

Latin Dialogues, collected from the best Latin Writers, for the Use of Schools. Second Edition. Reading, Smart and Caslake. London. Pridden, &c. 12mo. 1808. pp. 97.

"The principal use of this little work is to supply the classical student with the best phrases on the common occurrences of life; from Plautus, Terence, Vir-gil, Cicero, Horace, Juvenal, &c. an object, which will be acknowledged to be of considerable importance in a Latin education. With a view of leading the scholar to a familiar knowledge of the purest writers, by storing his mind with elegant expressions, rather than furnishing him with the most proper style of conversation in the Latin language, the poets have been made to contribute a considerable share of the phrases. It has been a principal object, in the Latin part, to point the attention of the learner to classical allusions and customs, ex-plained, in the English, by corresponding manners in modern times."

Two of the Colloquies of Erasmus, the *Newfragium* and the *Diluculum*, are added, with some necessary alterations to accom-modate that simple and elegant, but severe writer, to the circum-stances of the present times; and also a Table of the value of Ro-man and Grecian coins.

These Dialogues are extremely well calculated to facilitate the

study of the Latin language, and familiarize the scholar to an elegant phraseology.

Two Letters from Satan to Bonaparte, edited by Henry Whitfield, M. A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 8vo. 3d. Highley. 1803.

SATAN seems to have taken a close survey of the transactions of the Life of this his *bosom friend*, and, to give the devil his due, he has stated the case very fairly. As an earnest of what he means to do for him, by and by, he has made him several handsome donations; viz.

"The cup from which Alexander the Great drank before he died; the sword of Dionysius, and his diary, bound in calf; the ring which Hannibal constantly carried about him, and from which he drank poison; the daggers of the conspirators who slew Julius Cæsar; the sword which terminated the existence of Nero; that identical weapon the tribune used when he dispatched Caligula; the rope with which Elagabalus was dragged through the city over which he had reigned; the cross-bow and arrows of William Tell; the sword of Richmond; so fatal to Richard the Third; the pistols of Oliver Cromwell."

On these he enjoins his friend Napoleon to meditate both by night and by day, in the morning when he rises, at the sumptuous banquet, and at night when he lies down for the purpose of court-ing repose.

That he may not be ignorant of the manner in which some of Napoleon's worthy predecessors are employed, he tells him——

"Marat is still the butcher of swine. Robespierre is the intimate friend of Draco, that Grecian, who is said, figuratively, to have written his laws in human blood. Egalité, *ci-devant* Due d'Orleans, climbs up a ladder, and vainly endeavours to reach the crown of his brother, for whose death he voted: an attendant, one of the party with whom he lived on earth, mocks him, and holds a pitcher to his thirsty lips, through whose porous bottom the *waters of oblivion* discharge themselves. The *philosophic* Condorcet raises airy bubbles from soap and water, through a tobacco-pipe.

From these epistolary specimens, it may be inferred, that the First Consul's correspondent is a *deuced* good writer; and from the friendly terms upon which they appear together, there can be little doubt, but that whenever they meet, the Corsican will receive from his diabolical admirer a very *warm* reception.

DRAMATIC.

Kembliana: being a Collection of the Jeu d'Esprits, &c. that have appeared respecting King John; including the preternatural Appearances of the Ghost of Covent Garden. 8vo. Sims. 1804.

HAVING just parted with the Devil; we need not be much

alarmed at the appearance of a *Spectre*. In these *Ana*, not quite equal to the *Addisoniana*, *Johnsonian*, &c. Mr. Kemble is invested with all the solemnities supposed to attach to the character of a *Ghost*. What claims he may have to this distinction, we know not; of the more *substantial* honours, however, which he has derived from his professional exertions, "there needs no *Ghost* to tell" either us or the public.

One of the *Jeux d'Esprit* we shall extract. It is subscribed *RAZOR*; and, if that be as keen as the author's wit, he will have no occasion to go to Mr. Packwood for one of his strops. There is some whim also, and some wickedness in the *SCENE SHIFTER's Dream*; but its length will not permit us to transcribe it.

" TO MR. KEMBLE,

On seeing him in the character of King Henry the Fourth.

When Bolingbroke (weaken'd by sickness and age)
Lectur'd Hal, he spoke *feebly* no doubt;
But when Shakespere brought forward this scene on the stage,
He meant that the king should *speak out*.

His precepts so wise, and his maxims so clear,
In pauses and whispers *you* smother,
Do you think 'tis not right that the audience should hear,
All that passes 'twixt *you* and your brother?

We know that you stick very close to *COSTUME*,
But *here* close to *character* too,
For, 'cause you are sick, i' the *Jerusalem Room*,
You put on the face of a *Jew*.

At your mantle so fine, and your chin so besmear'd,
We laugh, when we ought to look grave;
Either give all the rest of your actors a beard,
Or else (*please your Majesty*) shave.

RAZOR."

The Royal Penitent, a Sacred Drama. By John Bentley. 12mo.
1s. 6d. Button. 1808.

KING DAVID and Queen Bathsheba, is one of those scarce (and valuable, because scarce) dramatic pieces, well known to our *black letter* friends, and dramatic collectors. Mr. Bentley hath conducted the plan of his drama, and the language too, with more delicacy but less nature than the original.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

The Imitation of Life--The Mirror of Manners--The Representation of Truth.
Imitatio uitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago ueritatis. Cicero.

On the *reintroduction*, clamorously demanded by some, of
 'The GHOST of BANQUO as an *actual* visibility*.

SIR,

I DID think that a practice which I believe has uniformly prevail'd ever since the first opening of the NEW DRURY LANE THEATRE,—now I believe nearly ten years,—would have continued to be at least quietly allow'd; if not thankfully acknowledg'd as a Proof of good Sense, Taste, scenic Propriety, and Justice done to SHAKESPEARE.

Is it not very nearly self-evident that BANEVO ought not to be actually *visible* to the *audience* as *general spectators*, when the Poet explicitly declares him to be invisible to the Guests at the Usurper's Feast; and present therefore only to the perturb'd imagination of MACBETH himself. From my Childhood I remember that my Mother (of whose Judgement and Taste it is not filial partiality to speak most respectfully,) felt the propriety and necessity of making such a departure from the very injudicious *Stage-Direction* which had too long prevail'd. Such Directions, in our *English Plays*, and of that Age especially, are not imputable to the Poet: and particularly not to SHAKESPEARE; who had too little care of his wonderful Productions. The return to *Shakespeare's* manifest intention that the Ghost should not be visible was not made till long after the fitness of discontinuing its appearance had been generally acknowledg'd by those who attend to the proprieties of dramatic Representation.

But if a Ghost *were* to be made visible, Mr. SEYMOUR, in his very judicious Remarks upon SHAKESPEARE'S Plays, has given, I think, very satisfactory Reason for believing that one would be insufficient; for that if BANQUO'S Ghost ought to appear to the spectators in general, that of DUNCAN should be also seen by them; the Spectres which present themselves to the guilty Conscience of MAC-

* The remarks of such a writer as C. L. must always be acceptable to us, and can never fail, we think, to be interesting to our readers. We have great pleasure in inserting the present article, although the opinion we have expressed, and to which we must still adhere, is entirely on the other side of the question. [Vide Volume XVI. p. 413.]

being differently characteris'd in the two different parts of the same scene. By giving actual visibility to *BANQUE* a LUDICROUS incongruity was substituted for the sublime Terror and moral Energy of one of the most powerfully affecting scenes in *SHAKESPEARE*. And do not let it be said that *THE PUBLIC* will have the *GHOST*. The fair and unbiased sense of The Public is one thing; the Clamour of Individuals who would implicate *THE PUBLIC* in this Outrage against Good Taste and Propriety is quite another. And for the Honor of *SHAKESPEARE* those consult best who exclude from visibility on the *STAGE* that which he has excluded by the strongest possible implication.

19th Mar. 1804.

C. L.

THE MODERN DRAMA.

THE influence which the Stage has on the morals and manners of the people at large, is so universally admitted, that all periodical writers, who assume to themselves peculiarly the office of public censors and critics, have thought it right to exercise this privilege in controlling licentiousness, or applauding merit. Several of the papers in the *Spectator* contain much judicious remark and useful observation on the plays which appeared, as well as upon the several performers of the time. Prior to the time of the *Spectator*, the Stage was an entertainment more calculated for the dissipated and vicious part of the community, than for the improvement of the mind, or the refinement of the passions. The reproach of Johnson on the dramatic writers of the reign of Charles II. was but too well deserved.

“Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.”

With the exception of our inimitable and immortal Shakspeare, and the excellent Ben Jonson, few, if any, of the dramatic productions of that period were such as could be represented without offending common decency. The performances on the Stage deservedly incurred the censure of some of the clergy, who very justly thought that the immorality which was permitted went very far to corrupt the morals of the people. From this censure, the Stage has not to this day recovered. The plays which succeeded did not deserve this indiscriminate censure. Though not entirely free from the looseness and obscenity which disgraced the plays of their predecessors, they abounded with much genuine wit and humour.—The productions of Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, and other writers of that period, exhibit in every page proofs of the most genuine comic humour. *The Old Bachelor*, *The Plain Dealer*, and

several other plays of that school, though they were received with applause at the time of their first performance, would not be tolerated by an audience of the present day. Yet all admirers of true dramatic excellence cannot but lament that so much of excellent comic genius should be entirely banished from the stage. And, in avoiding this extreme, have not our present dramatic writers fallen into an error of another sort? Have not they, by attempting to introduce sentimental comedy, lost sight of what ought to be its true and legitimate department? Our modern comedies, in their humorous scenes, degenerate into farce, and their graver ones have too much of a tragical cast. Thus a species of drama is introduced, which can lay claim to the title neither of tragedy nor comedy.— Thus *Pizarro* is called a *play*, *Adelmorn* a *romantic drama*, and the *Castle Spectre* is simply entitled a *drama*. Such heterogeneous mixtures of laughable and serious events, cannot convey any permanent pleasure to the spectator.

The drama ought to “hold the mirror up to nature;” but, in many of our modern productions, we meet with nothing drawn from nature: all is improbable, and consequently offensive to reason. Shew and splendour, dress and decoration, compensate very ill for the want of probability or connexion; and, though for the moment, our eyes may be dazzled, or our ears captivated, yet the illusion of shew and magnificence vanishes so quickly, that nothing can remain for reason to reflect upon with pleasure or satisfaction. In modern comedy, the characters of *Ranger*, *Bellmour*, and *Roe-buck* are extinct. *Charles Surface* is the last of this race of *bucks*; the modern fine gentleman is dwindled into the insipid *Tom Shuffleton*; and the only characters that at all excite our laughter are the *Dr. Ollapods* and the *Timothy Tandems*. The flashes of wit that used to set the audience in a roar are over; and, if we laugh at all, it must be at the repetition of a set of phrases, which, in themselves, are too absurd even to excite a smile, and entirely depend for their effect upon the ludicrous dress and physiognomy of the actor. It is much to be wished, that some of our best comedies could be so altered and curtailed, as to suit them to the taste of an audience of the present age, since every candid and judicious critic must allow them to possess more of the true spirit of comedy, than the productions of our modern authors can pretend to. Some of them have been restored to the theatre by judicious alteration; and it would be doing an essential service to the stage, to bring again into notice the names of Fletcher, Wycherly, and Farquhar.

Norwich.

E. D.

SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKESPEARE.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

"Much detected for women."

I CANNOT admit, with Mr. Malone, that "detected" stands for *suspected*; and the instance produced from the Old Tales will not support him—*Whose daughter was detected of dishonesty, and generally so reported.*

"Detected," indeed, is used here in the same sense as that to which the Duke applies it, for he who is *generally reported to be dishonest*, is already *more than suspected*. The meaning, in both cases, I believe, is *not suspected*, but *accused*, charged, impeached.

Thus, in a translation of "The Annales of Tacitus, by Greeney, 1682," a notable example that a freed woman should defend, in such great cruelty of fortune, strangers, and almost unknown to her, *whenas** men, and free borne, and gentlemen of Rome, and senators, not touched with tortures, detected the dearest of their kindred.

"There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd."

The obscurity in this passage arises from the single and double meaning of *security*. In the first instance, it implies *safety—protection*; in the second, *confidence—implicit trust*.

"Yet reason dares her no."

I am not satisfied with any of the attempts that have been made to explain this passage. I believe the meaning is, "How might this injured lady reproach me, if shame and delicacy did not restrain her tongue?" Yet reason, i. e. a just reflection on the cruel wrong she has suffered, as well as on the enormous guilt of the offender, must *give her boldness* sufficient for the accusation; yet, no—that same reason and reflection, perceiving how I am fortified by my place and character against her charge, will teach her how ineffectual it would be. Our poet would not scruple to write "*dares*," for *makes daring*.

"Her worth worth yours."

Dr. Johnson's question upon Hamner's reading "*her worth works yours*," (which Dr. Warburton adopted) *How does her worth work Angelo's worth?* need not go unanswered. Her virtues are sufficient to atone for your offences; and, for her sake, I deem you again eligible to my favour.

* This word is right, *whenas*, not *whereas*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

On Sentiments express'd by Mr. COLERIDGE, in the Preface to his
"Sonnets," adverse to the PETRARCHAN MODEL.*

THOU, who hast amply quaff'd the Muses' Rill,
And bath'd thy Locks in pure poetic Dews;
Canst thou disparage the PETRARCHAN Muse :—
To her sweet voice deaf, cold, fastidious still?
Examine if unprejudic'd the Will
COLERIDGE, which can to her high Praise refuse;
And of perverseness her fair Laws accuse,
Which through the enchanted ear the bosom fill.

II.

• Her various, cadenc'd, regularity
HE, who o'er Epic heights hath soar'd sublime,
And magic SPENSER, lov'd.—The mighty Dead
Have Followers, haply to Posterity
Not unendear'd.—O! scorn not these, who led,
In many a graceful maze, the full harmonious Rhime:

Cantabr.—6 Febr. 1804.

TO THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

*Oh! lachrymarum fons! tenero Sacro
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore, te pia Nympha! sensit.*

GRAY.

MILD, pious Nymph! of birth divine,
Who, wakeful, guardst this hallow'd brim
Of flowing tears, whose stream is thine
To drink, or on its surface swim!

To thee the tears of Melody belong,
Which oft is heard at midnight hours,
Descending in harmonious song,
From brighter spheres and æry powers.

* To the third edition of his Poems.

Which wanton in the rainbow's robe,
Surcharg'd with honey, or with myrrh;
And hovering o'er this nether globe,
As zephyrs on the gossamer.

To thee belong those chrystal showers,
Which start in Youth's impulsive eye;
When, fraught with blue-ey'd Pity's powers,
It lends an ear to Liberty.

Or when with love, the tender soul
Has Friendship's absence to deplore;
Alas! what reasoning dare control
Those tears which we delight to pour?

And those are thine! which copious flow,
With tender recollections mov'd;
When with a placid, tranquil brow,
We view the spot our youth has lov'd.

Or when, at eve, with silent ear,
We listen to the Nightingale;
What transport mild! how sweet the tear
Awaken'd by her piteous tale!

Soft, tender streams! sweet gushing rills!
Whose balmy and nectareous spring,
From rocks of living love distils,
And warbling touch each mellow string.

Oh! Nymph! into my heart infuse,
(While loitering near thy cells I stray,)
In copious draughts, the pensive hues
Of wakeful Sensibility.

Grant me to heave the pensive sigh,
At early morn, at coming eve;
At Music's fall, at Beauty's eye,
At woes which Vice delights to weave.

Lovely, tender, pious Nymph!
Most beauteous! take my sad adieu;
And as thou spar'st the precious lymph,
Remember me as I love you.

Abergavenny.

LAOCOON.

DISCONTENT OVERCOME ONLY BY HOPE.

DISCONTENT.

HENCE ev'ry joy before me fly !
And leave me undisputed sway !
Your arts on other bosoms try,
But this I've singled for my prey.

Away ! begone ! nor dare remain,
Where I alone have sov'reign pow'r ;
Within the precincts of my reign,
Let nought but cheerless sorrow low'r.

Ha ! who is this that braves my force,
That boldly loiters still behind ;
The only prop, the last resource,
Of this forlorn, corroded mind ?

HOPE.

Fell monster ! source of care and grief,
'Tis I, that dare to loiter here !
'Tis I that bring the wretch relief,
And ease his sorrows, free from fear.

Too well thou know'st, that when the rest
Of joys bright train from thee retreat ;
I still can sooth the human breast,
Where thou in vain would'st fix thy seat.

Hope, is the grateful name I own,
My office is to soothe mankind ;
To thee dire hate I've ever shewn,
And ever will, as thou shalt find.

Seek then again thy Stygian cave,
E'er thou by force art thither hurl'd ;
There, in thine own dark counsels rave,
But ne'er presume to vex the world !

EUMENES.

THE TRAVELLER.

WRITTEN AT PEMBROKE.

FULL blest is he who wand'ring on the shore,
Of classic Arno hears the torrents roar,
And when the purple evening melts with dew,
 To th' envious world he bids adieu,
And tow'rd's th' enchanting scene admiring turns his view.

And oft beneath the canopy of woods,
Tastes the sweet banquet, envied by the gods,
Of berries gather'd from the livid sloe,
 His beverage sweet, and pure as snow,
Which from the mountain sides in streams nectareous flow.

Oft in the fragrance of the verdant shade,
Or 'neath the forests awful frown he's laid;
While high-o'erarch'd the woodbine, or the rose,
 Its sweetest, softest, fragrance throws,
While evening's mellow music undulating flows.

Or on the side of some gigantic hill,
Whose secret cells a murmuring sweet distil;
He lays him down in pensive fancy cast,
 And brooding o'er ideas vast,
Enjoys the flying hour, nor thinks on aught that's past.

Sometimes a fragment of impending rocks
Sublimely fissur'd by convulsive shocks,
Invites at eve his sinking soul to sleep,
 While guards ærial keep
A friendly watch ne least he falls into the deep.

So shaggy goats that o'er high mountains climb,
Hanging on some torn precipice sublime,
Undaunted view unfathom'd caves below,
 Unconscious of impending woe,
Unheeding crop the flowers that blushing round him grow.

And when from slumber th' early birds awake,
The smiling Flora, and in transport shake
The pearly dew-drop from the quiv'ring thorn,
 How as Aurora spreads the dawn,
He wild with wonder starts, and hails the opening morn.

O'er heath, o'er wood, unnumber'd he pursues
 Unstudied paths, and courts the picturing Muse,
 O'er plain, or valley winds his devious way,
 Till mid-day pours its sultry sway,
 When 'neath an ivied tower he hails the risen day.

Ah! then what interesting thoughts arise!
 To trace with memory's recollective eyes,
 What woes, what miseries, what religious rage,
 (The fatal offspring of an iron age)
 The mould'ring walls dictate to swell th' historic page.

Or, if perchance the convent's sad retreat,
 Bosom'd in trees attract his weary feet,
 How many a swelling tear delicious falls,
 As in its ancient sacred walls,
 He thinks how many a pang the inmates' bosom thralls.

And as the anthem floats along the gale,
 High mid the wood, or deep adown the dale,
 Or on the stream re-echoing to the shore,
 How many a sigh usurp its power,
 Wak'd for the fate of those whose pleasures are no more.

Like sinuous serpents which in China* live,
 Extract the subtle poison which they give;
 To woe such melancholy joys distill,
 With such an undefined skill,
 That lost in sweet surprise sensation has her fill.

LINES

*Occasioned by the unfortunate Death of Lieutenant J—, who was killed by a
 Pistol accidentally discharged by his Friend Captain B—.*

WITH horror dumb, tho' guiltless, stood
 Beside his dying friend,
 The hapless wretch, who made his blood
 From out his side descend;

* See Philosophical Transactions, 1686.

"Give me thy hand—lov'd friend adieu!"
 The generous sufferer cried,
 "I do forgive and bless thee too."
 And having said it, died.

And Pity, who stood trembling near,
 Knew not for which to shed—
 So claim'd by both—her *biggest* tear,
The living or the dead.

Totnes, 18 Dec. 1803.

J. CARR.

[MR. EDITOR,

THE excessive pitch to which the writing of "Sentimental Sonnets" is arrived, calls aloud for ridicule, or some other method of restraining this eternal source of affected sensibility and false taste. Many of those compositions, known by the general name of Sonnets, possess genuine merit; but they are easily distinguished from those of that description I have mentioned, and at which alone I mean the force of ridicule should be directed. Under this idea, if you should think the following attempt worthy of insertion in your Miscellany, it would be a high gratification to,

Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

SATIRICUS.]

SONNET,

TO A POT OF PORTER.

SWEET, cooling draught! that with refreshing taste
 Dost add fresh vigour to my weary frame;
 I wish thy copious stores might ever last:
 But such a pleasure is too much to claim.
 All pleasures, all enjoyments, are but short;
 Thine too, alas! is transient as the rest!
 When thou art ended I am sorry for't;
 But while thy joys continue, I am blest!
 Ah me! what dreadful sight assails mine eyes!
 Strange horror seizes me, I know not what—
 Ten thousand terrors all before me rise;
 I see, I see—the bottom of the pot!
 How cruel Fate, that thus my peace destroys,
 And takes away at once my porter and my joys!

TO HEBE.

HEALTH! kindest boon, the gods bestow,
 The choicest good that mortals know,
 How art thou woo'd! Successless he,
 Full oft, who most doth bend the knee
 To supplicate thy care;
 While those, regardless of thy name,
 Who search for joy, or seek for fame
 'Midst other bliss—with revelry
 E'en dwell—from painful sorrow free,
 Thy greatest kindness share.

'Tis not like Fortune thou art blind,
 Without distinction to mankind;
 Or sought, or not, alike art found
 Without, or choice, or view.
 Ah! is it goddess, that as wealth,
 And wit—and fancy—fame—so health—
 Life's primeest blessings—all are vain—
 Thou'd'st teach us—transient is their reign,
 Each joy we prize—untrue?

Liverpool.

J. P. BINHAM.

TO MISS D——,

OF THE T——E R——L, D——Y-L——E;

CAN all the pleasures of the busy town
 Efface thine image from my throbbing heart?
 Can plunging headlong into riot, drown
 The tender feelings which thine eyes impart!
 No!—not the frozen regions next the pole,
 Could teach my thoughts, unmov'd, to turn on thee;
 Could tear thy valued image from my soul,
 Or bid my breast from thy control be free!
 Whilst breath shall linger near this beating heart,
 Thou only wilt possess an empire there;
 Bid ev'ry sorrow (with a smile) depart,
 Or, frowning, doom my spirit to despair!
 Oh! that the sigh, which issues from my heart,
 Could to thy breast congenial love impart!

March 1, 1804.

E——E.

ROMANCE.

Oh! view those black turrets, the tempests' rage braving,
 Oh view, and then pity, the maid they enclose!
 For as o'er her pale forehead the ringlets are waving,
 There Rosalie sits, on her Herbert's name raving,
 And sighs as remembrance recalls former woes.
 "Oh God! Oh God! my Hubert dies!
 His eyes are sunk, his beauties fade,
 And now, a bloody corpse he lies,
 Who late my love with love repaid."

No tears dim those eyes, that with vengeance are shining,
 No grief cools the fever that burns in her veins,
 And she, who her charms round each heart once was twining,
 Now kneels in the gloom of insanity pining,
 And utters these words as she dashes her chains:—
 "Fell murd'rer, your fury I brave,
 No more will my love and I part,
 This cold bosom shall still be his grave,
 And his pillow shall be this fond heart."

VARGES.

THE DISTRESS'D POET.

Poor poet! I pity your fate!
 You seem to be quite at a stand:
 Has the Muse become bashful of late?
 Does she scruple to lend you a hand?

POET.

O! Sir! I am ruin'd indeed!
 The Muse is so coy and so cruel!
 She makes my poor heart even bleed,
 For want of—a bason of gruel!

In vain I endeavour to woo her,
 She's deaf to entreaty and pray'r:
 Distracted, forsaken, and poor,
 I'm oppress'd with vexation and care.

I have scarcely a morsel to eat,
And hunger oppresses me sore ;
I begin—but I ne'er can complete,
For, alas ! she inspires me no more.

How wretched the life that I spend !
Be advis'd (by experience I know it)
Whate'er choice of life you intend,
Take any but that of a poet !

VERSICULUS.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

MARCH 13.—The only novelty produced at this theatre, since our last report, is a farce, called the *Counterfeit*, written by Mr. Franklin, the author of the *Wandering Jew*, *Egyptian Festival*, and various other successful dramatic pieces. The following is an outline of the plot :

The Governor of one of our Asiatic settlements has a large estate in this country, which is entrusted to the care of *Squeezeall*, a rapacious attorney ; but the Governor, having been apprized of his misconduct, gives Colonel Ormond a power of attorney, which supersedes him as agent to the estate. On the passage of the Colonel to Europe, he is taken by the enemy at sea ; but his servant *Addle* escapes, secures the Governor's power of attorney, and other documents, directed to *Squeezeall*, assumes the character of his master, and thereby gets possession of the estate ; the Governor unexpectedly returns to England, discovers the impostor, who is confounded at the unexpected arrival of his master, the real Colonel Ormond, and confesses all his frauds. The main business is relieved by the loves of *Miss Harcourt*, disguised as her brother, *Captain Harcourt*, and of Colonel Ormond, by the extravagance of *Addle*, and the legal tricks and quiddities of *Squeezeall*, with the follies of a selfish and antiquated maid, the aunt to *Squeezeall*.

There is much entertaining bustle and whimsicality of character in this farce. *Addle*, the *Counterfeit*, is well adapted to Mr. Bannister's style of acting ; the situations in which he is placed are extremely ludicrous, and are rendered still more so by the constant intrusion of his real upon his assumed character. He is a 'Tom Errand dressed in Beau Clincher's clothes.' The jargon of the law runs very sportively through the character of *Dashing Bob*, a farcical, but not overcharged portrait of a knavish but fashionable attorney ; and we believe there are many originals in the profession, to whom the likeness will strongly apply. Considerable comic effect is excited by *Dizzy*, the lawyer's deaf clerk, a hasty sketch, to which the quaint humour of Collins gives a very forcible colouring. The scenes in which the *Counterfeit* tries to make an impression on the virgin heart of *Palmyra*, an antiquated piece of vanity, affords a considerable increase to the mirth of the audience, who testified their approbation of the farce by very loud and general applause.

Two pleasing little airs, a duet still more pleasing, and a mock procession, happily ridiculing the prevailing passion for stage pageantry, are introduced with very good effect.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MARCH 8.—The *Paragraph*, from the pen of Mr. Prince Hoare, was received with universal applause.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Toppit,	-	-	-	Mr. Munden.
Frank Toppit, his nephew,	-	-	-	Mr. Fawcett.
Fieldair, an apothecary,	-	-	-	Mr. Blanchard.
Herbert, nephew to Fieldair	-	-	-	Mr. Braham.
Sir George Ratie,	} fashionable friends of Frank Toppit,	{	-	Mr. Claremont.
Major Yawn,			-	Mr. Simmons.
Baron Blas,			-	Mr. Klanert.
Solomon, Mr. Toppit's servant,	-	-	-	Mr. Emery.
Eliza,	-	-	-	Sign. Storace.

The principal comic characters sustained by Messrs. Munden and Fawcett, are a hearty old fellow, (an elder *Vapour*, in *My Grandmother*,) who fancies himself afflicted with all the disorders incident to the human frame; and his nephew, a dashing young spendthrift, affecting fashionable connections, and ashamed of trade. They are drawn with Mr. Hoare's usual boldness of character and force of humour. The former, like *Genitive*, smells a little of the shop, but he makes us laugh as much as the apothecary, and his duet with Storace, which may be called the *Pharmacopeia* duet, for it enumerates more medicines than are to be found in every doctor's shop, is a genuine antidote to melancholy. Fawcett's song of *Cross Readings*, with the punning accompaniments, is also very whimsically written, and especially suited to the peculiar voice and manner of the performer.

The music, by Mr. Braham, has many excellent passages, which afford both him and Madame Storace (who hardly ever appeared to more personal advantage) very ample opportunity of exerting their admirable talents.

10.—The *Wheel of Fortune*—Which has been so long going round at the other theatre, must now be allowed to take its *turn* at this house. Penruddock is one of Mr. Kemble's most powerful efforts in comedy, and the other characters prosper as well as can be wished in the hands of Munden, C. Kemble, Farley, Blanchard, and Miss Brunton.

19.—For Signora Storace's benefit, Morelli, from the Opera House, appeared for the first time on the English stage. He sang with that lady in the celebrated duet of "*Trunchette, Trunchette*," by Paisiello, and in a delightful trio with her and Braham by Sarti.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

This favourite place of public amusement will open on Easter Monday, with a new grand Ballet, a new Pantomime, &c. The house has undergone considerable improvement—the interior is decorated in a neat and elegant style; the ground is buff or fawn colour, enriched with white ornaments, emblematical trophies and cameos. The present company also boasts of much novelty as well as talent, and their prospect of success is of the most flattering kind.

ASTLEY'S NEW AMPHITHEATRE.

The theatre at Westminster-bridge, has, like the *reparabilis ales*, risen from the ashes of its former self, "another and the same." It would occupy too much room to enter into all the beauties and conveniences of this new structure, therefore we shall merely say, that taste every where prevails in the embellishments, and that nothing, which judgment or expence could produce, is wanting. Its "*form and cause conjoin'd,*" must insure it the public favour.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre SHEFFIELD.—The following address, one of the best which the critical circumstances of the country have produced, was lately spoken at this theatre, by Mr. Harley, on the occasion of a play, performed by desire of Colonel, the Earl of Effingham, and the Gentlemen of the Sheffield Volunteer Infantry. Written by Mr. E. Rhodes.

Speaks at entering :—

"Hang up our banners on the outer walls,

"The cry is still '*They come.*'"

SHAKESPEAR.

And let them come, who talk, who think of fear?

When every British lad's a Volunteer:

When good old England sees her patriot host

Form the firm line that guards their native coast.

Nor less her pride she sees the hardy tar,

Nurs'd in the strife of elemental war,

Tho' tempests blacken and the surges roar,

His watch-tower keep on Gallia's hostile shore;

Safe in whose ports the pent-up mischief rids,

Aw'd by that power which triumphs o'er the tides:

Whilst frenzied Hatred, scowling o'er the main,

Rolls the fierce eye, and champs the teeth in vain.

Our fathers found this island poor and rude,

With social joys they cheer'd the solitude:

They gave it laws, religion, power, and state;

They gave it all that makes a nation great:

They spread its empire o'er the subject sea;

They made it **STRONG** and **RICH**—they made it **FREE**;

And shall, in after times, our children say,

We gave the dear inheritance away?

What! we the dear inheritance forego?

No! by the spirits of our fathers, no!

Celestial Peace! all lovely as thou art,

Dear as the blood that warms the human heart!

Patron of science! nurse of every good!

The rich man's **BLESSING**, and the poor man's **FOOD**!

O, might thy gentler influence prevail,

Trade ope her mines, and commerce spread her sail!

Yet, what avails, sweet Peace! thy loveliest charms!
When injured England cries aloud "To ARMS?"

To arms, with eager haste, her sons advance,
And *single-handed*, dare the power of France.

England alone! degenerate Europe hear!

By every tie, that honour holds most dear;

By thy long-suffering, by thine alter'd state!

Thy great made little, and thy little great:

And O, by fair Italia's ravag'd plains!

By her sack'd cities, and her plunder'd fanes;

By Egypt's wrongs! and by that dreadful night,

When old Nile listen'd to Aboukir's fight!

By the hot blood that smok'd on Jaffa's plains!

By the fell drug that drank the sick man's veins!

By Abercromby's death! by all the brave,

Who sought and found, with him, a soldier's grave,

Europe awake! why slumber still thy might?

Glory shall prompt, and conquest crown the fight.

Batavia yet may cast her chains away,

And hail the dawning of a brighter day:

The voice of gladness cheer her children's hearts,

And commerce throng her now forsaken marts.

E'en the poor Swiss, oppress'd and harass'd long,

May tune to Liberty his mountain song;

May find restor'd his heritage on earth,

And once more love the place that gave him birth.

But tho' no Tell in Europe's cause embark,

And speed thine arrow, Freedom! to its mark:

Tho' bleeding nations feel th' oppressor's chain,

And mourn their mightiest struggless made in vain,

Yet thy green isles, O Britain! still shall be

THE HOME, the PROUDEST HOME OF LIBERTY.

Theatre WOLVERHAMPTON.---This theatre closed on the 6th inst. and we have had one of the greatest seasons this town, perhaps, ever experienced. Black Beard has been got up in a very superior manner. Mr. Hatton is our low comedian; an actor of much humour, who had a very great benefit, when he sung the parody on Miss Bailey, inserted in your last number, written by Mr. Amphlett, of this town. Mr. Shuter, son of our venerable comedian, whose death was announced by your correspondent Civis, at the beginning of the season, is a great favourite, and bids fair for a very good actor. His benefit was one of the largest ever known at this theatre. Indeed, the whole family of the Shutters have been always favourites of the town, and Mrs. Shuter and children had also a great benefit, when Mr. Shuter sang us two original songs, written by the author of the above-mentioned parody, entitled, *A Peep into the Green Room*, and *Bachelors have at ye all*, both of which were loudly enclosed. We have

had a young Thespian try his hand for the first time in Frederick in "Lovers' Vows." His conception of the character was very correct, and his figure and voice well calculated for the stage, on which he is very likely to excel, if he make it his profession. Some of the speeches were spoken with much discrimination, in which the varying passions of the son and the soldier were disclosed with much success: he was received with very great applause, and went through the whole performance with credit to himself, and satisfaction to the audience.

Wolverhampton, March 7, 1804.

"DRAMATICUS."

Theatre WOLVERHAMPTON.—This theatre, on the 6th of March, closed one of the greatest theatrical seasons that this town ever experienced. The play was the "Will," with the pantomime of "Black Beard." The latter piece has been gotten up in a very fine style. The different views of Black Beard's vessel, particularly that of the quarter-deck, are executed in a manner that would do credit to any theatre in the kingdom. The principal characters too were very ably sustained. Mr. Hatton, in Black Beard, Mr. Young, in Osmyn, and Mrs. Barnard, in Ismena, gave great strength to the piece. The dress of the latter was extremely elegant, and her acting, in several scenes, surpassingly fine and interesting. The town, however, was greatly disappointed in not finding Mrs. Gibbon in the piece; considering herself engaged for the first line of pantomime, she probably objected to taking the secondary part of Black Beard's wife. Of the nature of her engagement we are ignorant; we have only to lament that we were not gratified by her appearance. The benefits of the season, upon the whole, have been very great. Mr. Shuter had near 80*l.* Mr. Archer near 70*l.* Mr. Hatton, and Mrs. Barnard very little short. Mr. Gibbon had every right to expect a greater than he found; his being between 30*l.* and 40*l.* At the benefit of the latter, a young gentleman of the town made his first appearance in Frederick, in "Lovers' Vows." He has a good figure and voice, and acquitted himself with much satisfaction to the audience. Mr. Young had a very genteel house; the receipts being 40*l.* Mr. and Mrs. Dawson's night was very fashionably attended, being by the desire of the Harmonic Society of this town. The receipts were about 50*l.* We were sorry to find Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Chambers' nights so very unequal to their merits; the latter, from her long services in the theatre, and her very superior acting, had every right to expect the indulgence of a grateful public. This corps of theatricals is, at present, very strong. Mesdames Barnard, Dawson, Gibbons, Edwards, Chambers, and Shuter, &c. and Messrs. Archer, Gibbons, Young, Dawson, Shuter, and Vernon, &c, if properly disposed of, are able to get up most of the English dramas with considerable effect.

Wolverhampton, March 7, 1804.

CIVIS.

Theatre BATH.—This theatre is about to close, after a pretty good season, at the end of which Elliston quits us. He took leave of the audience on the night of his benefit, in a very elegant and appropriate speech. We sincerely wish he may not regret the change.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor quit Bath for Liverpool. We understand Elliston's principal characters are to be filled by Egerton, who hath this season been kept as a *corps de reserve*.

Mrs. Johnston's benefit was more productive this season than it had been before. This lady remains where her talents are so deservedly held in estimation.

We feel it our duty to caution a *favourite comic* actor of this theatre against a repetition of the shameful interpolations and buffoonery, with which he intermixes every character he represents. Those in the gallery, and his *play-mates*, may laugh, but the judicious grieve. We could add much upon this subject; but we first try the effect of a *hint*.

Mrs. Edwin is, indeed, a gem. Surely there must be some *hidden cause*, why the fine talents of this lady are not transplanted to a more genial soil. Blissett hath not been engaged this season, though, perhaps, Bath hath not a greater favourite. We hope it is not true, that the *wigs* left by that veteran in dramatic criticism, Woodfall, to Blissett, were sold by the latter for a few paltry shillings.

Theatre Royal BRIGHTON.—This theatre will next summer be conducted by Mr. Brunton, sen. so that the inhabitants and visitors of that delightful spot are likely once more to see a respectable theatrical company, under a respectable manager.

MANCHESTER THEATRICALS.—This theatre opened on the 1st of December, with "Pizarro," and "the Poor Sailor," the amount of which, £.124 was given to the theatrical fund: the performance, upon the whole, went off very smoothly, chiefly owing to the occasion; but the following, and many succeeding nights, was a tumult of uproar and confusion, (nothing new in this theatre,) but which has been greatly aggravated this season, by the publication of a *twopenny* weekly pamphlet, entitled *The Townsman*, which threatened destruction and annihilation to the managers, and their adherents, for not furnishing them with a better company, or, in short, such a one as they could approve of. But what kind of a corps must that be? For the fickleness of those individuals is such, that the performers of the two London houses, jointly, could not satisfy them for more than a season!

In speaking thus, I am not including the town at large, nor indeed but a very trifling part, viz. the authors of the *Townsman*; (for though it is brought out under the title and style of an individual, yet there are several concerned in it;) a publication replete with ignorance, impudence, and partiality: some of its authors, I would advise to pay more attention to the paint brush and pill box, to daubing of sign-boards, and pounding of drugs, (if they are capable,) than taking to them the office of dramatic censors. The present company is certainly as respectable a corps as any out of the metropolis; several of whom have appeared there, and been stationary for many seasons. However, not to intrude too far on the limits of the *Mirror*, I will endeavour to be brief. The houses, this season, have been too productive to suppose the public at large could have been influenced by this scurrilous publication; yet, strange to say, several of the actors, who have been most liberally applauded on the stage, have been lashed most unmercifully, by the *Townsman*, on the following Saturday! Nay, so tenacious are they, that, if a performer drops his handkerchief on the stage, by accident, a hiss will ensue. Poor Diddler experienced it, for unfortunately let-

the roll fall from his hands, at the breakfast table, (oh! 'twas a crime not to be pardoned*). Mr. Cooper, the American actor, who performed a few nights here, they attacked most unmercifully, till he received a good benefit, and then they found out he was *deserving* of it! I cannot help remarking here, a sentence or two of Fielding's, in his *Miser*: "He that is rich can have no vice; and he that is poor can have no virtue;" which I think very applicable, in the present case, as there are a few of our performers "who never can be wrong, and the rest never can be right." Delicacy forbids me to mention the former, but justice compels me to speak of the latter, in order to vindicate their characters from the false, illiberal aspersions, which have been thrown on them, and must hurt them in the opinion of the world, unless a proper explanation is given.

In the first place, Mr. Richardson, who has alternately been in the Bath, Norwich, Dublin, and Covent Garden Theatres, and whose merits are well known, and approved of, the Townsman and his friends seem determined to crush, as they indiscriminately abuse him, in all he does, notwithstanding the audience receive him well. Mr. Gordon, an actor of merit, has also suffered severely from their lash; but having run their courser to a stand, they are now changing in favour of him, as has been the case with many others, viz. Messrs. Bengough, Mills, Grist, &c. and White was eternally damned for playing Sempronius! (which, by the bye, was a case of necessity;) for, had this actor justice done him, he certainly possesses considerable merit, as a comedian, which the few opportunities he has had sufficiently evince. In one sense, however, I must accord with the Townsman: we certainly are much in want of a first-rate female singer; and a *musical* Irishman, *he* says; but after Mr. Johnstone, better than we have are not to be found. A great change, I understand, will take place in the theatre the next season; and I sincerely hope we shall not have a worse company than the present; as, from the character of the town, performers are very tenacious of coming; and good actors will certainly not engage for inferior business, which the Townsman expects. As to the abilities of the performers in general, they speak for themselves, and are too well known to need any eulogium from my pen; the only cause of my writing these remarks is to rescue the actors and actresses from the false and scurrilous reflections thrown on them, and to hold up their characters in a just and impartial light to the world at large; for private pique and personal invective are the constant and predominant characteristics of the Townsman!

Theatre ANDOVER.—Mrs. Thoraton's company hath been performing here very successfully. Here is a Mr. Thompson, who represents many of Fawcett's characters, with an energy and force seldom equalled, and which ought to procure for him a situation on the boards of our first provincial theatres, as his talents will ultimately, if he persevere, and be industrious in his profession—raise him to

* Critics—full hold, I venture on the name,
 " Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame;
 " Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
 " He hacks to teach—they mangle to expose."

Burns.

entenance in London. Mr. Hargrave, the son, as we are informed, of a merchant in the city, has many of the first requisites for an actor; a fine mellow-toned voice, graceful action, and considerable judgment, which will be improved by experience. We would rather not again see the manager's lady in such characters as Millwood.

Theatre PLYMOUTH.—Smith and Winston will commence their campaign under most auspicious circumstances,—a new theatre, and a very excellent company.

Theatre PLYMOUTH DOCK.—I have heard and read, with considerable indignation, mixed with sorrow and regret, the fulsome and adulatory puffs on a certain comic actress, now performing under the banners of the veteran Hughes, in the west of England. I am very little conversant with dramatic criticism, but, in my journeys through the country, (for travelling is my pursuit), I invariably visit provincial theatres, whenever I have the good fortune to find them in action; consequently, without egotism, or paying any direct compliment to my judgment, it is but fair to presume, I am not an inattentive observer of what, in my opinion, constitutes excellence. I have, for several seasons, because of the interest certain individuals have taken in favour of Miss Grant, watched the progress of that lady's various performances, with a wary eye, bordering on solitude: I have endeavoured, occasionally, by the lenient hand of friendship, to correct what I have conceived errors of judgment; but, alas! my interference hath tended only to encourage that which I would gladly, for the advantage of the fair object, have her "reform altogether." There is a delicacy attached to the female character, which should be most prominent on the stage, and it evinces a miserable taste to give in to the applauses, which proceed from (certainly not the most judicious of an audience, in a town like this) the gallery. Miss Grant hath need to *unlearn*; "native modesty" should be the characteristic of all her performances, because it is in that line her abilities are likely to become prominent, provided her talents be not "nipped in the bud," by the false glare of criticism, rather than the fostering pen of gentle chastisement. She is as boisterous as a chamber-maid, where she ought to be tender and affecting. In her staging she "*out-herods Herod*," notwithstanding her voice is capable of softness and variety. Her features are pleasing, and full of various expression, but they are distorted by meaningless and conspicuous affectation. In the line of Mrs. Gibbs, excepting Mrs. Edwin, of Bath, we know not any lady, in any provincial theatre, more likely to be eminent; but let her (again we observe it) beware of satiety.

Sandford, the entire manager of Hughes's company, merits all possible eulogium, for the judicious reform he hath effected in this theatre, as it regards the gratification of the elegant public. Previous to the present season, in the theatre at Dock, the pit, gallery, and boxes, were principally resorted to by a description of persons, extremely offensive to modesty and decorum, and indeed to their utter exclusion. This, by the introduction of a new system, Mr. Sandford has removed; and, instead of the inebriety and confusion which used to prevail, order and regularity are introduced, equal to either of the London theatres.—

The performers are numerous and respectable. Sandford himself, in the superior walks of tragedy and elegant comedy, is a host. Young Farren, son of the lamented and respectable actor at Covent Garden, hath talents of the first order. His education and judgment, and elegant figure, and expressive countenance, will, by attention, realise to him all his hopes and expectations. We saw this gentleman at Weymouth last year: his improvement since then is astonishing. Mrs. Farren is a valuable acquisition to the company: her figure is very fine, and her vocal powers are far above mediocrity.

The house never was so well attended as this season; the benefits averaged nearly sixty pounds.

VIATOR.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

THE TRIAL OF MESSRS. GORDONS.—The trial of the two Mr. Gordons, for the forcible taking away of Mrs. Lee from her house; in Bolton-row, came on at the assizes at Oxford, on Tuesday, the 6th of March.

The Gordons were brought up through a trap-door in the dock, and delivered at the bar by the gaoler, Mr. Harris, under the following authority:

Lockhart Gordon, aged 28 years, and Lauden Gordon, aged 23, years.—Brought March 2d, by Habeas Corpus, from London, charged on the oaths of Rachael Fanny Antonina Lee, wife of Matthew Allen Lee, Esq., and others, with feloniously and unlawfully taking the said Rachael Fanny Antonina Lee from her house in Bolton-row, Piccadilly, against her will, for the lucre of substance, and defiling her at Tetsworth, in this county, contrary to the statute, &c.

The indictment, consisting of several counts, was then read; and charged the prisoners with having, to the great displeasure of Almighty God, the disparagement of Rachael Fanny Antonina Lee, and the evil example of his Majesty's subjects, forcibly carried away and defiled the said Rachael Fanny Antonina Lee, contrary to the statute.

Mr. Mills, counsel for the prosecution, opened the case, describing the enormity of the offence, which he concluded in the following terms:

The first act necessary to prove, is the forcibly carrying away, and whether Rachael Fanny Antonina Lee has been defiled by Lauden Gordon. There never, gentlemen, was a case more interesting to the feelings of men, and by tracing the characters of the Gordons, and their acquaintance with Mrs. Lee, I trust I shall be able to substantiate my assertions. Messrs. Lockhart and Lauden Gordon were examined, and committed for trial, by that enlightened magistrate, Mr. Bond, and, by the natural operation of the law, Mrs. Lee was bound over to prosecute. She was the natural daughter of the late Lord Le Despencer, who left her property to the amount of 70,000*l.* She ran away with Matthew Allen Lee, Esq. and was married to him at Haddington, in Scotland; but parting with him, she retired with 1,200*l.* per annum, with power to will away the moiety. She had become acquainted with the Gordons, from having been at school with their mother at Kensington; and owing to the introduction of Mr. Blackett, an apothecary in South Audley-street, her intimacy was renewed

in December last. On Sunday the 15th of January, they dined together, and carried off Mrs. Lee, as will be stated by the subsequent evidence.

Sarah Wesbeach said, that they had lodged with her at Alsop's Buildings; that they were much distressed in circumstances; and, by their direction, she had taken a post-chaise on Sunday evening, which was ordered to drive to Bolton-row, Piccadilly.

Janet Davison proved the forcible carrying off her mistress, as stated in our report of the Bow-street proceedings, which was strengthened by the corroborating evidence of William Martin, Sarah Hunt, George Hunt, Thomas Hardy, and George Bowen.

Mrs. Lee swore to having received the following letters from Lauden and Lockhart Gordon:

"MY DEAREST MADAM,

Jan. 12, 1804.

"If you assent to my proposition, I shall gain an inexhaustible mine of felicity, and you will only lose the pity of the ignorant and the prejudiced. I have been matured in adversity, but have still left the most valuable gift of the *mens conscia recti*, which can neither be stolen nor purchased. Though my fortune is not great, I have to offer you strength of body and mind. I have consulted my heart, and would have plucked it out had it been unfaithful. I have applied to my reason, in a low and distinct voice, and it has whispered, Faith—the world is unworthy of you, and if there be an union of *souls*, surely there should be a union of *bodies*. Consult the God of Nature, and tremble at disobedience. I have obeyed your injunction, and for two days have not seen the splendour, nor felt the vital warmth of that sun, which must either illuminate or destroy me.

"LAUDEN GORDON."

"DEAR MADAM,

Jan. 12, 1804.

"I assent to all Lauden has said in his answer, and if he deceives you, I'll blow his brains out, and then we shall both meet that damnation we shall so richly deserve. Burst the fetters of ceremony, and think that in Lockhart Gordon you have found a heart to feel, a head to conceive, and a hand to execute, what may tend to your happiness.

"LOCKHART GORDON."

Mrs. Lee recapitulated the evidence given at Bow-street. On her cross-examination, she admitted that, while in the post-chaise, proceeding on the road to Unbridge, she drew from her bosom a gold locket and camphire bag, exclaiming, "The charm is dissolved. This has preserved my virtue hitherto, but, throwing them away, added—Now welcome pleasure." She also admitted, that, while at Tetsworth, she said to the chamber-maid, "Tell my husband he may come to bed in ten minutes." The learned Judge (Lawrence) here interposed, and observed it was unnecessary to proceed in the trial any farther, as it was manifest the force had not been carried into the county of Oxford; consequently the crime was not complete. At the same time he considered the conduct of the prisoners disgraceful in the extreme.

The jury then acquitted them; and they were taken from the bar. In their way from the court, the populace greeted them with huzzas, and attempted to take the horses from their carriage; while Mrs. Lee was compelled to take re-

fuge in a chamber of the Town Hall from their fury. There never was a case that excited so much interest; the Town Hall was surrounded before day light, and the judge, with difficulty, obtained admission into the court. Many persons were bruised by the constables, &c. in their endeavouring to preserve the peace. The trial lasted from eight o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon. It was a very much disappointed expectation, as the prisoners were not put on their defence. Great depredations were committed by gangs of pick-pockets from London. Five were lodged in jail. Mrs. Lee declined stating her dream, observing, that Mr. Gordon had a copy of it, and might shew it, if he pleased. A detainer for debt was laid upon Lauden Gordon. The judge advised a prosecution for a common assault.

Mrs. Lee's story affords a very delicate satire upon modern sceptics. This philosophical lady, so much devoted to study and meditation, was much too wise, it seems, to believe in the Christian Religion. Her enlightened mind and vigorous understanding rejected such doctrines, as repugnant to her pure reason. Mark, however, the inconsistency of this female sage. She disbelieved Christianity, but she had a perfect faith that a bit of camphire, attached to a steel necklace, was an all-powerful charm to defend her virtue!—Truly has it been said, that infidels are the most credulous beings on earth, and believe every thing but the Bible.

OPINION OF THE JUDGES IN THE CASE OF ROBERT ASLETT.—Mr. Aslett was put to the bar, and Mr. Baron Hotham proceeded to state the decision of the judges on this case. After recapitulating the counts in the indictment under which the prisoner was tried and convicted in the last September sessions; he observed, that it was agreed by his counsel, that the papers in question were not valid securities, because they had not been signed by a person properly authorized by Lord Grenville. The judgment of the court was therefore suspended, in order that the objections which occurred to the counsel might be referred to the judges. These objections were ably argued. Eleven of the judges had met in the Exchequer Chamber, and had different conferences on the objections taken by the counsel. These objections resolved into two points. It was in the first place argued, that the prisoner could not be convicted under the 15th of George II. cap. 13, because that was repealed by the late act of the present reign. All the judges, however, were of opinion, that there was nothing in the last act which operated in repeal of the first. The next point contended in the prisoner's favour was, that the papers in question could not be considered as effects, under the statute of George II. but the majority of the judges were of opinion, that they did fall under that act as effects. The clause of that act, which particularly applied to the prisoner, provided, that if any servant or officer of the Bank should embezzle, secrete, or run away with any securities or effects of the Bank, such person is guilty of felony. The great object of the legislature, in framing this act, was to afford additional security to the Bank, an establishment of the first national importance. Considering the statute, therefore, under the large and liberal view with which it had been framed, and disclaiming any intention to strain it to penal purposes, it must be obvious that these exchequer

bills, which were fairly purchased, and had become the property of the Bank for a valuable consideration, were valid securities. It had been maintained that these bills were of no intrinsic value; but it was plain they were of value to the Bank. The defects which existed in the bills were removed by government. They were issued under the authority of an act of parliament; and the holders had an undoubted claim, he would not say upon the honour merely, but upon the justice of government to pay them. These exchequer bills were, therefore, to be considered as valid securities, and they must also be deemed effects, for that term was confined to no particular species of property. But whether they were regarded as securities or as effects, they bore a given value: they were a species of effects for which no one would hesitate to give the value that appeared on the face of them: they were such effects as a bankrupt would be bound to deliver up to his creditor. What would be said of any insolvent debtor who should neglect to put such bills in his schedule, under the pretence that they were not valid securities? Would not every honest mind revolt at such conduct?---It was to be remembered, that the offence with which the prisoner was charged, was not described, either in the act, or in the indictment, as a larceny, but as a felony. It was unnecessary, therefore, to affix any particular value to the effects embezzled. It had been argued, that this construction would lead to the ascribing value to things in which the idea of value would be ridiculous, such as stumps of pens, blotting paper, &c. But the judges were not driven to this extremity. The bills in question were entrusted to the prisoner, as an officer and servant of the Bank, and were valuable securities in the Bank, as government was bound to correct whatever imperfections might exist in them;---and the majority of the judges were of opinion, that the embezzlement by the prisoner subjected him to the penalty of the act of the 15th of Geo. II.

Mr. Aslett was then removed from the bar. He was dressed in black, and bowed respectfully to the court, on entering and retiring.

MURDER.---At Boudin, in the vicinity of Paris, a shocking crime was lately committed. A landlord of an inn, his wife, children, servants, and travellers, who lodged in his house, in the whole, fourteen individuals, were murdered by some armed persons, who forced their entrance into the house. The landlord had, some few days before, received a sum of sixty-thousand livres. As this happened to be known, some of the neighbours united together to rob him of this money, and to kill every person in the house. A young girl, had, however, the good luck to escape into one of the out-houses, where she concealed herself. She told the police agents, that, among the assassins, she knew the voice of a smith, the neighbour of her father. Upon this, on the following night, these agents, accompanied by some gens d'armes, disguised themselves like waggoners, and pretending to be drunk, knocked at the door of the smith's house, which was besides a petty wine-house, demanding some wine to drink. Being refused admittance, they broke open the house, and found the smith in the cellar, with two of his accomplices, in the very act of dividing the sixty thousand livres.

On Sunday night, Feb. 12, about nine o'clock, while Lady Warren was in her bed-room, at her house on the North Parade, Brighton, her clothes unfortunately caught fire, to extinguish which, she endeavoured to wrap the curtains tightly round her, but they taking fire also, the conflagration soon extended to

all parts of the room : however, on the arrival of some domestics, the flames were extinguished. After lingering some days, her ladyship died.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The inflammability of muslin dresses may be prevented, by rinsing them out in alum water, made by dissolving the proportion of a hen's egg (or even less) in a quart of water. That by this simple means, all danger of life may be prevented, any one may assay, by burning a rag of muslin so rinsed and dried, against another rag unprepared ; the first will burn gradually, and with difficulty, whilst the second will flame away instantly.

R. B. Sheridan, Esq. is appointed by the Prince of Wales to the office of Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, in the room of the late Lord Elliot. This is considered the very first office in the gift of the Prince, and the manner in which he has disposed of it, reflects the highest honour on His Royal Highness's discernment.

LORD CAMELFORD.—On Monday, March 11, Mr. Hodgson, coroner for Middlesex, and the jury, having assembled at the White Horse public-house, Kensington, where the inquest was to be held, they repaired immediately to Little Holland House, to take a view of the body, which being done, they returned to hear the evidence produced.

James Sheers, Lord Holland's gardener, said, that he was digging in Holland House Garden, on Wednesday morning last, between the hours of seven and eight o'clock, along with another person, when he heard the report of a pistol. He remarked to his companion, that the noise, most probably, proceeded from a duel, and they ran down immediately to the pailing, at the end of the garden, to see what was the matter. Witness saw from thence some smoke in the second field from Holland House, the distance of about ten yards from the hedge. Not far from thence, he observed the deceased lying on the ground, with his second supporting him. As he was running to the place, he met two gentlemen coming from the deceased, who he found, on reaching the spot, was still supported by the same gentleman he had seen with him at a distance, who desired his assistance in supporting the unfortunate gentleman on the ground ; but before the witness complied, he called to the man he left behind him, and others, to stop the gentlemen who were making their escape, which they endeavoured to do, but without success. The deceased then begged the witness to support him ; the gentleman who had hitherto done so having left him, and was running off. The witness then sent one of his people for a surgeon. As soon as the man was gone, the deceased wished to know whom the witness was calling out to have stopped ; on his saying it was the gentlemen who were running away from him, the deceased said he did not wish it, for he was the aggressor ; that he freely forgave the gentlemen, and hoped God would. The witness then asked the deceased, if he knew the party who had shot him ? He replied, he knew nothing ; he was a dead man. Sheers obtained assistance as soon as he could, and had the gentleman put into a chair, and taken to Mr. Otty's, Little Holland House. On stripping off the deceased's neck-cloth, and opening his waistcoat, he found a wound between his right shoulder and breast.

George Robinson, also a gardener at Holland House, deposed, that on Wednesday morning, about a quarter of an hour before eight o'clock, he saw four gen-

diemon walking in the field before described, and soon after heard the report of a pistol, and two or three seconds afterwards, that of another; he then saw the deceased fall, and two of the gentlemen go up to him, who, after remaining with him a short time, came away towards him (the witness), and desired that he would go and assist the gentleman on the ground. When witness came to the spot, he found Sheers supporting the gentleman; he could see the deceased fire first at one of the gentlemen who went away. They stood off about thirty paces, or twenty-nine yards, as well as he could judge of the distance from the marks of their feet in the dew, and from the place where the deceased lay.

Mr. Nicholson, of Saville-street, surgeon, stated, that he was called, on Wednesday last, to a gentleman, at Mr. Otty's, who had been wounded by a shot from a pistol. The deceased complained of a severe pain shooting through his chest to his back, and also a pain in the lower extremities, from which circumstance, witness supposed that a pistol ball had passed through the lungs, and lodged in the spine. The deceased never recovered the use of his lower extremities; he languished till eight o'clock on Saturday evening, when he died. On opening the body, Mr. Nicholson said, he found that the ball had fractured the fifth rib, and passed through the right lobe of the lungs, and had lodged in the passage of the spinal marrow, through the sixth vertebra of the back, which had occasioned the death of the deceased. The jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against persons unknown."

Lord Camelford's antagonist was a Mr. Best, a near relation to the gentleman who, some time back, had the misfortune to shoot his friend Lieutenant Jones, at Ibbetson's Hotel. The quarrel originated from some words which Lord Camelford supposed Mr. Best had uttered, reflecting, in some degree, upon his lordship. The honourable Mr. Devereux was second to Lord C. and Mr. Nihell to Mr. Best.

The following are the precise words of that part of Lord Camelford's will which relates to his unfortunate duel with Mr. Best.

"There are many other matters which, at another time, I might be inclined to mention, but I will say nothing more at present, than that in the present contest I am fully and entirely the aggressor, as well in the spirit as in the letter of the word; should I, therefore, lose my life in a contest of my own seeking, I most solemnly forbid any of my friends or relations, let them be of whatever description they may, from instituting any vexatious proceedings against my antagonist; and should, notwithstanding the above declaration on my part, the laws of the land be put in force against him, I desire that this part of my will may be made known to the king, in order that his royal heart may be moved to extend his mercy towards him."

It has been mentioned in the papers as something remarkable, that a pound of cotton yarn should extend twenty-three miles: a gentleman in the spinning business, however, states, "that a pound weight of cotton yarn, spun upon the mule-jenny, No. 250, will extend one hundred and twenty-four miles, and one hundred and sixty yards; and this is not the finest yarn that has been spun upon a jenny."

An extraordinary robbery, of a very fine colonet of emeralds, has lately engaged the attention of the people of Paris, where it was committed. This splen-

old ornament is the property of a Madame Demidoff, and the other proves to be the Countess of Schwiechelt, widow of a Bavarian general, who was a great favourite with the late Elector. She had made herself acquainted with the place where it was kept, and, at a ball given by its owner, the lady contrived to purloin it. The theft has been proved, and the beautiful thief was conducted to prison. Her youth and her rank in life, have induced many persons to solicit the pardon of this interesting stranger; but it is generally believed that Bonaparte will be inflexible, and leave her to public punishment, to which she has been condemned. The love of play, and to repair the immediate loss of fifty-thousand livres, impelled this unfortunate lady to commit the offence, for which the laws of France are preparing their pains and penalties.

THE INVINCIBLE STANDARD.—The right to this long and eagerly contested spoil, is at length decided by the highest authority against serjeant Sinclair, and in favour of Anthony Lutz. The mode of decision is as delicate as it is positive. It has been declared in the following manner:—"His majesty has been graciously pleased to allow Anthony Lutz, late of the Minorca, or queen's German regiment, at present serjeant of the king's German regiment, a pension of 20l. a year during his life, for his courage displayed in the capture of the invincible standard from the French, on the 21st of March, 1801."—The king's brevet was sent off on Wednesday night by Messrs. Cox and Greenwood, to the head-quarters of the king's German regiment.

The wretchedness of the people of Paris is at present so very great, that 111,600 people are supported by charity, in their own houses; 13,900 in the hospitals; and 4500 in the country, and yet the streets swarm with beggars.

During the midnight mass, at the cathedral at Rouen, on the 25th of December, where a great crowd was collected, one man whispered to another—"I have taken *three*," "and I *four*," said his friend; "and I *two*," said a third person, taking hold of them *both*. The third person was a police-officer, who seized two pickpockets, upon whose persons were found seven watches, stolen from different persons in the cathedral during the celebration of mass.

A letter received from an Armenian merchant at Salonichi, in Macedonia, contains the following particulars relative to the present state of Persia. The late king, or sophi, having been assassinated last year, in the midst of his seraglio, at Ispahan, the possession of his throne is contested by his three sons. Two of them he had by his sister, and the fair Zirza, whom he carried off from her father, the late high priest of Thibet, and who is still in full possession of her beauty. She is, at present, in the power of the two eldest sons of her late consort, by whom her party is narrowly watched.—Her own son, Mavedeck, is master of Ispahan, and three provinces in the interior. His force in elephants is very great, and he is assisted by a skilful general who served under Paswan Oglou; but as the other brothers are equally powerful, the issue of the contest is very doubtful.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.—We give the following statement from the Paris papers; but there are good grounds to think it unworthy of credit:—"George II. had a natural son by the beautiful English Lady Wilkins, to whom he allowed, yearly, one thousand pounds. Young Wilkins entered the military career, and married, in 1745, the daughter of a merchant, at Ghent, and by the per-

suasion of her parents, made himself a Roman Catholic. From that time, the pension of Wilkins ceased, and every petition sent to England was left without any effect. He died in 1768, and his widow in 1801. They left behind them six children, one of whom has for a long time been professor at Ghent. This citizen has now, in the name of his family, presented a memorial to the First Consul, in which he demands indemnity in Hanover for the loss of the pension, which, since 1746, has been unpaid. The sum he demands amounts to 220,000*l.* sterling, or 5,028,571 *livres*.

LISKEARD ELECTION.—A double return has been made for this borough, in favour of Mr. T. Sheridan and Mr. Huskisson.

The following is extracted from a private letter, dated Paris, the 14th ult. —“ You may form some faint idea of the state of morals in this country, by the following detail of facts, which occurred in the city of Paris alone during the last year:—

400 Men and 167 women committed the act of suicide.

81 Men and 69 women were murdered.

644 Couple were divorced.

7 Fathers murdered their children.

15 Children murdered either father or mother.

10 Husbands killed their wives.

6 Wives killed their husbands.

470 Gaming houses, &c.

308 Brothels were authorised by the police.”

IMPERIAL PRESENTS.—The presents which the Emperor Alexander made the late Captain Pacha, in return for the ten Arabian horses he had accepted from him, were magnificent, and the admiration of the *beau monde* at Constantinople for weeks. They consisted of three basons and ewers of the most beautiful rock crystal, four silver chandeliers of eight branches each, highly finished; an elegant sable skin cloak, which, though very large, weighed no more than twenty ounces, and is regarded a *unique*; four looking-glasses of a dimension never before seen in the Turkish capital, and with splendid frames, corresponding with the value of the glasses. The representation in rock crystal of a mosque, of which each piece was numbered in a manner that the whole might be taken asunder or put together at pleasure, in ten minutes, though of the height that a person might enter it with ease: and finally, a dozen of amber pipes set with diamonds, half a dozen gold pendulums, a dozen of gold snuff-boxes, richly encircled with diamonds. A Russian frigate carried these presents to Constantinople. The Captain Pacha gave two hundred purses to the captain, and several other considerable donations were distributed among the officers and the crew.

A point of law of a singular and interesting nature was lately determined by the Court of Session, at Edinburgh. The question, taken generally, was, whether a man, after having signified his intention not to live any longer with his wife, could insist on her leaving his house, and to betake herself to another which he had provided for her? In the particular case before the court, the lady had resisted this mandate, upon the ground that the husband had no power to dissolve the marriage society, without previously verifying the cause. Me-

memorials had been ordered in the case, which were taken into consideration, when their lordships, after severally delivering their opinions, found (by a majority of seven to four) that they could give the lady no relief, thereby confirming the right of a husband to assign the place of residence of his wife without his society.

A law has been passed in Mississippi legislature, against duelling, imposing on aggressors a fine of one thousand dollars, imprisonment for twelve months, and incapacity from holding any office for five years. If either party fall, the survivor and his associates to suffer death!

BIRTHS.

At Blenheim, Lady F. Spencer, of a son. At Streatham, Lady Paget, of a daughter. At Melton Mowbray, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Norman, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

In Lincolnshire, Chevalier D'Aragon, to Miss B. Mitchell, with a fortune of 20,000*l*. At Dovercourt, Essex, W. Cowper, Esq. to Miss J. Bridge. At Navestock, Essex, N. Micklethwait, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady M. W. Waldegrave. Major-Gen. Congreve, to Mrs. Eyre. Col. Elliot, to Miss Lettome, of Grove-Hill, Camberwell. Mr. Charlton, of Colchester, aged 86, to Miss Charlton, aged 79. W. D. Adams, Esq. to Miss Mayow, of Ely-Place.

DEATHS.

At Pisa, aged 66, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Eyre, sister to the late Earl Fauconberg. Suddenly, in her 22d year, Miss O'Hara. She was seized with a fit in Drury-Lane theatre, on a Saturday. She was taken to Carpmear's house, in Bow-street. Doctors Rivers and Hunt were called, whose medical aid was, however, without effect; and she expired on Monday morning at four o'clock. At Holyrood-house, Colonel J. Hamilton. In Norfolk-street, Mr. Gotobed. At Grosvenor-place, Anne, Countess of Upper Ossory. At Brighton, the Hon. H. Pomeroy. In Harley-street, the Bishop of Kildare. At West Woodhay-house, Berks, Lady Sloper. At Kingston, aged 109, G. Gregory, supposed to be the last of the crew of the *Centurion*, which ship circumnavigated the world with Lord Anson. At Dover, Mr. Smith, the father of Sir Sidney, and Mr. Spencer Smith, the English Minister at Stutgard. Mr. Smith was formerly a Captain in the Guards, and Aid-de-camp to the late Lord Sackville, at the battle of Minden. The evidence he gave on the trial of that nobleman, was so offensive to the ministry of that day, as to occasion his quitting the army. At his seat, in Cornwall, Lord Eliot. He is succeeded in his title, by his son, one of the representatives for the borough of Liskeard. Duke of Roxburghe, K. T. and K. G. Lord Chief Justice Alvanley. Right Hon. Sir W. Fawcett, K. B.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
APRIL, 1804.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF SIR FRANCIS BOURGEOIS, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY,
FROM A FINE PAINTING.

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1804.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Portrait of Mr. Downton, of Drury-Lane Theatre, in our next.

The length of the very elegant and truly interesting Memoir of SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, for which we are indebted to a literary Friend, has necessarily occasioned, this month, a curtailment in the departments appropriated to POETRY and the DRAMA.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the following communications ; -

The Liptripiana ; and Lines to a very laquacious Lady ; by CACAMBO.

Stanzas to a Young Lady ; by W. MILLER.

Portrait of Stella ; and Observations on Grace, by Z.

Elegy on the Death of Miss Sophia Anne Goddard, late of the Norwich Theatre ; by CANTABRIGIENSIS.

Edwin ; by ARTHUR OWEN, Esq.

Scenes of Youth ; by JOHN ARMSTRONG.

An Ode and a Song ; by E. D.

Further Communications from VARGES.

An Essay on the Fear of War.

The Letter from JUSTUS, on the subject of the *Battle of Bannockburn*, in our next ; and also

Further Remarks respecting the Visibility of the Ghost of Banquo.

Norwich and Irish Theatricals, &c.

We expect to be able shortly to present to our readers another number of the MELANCHOLY HOURS,

The *Midnight Visitation* is not adapted to the purposes of this work.

The *Doctor and his Dose* is in the same predicament.

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.

Page 153, l. 2 of the motto, for *TOYNGEIV* read *TOYNGEIV*.



SIR FRANCIS BOURGEOIS RA.

Pub by Varnor & Hood, Peulery, 31, March 1804

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

APRIL, 1804.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

SIR FRANCIS BOURGEOIS, R. A.

(With a Portrait.)

THE personal worth, as well as professional skill, of the gentleman who now engages our attention, ought to have excited an earlier notice in a work that professes to be the MIRROR of contemporary merit.

SIR FRANCIS BOURGEOIS is descended from an ancient and respectable family, of the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland. The family name, in former times, we understand, made no inconsiderable figure in that country: several of this gentleman's ancestors possessed offices of high trust and importance in the government.

SIR FRANCIS BOURGEOIS himself was born in the capital of the British empire. His father intended him for a military life, and he was presented, when a child, to the late Lord HEATHFIELD, whose name will ever maintain an honourable place in the records of British heroism. The gallant veteran promised our embryo artist a commission in the Light Dragoons, when he should have arrived at a proper age. Colonel BOURGEOIS, a near relation, in Switzerland, expressed a desire that the child should be sent to him, intending to place him in a military school. Parental fondness, however, kept him in this country, where he was indulged with a view of every military spectacle that occurred, with a reference to his intended profession. Such objects fired his imagination, and contributed to bring forth his latent genius, which appeared in attempts to delineate what he saw; and many early sketches of his pencil, consisting chiefly of the operations of the cavalry, were submitted to the judgment of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, WILSON, and GAINSBOROUGH, all of whom gave the most flattering encouragement to his dawning powers, and confirmed him in the pursuit of an art to which he has since devoted his life, and in which he has deservedly acquired a very high reputation. LOUTHERBOURG was the professor from whom our young artist derived his first regular instructions, and whose manner he copied with extraordinary success. With this celebrated professor our artist remained a few months, which he em-

ployed with such indefatigable assiduity, that he impregnated his mind with the true principles of painting. He then attentively studied the works of the old masters, and finally resolved to conclude his labours in the grand school of nature.

The progress of his genius was rapid, and his fame increased in the same proportion. At length his representations of landscapes and figures, which appeared in the Royal Academy, procured him the notice of the first connoisseurs, as well as of many persons of distinction, and he had the honour of being admitted to a private introduction to THEIR MAJESTIES, from whom he received the most gratifying marks of gracious condescension and encouragement.

His works were composed with such abundant fertility, that they became very numerous, and many of them were admitted into the most celebrated cabinets on the continent.

The late estimable and unfortunate KING of POLAND, in the year 1791, conferred on him the honour of Knighthood of the ORDER of MERIT, and his title has been duly recognised by the British Monarch. Lord HAWKE presented Sir Francis to HIS MAJESTY on this occasion, and the Earl of AYLESBURY to the QUEEN, and he was received with the most engaging affability.

The Royal Academy elected him a member in 1792, and he was appointed landscape painter to HIS MAJESTY in the following year.

It would be difficult, indeed, for us to enumerate all the works which have raised the name of this artist into its present high degree of repute; nor is such an enumeration at all necessary, because those works have been generally seen and admired. Truth, grandeur, taste, and simplicity, are the chief characteristics of his various productions, and he is excelled by no artist of the present day, in the spirit, variety, and beauty of his compositions.

Sir Francis has, from an early period of his life, enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Desenfans, a gentleman whose name will long be dear to the arts, whose taste and judgment are held in the highest respect, and who has manifested that taste and judgment in one of the first collections of pictures in this country.

We ought not to conclude this brief tribute to distinguished talents, without paying due homage to the personal merits of the gentleman who possesses them. Sir FRANCIS BOURGEOIS, by his good sense, varied information, polished manners, dignified spirit, and liberal countenance of contemporary talents, has acquired the best connexions in this country, with whom he is admitted to the most friendly and familiar intercourse.



SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH

Recorder of Bengal

Pub. by Verner & Hood 31, Poultry 1 Feb. 1804.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.
(With a Portrait.)

WE are fully sensible how difficult it is to comprise, within the narrow limits usually allotted to our biographical sketches, any thing like a satisfactory account of the life and writings of men distinguished for genius, and eminent for learning; but we are equally sensible how curious the public must feel to learn whatever particulars may be collected of persons, who, like the gentleman of whom we are now proceeding to speak, are enabled, by the direction of their talents, so powerfully to influence the opinions and the taste of the nation. Respecting such men, we think it better to say even a little, rather than remain wholly silent, always anxious to exert our best endeavours to gratify the laudable curiosity of our readers, while we are equally anxious to advance nothing, which we do on the present occasion, but what we derive from faithful and authentic sources.

James Mackintosh (now Sir James) is descended of an ancient and respectable family, in the Highlands of Scotland, who possessed a small estate of about 500l. a year. He was born on the 24th of October, 1765, in the parish of Dores, in the county of Inverness, and the care of his infant years was entrusted to his grandmother. At the age of seven he was relieved from female tuition, and removed to the school of Fortrose, where his juvenile studies were ably superintended, first by a Mr. Smith, and afterwards by a Mr. Stalker. His proficiency was such as announced the dawn of extraordinary talents, and he was particularly remarkable for quickness of conception and retentiveness of memory, the power of the mind, which is generally the earliest to expand itself, and in which to excel is the first intellectual struggle of puerile emulation. When he had scarcely reached the age of thirteen, he had already acquired all that the school of Fortrose was competent to teach, and, by the advice of his master, he was sent to King's College, Aberdeen. Here he applied, with equal diligence and success, to a more critical study of the classics, under Mr. Ogilvie, and was afterwards initiated in the elements of philosophy, under Dr. Dunbar. In the one he evinced the elegance of his taste—in the other, the acuteness of his understanding, and in both he afforded an instance of rapid improvement as had seldom been observed in that or any other university. To whatever department of science the propensities of his

own mind inclined him, he was now intended by his friends for the profession of physic, and with that view he removed to Edinburgh. The literary fame which the superiority of his talents had acquired at Aberdeen, travelled before him to Edinburgh, and, on his arrival, his acquaintance and company were eagerly courted by those students who aspired to equal eminence, or who embarked in similar pursuits. If Edinburgh afforded him more various facilities of improvement, it also held out opportunities of pleasure and dissipation, in which even the most cautious youth is often but too prone to indulge. Young Mackintosh was not altogether proof against the frailties of his age, and he indulged pretty freely in all those enjoyments in which its ardour and impetuosity are wont to revel. The character, however, of his dissipation was very different from that of the generality of young men. Whatever might be the inconstancy of his other amours, the love of knowledge never once deserted him; for whether he sighed in the Idalian groves, or joined in the roar of the convivial board, he had constantly a book in his hand, and most commonly an ancient or a modern poet, upon whose sentiments or diction he frequently interposed some observations, and to which he endeavoured to direct the attention and remarks of others. He was thus unremittingly active in the exercise of his mind, and thus happily contrived to imbibe instruction with his wine. But the particular bias of his mind soon began to declare itself: his attendance at the medical lectures became daily less frequent, and he was jocosely styled, by his fellow students, an *honorary* member of the classes. Notwithstanding, however, this apparent inattention, his medical knowledge was astonishingly extensive, and he was observed to collect it from conversing with those who were known to be most sedulous and successful in such pursuits. He was likewise a distinguished member of the Medical Society, in which he made his first essay in public speaking, and in which he was admired not only for eloquence and acuteness, but also for (what more astonished) the profoundness of his medical researches. His favourite society, however, was the *speculative*, in which literary, metaphysical, and political subjects were discussed, and which afforded him happier opportunities of displaying the versatility of his genius, and the variety of his acquirements.

In the year 1787, the career of his medical studies drew near to a close, and, previous to taking his degree of doctor, he was, in conformity with the rules of the university, obliged to write a Latin Thesis, which is submitted to the professors as a probationary essay. His habitual indolence (for no man was ever, with such mental ac-

tivity, physically more indolent) and his general disrelish of medical subjects, made him postpone this production till the last moment; but when it was produced, it bore the stamp and features of a mind which could give birth to nothing vulgar or subordinate.—He chose, indeed, a subject (muscular motion) which at once gave room for the display of his physiological and metaphysical knowledge, and the intricacy and obscurity of which he aptly alluded to in the motto prefixed to the dissertation:—*Latet arcand non enarrabile fibrâ.* On this intricate and obscure question he was supposed to have thrown as much light as it has hitherto been thought susceptible of, and which it was well possible to concentrate within the limits usually prescribed to these academical essays. But another, and a more striking instance here occurred of the indolence that early marked Mr. Mackintosh's disposition. Although the examination of the different candidates, who aspired to medical honours at the same graduation, was not to take place till between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, yet Mr. Mackintosh could not prevail on himself to get ready in time, but kept the *Senatus Academicus* waiting for him nearly a whole hour. For this disrespectful inattention, he, however, abundantly atoned, by the quickness and dexterity with which he replied to the different objections that were urged against his positions.

Having now obtained the privilege of teaching and practising medicine, he impatiently hastened to London, which he long anxiously wished to behold, as the centre of talent and of learning. He had there very different temptations to withstand from those which first entangled him at Edinburgh; and, as they pressed around him in much more various shapes, and more fascinating forms, they naturally made him cling more closely to such a residence, and as naturally alienated him from a profession already distasteful to him, and the exercise of which was incompatible with his favourite pursuits and abode. His friends, however, continued to urge his entering on practice; and at one time he was advised, by Dr. Fraser, a near relation of his, to attempt an establishment in London or Bath; at another, with better prospects, he was preparing to set out for Petersburgh, where he had hopes of succeeding Dr. Rogerson, as physician to his Imperial Majesty. At this time his pecuniary resources were far from being ample, and this incipient embarrassment of his circumstances, joined to his aversion from his profession, and his reluctance to quit London, contributed not a little to thicken his perplexities. From this dilemma he was soon extricated, by an event (the death of his father) which, however it must affect his filial feelings, left him at least at liberty to follow his own choice, and to

engage in a profession more congenial to the cast of his mind, and more coincident with the course of his reading. He accordingly lost no time in entering his name at Lincoln's Inn, and readily preferred Coke on Lyttleton for Galen and Hippocrates. Shortly after he commenced the study of the law, the French revolution broke out, and opened such auspicious prospects to the friends of freedom, amongst the most ardent of whom was Mr. Mackintosh, that it almost wholly engrossed his attention and his time. Among the numerous productions to which this portentous event gave occasion, Mr. Burke's celebrated letter chiefly attracted his notice, and in some degree excited his astonishment. No person could entertain a higher degree of respect than Mr. Mackintosh for the transcendent abilities of Mr. Burke. He had always looked up to him as his master and model, in political prudence and principles, and his veneration for him is known to have bordered on something superstitious, or even idolatrous. No sooner, however, had he perused the work, than he conceived the design of answering it;—a bold and hazardous one, he confessed;—applying to his own inability the following line of the poet :

Infelix puer, atque impar Congressus Achillei.

But the performance of the task justified its boldness ; and the public and himself are both much indebted to this essay of his literary prowess. The *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* rescued him from that comparative obscurity in which he had, in some measure, allowed his abilities to languish, previous to this period : not that he had not before essayed in pen on a public occasion ; for, during the debates on the regency, in 1788, he issued his first political pamphlet, in favour of the claims of the Prince of Wales ; but it was to the appearance of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, that he was chiefly indebted for the acquaintance of the most distinguished political characters of the time, more particularly of those who embraced the same side of the question as himself. Among them, we need only mention the late duke of Bedford, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Grey, Mr. Whitbread, &c. whose praise and encouragement could not fail of being highly flattering to the pride of a young author. But, most probably, neither he himself would have emerged into this celebrity nor the prospects which he now enjoys, nor would his country have been benefited with the subsequent more vigorous effusions of his mind, were it not for a material change that had previously been wrought in his habits. It happened most luckily for him, that, nearly two years before, his inclination led him to change a single for a matrimonial life, and in 1789 he married Miss Stuart, a young lady of exquisite good sense, and the most conci-

liating disposition, by whom he has had one son and four daughters. In her he found an intelligent companion, a tender friend, and, above all, a prudent mistress; and he has been often heard to confess, that it was the fond and frequent entreaties of conjugal solicitude that gradually reclaimed him from dissipation, and urged his indolence to all those exertions, more particularly to his first, the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, which had till then proved either useful or creditable to him;—and, with respect to the circumstances under which that work was composed, a work that exhibits such cogency of argument, such perspicuity of arrangement, such vigour of sentiment, and such splendour of declamation, it may be interesting to know that it was composed amidst the anxiety and distraction that must naturally be felt by a father, and husband, and a brother, surrounded by a family consisting principally of females, all of whom were at the moment variously and seriously indisposed, and who were incessantly soliciting his assistance and consolation. Indeed, when the first sheet of the work was sent to the press, scarce a sentence was written of the chapter that was to follow; yet there appears no interruption in the chain of argument, or in the thread of the narrative; and the only indications that occur of hurry, disturbance, or inattention, are the numberless typographical errors by which the first edition was deformed.

As the mind of Mr. Mackintosh was now no longer so much depressed by difficulties, relaxed by indolence, or distracted by dissipation, his prospects began to brighten, as his faculties reassumed their native elasticity and tone. He therefore applied himself, with increased diligence and renovated ardour, to the prosecution of his professional studies;—with what success, we leave it for those to judge who have heard him plead before the committees of the House of Commons, at the bar of the House of Peers, or who had the good fortune to be present at his admirable and memorable defence of Mr. Peltier. Much less shall we attempt to appreciate his merits as a lawyer, though we may safely say that he combines all the more essential qualities that constitute the character of a pleader or an orator—learning, judgment, acuteness, penetration, easy and copious elocution, graceful and appropriate gesture:—the only defects which the most penetrating and competent judges discover in him, as either, are too nice refinement in his reasoning for the apprehension of ordinary hearers, and want of compass, variety, and modulation in his voice.

But the most arduous and useful undertaking in which Mr. Mackintosh has hitherto embarked, is the composition of the Course

of Lectures which he delivered in Lincoln's Inn Hall;—the design, indeed, is vast; and the mightiest mind, perhaps, of the age, observed of it, when the plan was submitted to him, that an adequate execution of it would require the concourse and co-operation of all the philosophers of every age and country. It had long been, as Mr. Mackintosh himself observes, "the subject of his reading and reflection;" and it required, indeed, the unbounded comprehension of his mind, and the vast capaciousness of his memory, to embrace and treasure up the immense variety of materials out of which such a plan was to be constructed. His own eagerness to undertake the task was strengthened and encouraged by the gravest authorities.—"I was confirmed in my opinion," says he, "by the assent and approbation of men*, whose names, were it becoming to mention them on so slight an occasion, would add authority to truth, and furnish some excuse even for error†." The object and intention of the lectures will likewise be best understood, from the energetic and eloquent terms in which he himself has expressed them‡. "I know not whether a philosopher ought to confess, that, in his enquiries after truth, he is biassed by any consideration—even by the love of virtue; but I, who conceive that a real philosopher ought to regard truth itself, chiefly on account of its subserviency to the happiness of mankind, am not ashamed to confess, that I shall feel a great consolation at the conclusion of these lectures, if, by a wide survey, and an exact examination of the conditions and the relations of human nature, I shall have confirmed one individual in the conviction that justice is the permanent interest of all men, and of all commonwealths. To discover one link in the eternal chain by which the Author of the Universe had bound together the happiness and the duty of his creatures, and indissolubly fastened their interests to each other, will fill my heart with more pleasure than all the fame with which the most ingenious paradox ever crowned the most eloquent sophist."

Will it hereafter be believed, that a task undertaken through so much labour, and with such virtuous intention, would have been opposed by some of the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, (men we must suppose of liberal minds and liberal education,) under the false and fu-

* Among the more prominent were Lord Rosslyn, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Addington, Lord Melville, Mr. Canning, &c. all of whom wrote letters to him, in the highest strain of compliment, after reading his introductory discourse.

† See the introductory discourse to the lectures.

‡ Ibidem.

tile pretence that their hall should not be prostituted to the propagation of jacobinism. Fortunately for himself, and for the public, Mr. Mackintosh had other judges: Lord Rosslyn (then Lord High Chancellor) sent an authoritative mandate to open the hall; and the malignity of this insignificant cabal was silenced and confounded. Never was a course of lectures of any sort so illustriously attended. Twenty-five peers, and about fifty commoners, were among the most assiduous in their attendance, together with nearly all the metropolis contained of men conspicuous for their talents or their learning. It will be for them to pronounce whether Jacobinism, and its parent, the *New Philosophy*, found in Mr. Mackintosh a partisan and a preacher of their principles, or whether, on the contrary, the pernicious system which they have endeavoured to erect against the altar and the throne, against every thing that is feeling, moral, and rational in the nature of man, has not sustained an eternal overthrow from the vigour of his arguments and the thunder of his eloquence:

————— *furialia Monstra*
Fulmine Compescit Lingua.

Never were the energies of mind more forcibly or more variously exerted—never was greater affluence of intellectual wealth displayed. Scarcely is there a topic of literature but some of his lectures touched upon, or a department of science which they have not surveyed. The copious stores of his memory constantly supplied him with authorities and quotations from philosophers, orators, and poets, of every age and country, to establish his positions, and variegate his matter. What was intricate, he disentangled; he confirmed what was doubtful; embellished what was dry; and illustrated what was obscure. Like the splendour of the golden bough that bore the Trojan hero through the darksome regions of the nether realms, the luminous glance of his genius darted through all the branches of the tree of knowledge, and gilt with a new light every leaf it shone upon.

Aureaque Ingenii per ramos aura refulsit.

We have dwelt longer upon Mr. Mackintosh's lectures than upon any other of his intellectual efforts, not only because it was the most useful, as well as the most splendid, that he, or any other man of genius, could have made, but more particularly because they can be but little known to the public, as they could only have been attended by, comparatively, a few. It is, however, our anxious hope,

most admirable specimens of sound and elegant criticism*. His splendid oration in defence of Mr. PELTIER is too widely known, and too generally admired, to require any mention or comment on our part. No where is there depicted so faithful, or a more horrific picture of the more prominent actors in the French revolution: no where can be acquired a juster insight into the present dark designs and ambitious projects of the consular government:—nor has Mr. Mackintosh been backward to lend his literary aid towards rousing and animating the spirit and energies of the country, at this awful crisis of public affairs: the most pure and ardent patriotism runs through every sentence of his speech to the *Loyal North Britons*, in which volunteer corps he was a captain, and in the *Declaration of the Merchants*, &c. read at the Royal Exchange, which is now known to have flowed from his patriotic pen. Mr. Mackintosh, were he to write no more, has already written enough to entitle him to rank among the very first of our most accomplished writers; but, as his new situation must open new views to his keen and indefatigable observation, we may fairly expect still more solid and finished productions from the activity of his powerful and prolific mind.

With respect to the character of his mind, it has pretty generally been observed, that judgment, acuteness, sagacity, comprehension, and memory, constitute its principal powers; not that he is deficient in fancy and imagination, which his writings prove him to possess in a very eminent degree, but because they seem to be overawed from any thing like extravagant and wanton flights by the severity of his judgment, and the chasteness of his taste. There is another quality with which his mind is singularly gifted, and which naturally results from his taste and judgment, we mean, a sort of elective attraction for whatever is sublime and beautiful in the expression and thoughts of other writers, and a felicity of assimilation, by which he instantly converts it into his own: we may fairly say his own: for when it is again re-issued, it appears clothed in such a variety of new lights and colours, that scarcely any particle can be traced of the original substance.

Mille trahit varios aduerso sole colores.

If examined separately, it will be generally allowed, that the faculties of his intellect are of the most vigorous mould; but a nicely discriminating eye will contemplate, with more delight and admiration, the fair proportions of the general structure, and the happy manner in

* See the *Critique* on Mr. Burke's *Regicide Peace*, and on the *Miscellaneous Works* of Mr. Gibbon, in the Monthly Review.

which they all so amicably conspire, and so equally come forward in the performance of whatever he undertakes. Indeed it may be as justly said of intellectual as of corporeal beauty:

It's not a lip or eye we beauty call,

But the full force, and joint result of all.

In social and domestic life, Mr. Mackintosh is generally acknowledged to possess the most amiable and estimable qualities. He is a fond husband, an affectionate father, a faithful friend: and, in gentleness of manner, equability of temper, and amenity of disposition, he cannot easily be surpassed. He is not more solicitous to acquire than to communicate information: and, upon whatever subject he is consulted, he is sure to point out all the sources that can contribute to throw light upon it—so various is his reading, so prompt his recollection. Not a new publication appears that he does not immediately glance over; and from what appears to be the most superficial and transient perusal, he is able to collect the scope of the work, the manner and the degree of success that characterize the performance. He is particularly fond of reciting the more beautiful passages, either of the ancient or modern poets; and no topic can be started which he cannot employ them to illustrate and adorn. His mornings, when not taken up with professional business, he constantly devotes to reading or composing; and as he reads or composes, has always before him a glass of toast and water, which he frequently sips; and in the evening he meets the circulation of the more jovial glass, with one of lemonade, mostly made with soda, or Seltzer water. His conversation must always instruct; but it has equal powers to please—nor is it ever roughened by magisterialness, presumption, or pedantry.

Taught by his converse happily you'd steer,

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Although he abstains from wine, he freely indulges in the mirth it promotes. He is naturally, indeed, inclined to be cheerful and facetious; but neither his cheerfulness or his pleasantry is borrowed from the bottle; and the most zealous votaries of Bacchus are willing to confess, that his good-nature can glow without being warmed by Burgundy; and that his wit can sparkle unprompted by Champagne. He is, therefore, a strong and signal exception to the observation of our great moralist: for though under a depression of spirits, produced by whatever cause, he has frequently called in the aid of the jolly God, he has, however, ultimately proved, that he was not to be enslaved by his auxiliary.

Such, nearly, are the leading lineaments that mark the character and habits of Mr. Mackintosh.—But as we all know that,

Envy will merit, as its shade pursue,

so ought we to expect, that such splendor of talent, and of fame, could not have failed to provoke its malignity. Various, indeed, are the censures it has passed upon him, as a politician and a writer; but he is chiefly charged with a dereliction, both of his political principles, and his political friends. In his lectures he is said to have remitted much, of that ardour and alacrity with which he had espoused the cause of freedom in his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*. To this charge he has himself, in a great measure, pleaded guilty. But did not subsequent events justify a change of opinion; or may it not have been suggested, by a maturer judgment, a more enlarged experience, as it certainly has been sanctioned by the gravest authorities? Even the spirit of his style is supposed to have evaporated with his love of liberty—and to us also it appears to be changed; but we think it is a change for the better. For, doubtless, it is no fault to retrench redundancy, to reject ambitious ornament, to avoid too much stateliness in the march, and too much uniformity in the measure of his periods; and to have substituted in their room more precision of language, more compression of thought, more variety of cadence, and more chasteness of metaphor. These, however, are defects or blemishes, which it was open for his critics and his rivals to detect and dilate upon. But a charge of degeneracy of style, or of inconsistency in politics, whitens into innocence itself, when compared with the blacker and more serious charge of laxity and scepticism in matters of religion, which nothing but the blindest and bitterest enmity could have possibly suggested. We think we may confidently assert, that not the slightest shade of such an imputation could ever be fairly drawn from any one sentiment he has seriously uttered, or any one sentence he has deliberately written. It is of the highest importance, indeed, to refute such a charge, not merely as it individually affects the character of Mr. Mackintosh, but because the shadow of such suspicions should not be allowed to hang over the name of men, whose opinion on every point, but more particularly on those of grave and serious moment, must have so much weight and influence over the minds of others. We, therefore, feel the most sincere and solid satisfaction, in being able to meet this equally foul and false charge, with the most direct and triumphant refutation. For we have often heard, and, indeed, we know it from the most unquestionable

authority, that at a time when Mr. Mackintosh was disposed to most serious reflection, by a severe domestic affliction*, and when his mind was able to ascend to the highest tone of thinking, he made, upon these dread matters, the following solemn declaration, to a man the best qualified, in every respect, to receive such an effusion of his soul, to a most accomplished scholar, a most learned and pious divine, to his most enlightened and confidential friend†. "The philosophy which I have learnt aggravates my calamity, instead of relieving me under it;—my wounded heart seeks another consolation, governed by those feelings which in every age and region of the world have actuated the human mind; and I seek relief, and find it in the soothing hope and consolatory opinions, that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisements, as well as bestows the enjoyments of human life;—that a superintending goodness will one day enlighten the darkness that surrounds our nature, and hangs over our prospects;—that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man;—that an animal so sagacious and provident, and capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts that perish;—that there is a dwelling-place prepared for the spirits of the just, and that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man; and I sincerely declare that Christianity, in its genuine purity and spirit, appears to me the most amiable and the most venerable of all the forms in which the homage of man has ever been offered to the AUTHOR of his being."

On such solemn sentiments, so energetically expressed, we shall not presume to offer a single observation: we shall only remind the friends and admirers of Mr. Mackintosh, that they ought rather rejoice than repine at these impotent attempts to disparage his merits, and tarnish his reputation. They must know that these clouds, with which envy endeavours to overcast his name, must at last only tend to brighten and diffuse its lustre. They must know that his character has more than sufficient in it of resilience and of energy to resist and overpower all the efforts that the spite of defeated rivals, or the malice of detected sophistry, can accumulate against it; they must know that transient must be the triumph of meanness and malignity; and though Antæus, perchance, might strike him to the ground, he is sure to rebound like Hercules.

Such are the particulars which we have endeavoured to collect of the life, the character, and the writings of Mr. Mackintosh, and

* The death of his first wife.

† Dr. Parr.

which we trust will prove as interesting to our readers as they have proved to ourselves. We do not profess to be the panegyrists or apologists of Mr. Mackintosh, though we are well aware that his rivals and his enemies will accuse us of having over-rated his talents, and allowed them a superiority to which they have no claim. We can only say, that what we have advanced is no more than the genuine opinion impressed upon our mind, both by what we have read and by what we have heard; nor are we less sensible that, while by some we are thus accused of over-strained eulogy, yet that, by others, and those perhaps the most competent to estimate his merits, we shall be censured rather as sparing than prodigal of praise.

ON MILITARY DRESS.

IN the periodic paper called *The World**, there is a very humorous copy of verses, describing a young officer dressing, instead of arming for a battle, in a kind of parody on some of the descriptions in Homer. But in every age and nation, whether barbarous or civilized, it has been the custom for the warrior to be careful in adorning his person, and that particularly on the eve of a dangerous action. When Xerxes expressed his surprise at the Spartans combing their hair with peculiar attention before the battle of Thermopylæ, Demaratus, the exiled Spartan, king told him it was a proof that they were determined either on death or victory. The bravest warrior and the finest writer of antiquity describes his preparation for a desperate enterprize in the following words: "After this Xenophon arose, dressed as splendidly as possible for the battle, thinking that, if the gods gave them victory, the most splendid dress would be proper to decorate the conqueror; and if he should fall, it was decent to meet death adorned in the most splendid manner†."

Hence arose the laboured description of the armour of Homer's heroes; hence the plumes, the blazonry, and the devices of chivalry; hence the pompous and cumbrous war dress of Otaheité, and the war toilette of the American Indian, more minute and fastidious than that of the finest lady of Europe.

* No. CCIII.

† *Anabasis*, l. iii.

AN ESSAY ON MYSELF.

CONCEIT, or vanity, or pride, or whatever you may call that flattering illusion in which we always see a pleasing picture of ourselves, is often the cause that impedes our improvement in fortune and in knowledge. This is the phantom called hope, which seduces us from the right road, suspends our energies in idle expectation, and, vanishing at last, deserts us in disappointment. The moment we enter on any pursuit, before we have examined its practicability, or the means of its accomplishment, or deliberated its consequences, dear self is seen, in fancy's flattering mirror, moving onward, without obstacle or interruption, to the desired goal. How different will the trial prove! disappointment at every step; crosses at every turning:—with what chagrin must we not acknowledge our shortsightedness and folly? And how foolish is it then to waste and fret ourselves in peevish exclamations against fortune! or if the object of our desires be, haply, of easy attainment, how cold and disgusting will the fruition be, compared with the voluptuous dreams of fancy? This is the disease of the mind, which dims its vision, stupifies its apprehension, and renders it insensible to the surrounding world, totally occupied as it is, and absorbed in the dazzling contemplation of self, and stunned with the perpetual buzz of self-applause. Our opinions only are just and true; all others are dull, insipid, wrong, and widely erroneous. Our opinions, puffed up from their native littleness to a vain and empty magnitude, are the little world in which we live: all outside is the reign of chaos, and noisy nothingness; is pride, arrogance, ignorance, error, impertinence, nonsense, and all those other odious attributes of those who are wiser than us, or equally foolish some other way; of which dear self is alone immaculate. This, which I am describing, which I name self-conceit, seems to me to be an excessive degree of self-love, that instinct of self-preservation, which, rational and refined, emboldens and dignifies the front of conscious worth, which supports that just consequence, and even demeanour, which win esteem, and command respect; which, in the warm and tender, yet noble and manly, feeling of generous resentment, preserves our honour and our fame untarnished by calumny, repels from our personal equality, right, and independence, every infringement. Almost every virtue has its cognate vice: such is this; and, like other vices, its blind inordinate operation frustrates the end for which nature implanted the parents

passion, or instinct, which, operating vigorously, and in due relation to the system, is a virtue. Self-love is the principle of self-preservation. Self-conceit renders us not worth preserving; it prevents the expansion and vigorous growth of our faculties, by extending us on the couch of all-sufficiency; or it damps and chills the active spirit of emulation, by withholding us from every trial and exertion, lest we appear not so fine, so perfect, so amiable, so admirable in the eyes of others, as we are in our own conceit. Thus it hampers us into a dwarfish, contracted, contemptible growth and figure; it cripples our faculties, and impoverishes our minds; and our portion must be irksome inanity, debility, spleen, and despair. Is not this the evil that leads to despair, that fatal, deadly despair that convulses the suicide with madness, and draws his dagger? Poor weak man, the world thought not of him as highly as he did of himself.— Fortune did not take him by the hand, nor pick the pebbles from his path, nor turn the torrent which, though flowing there since the flood, *chances unfortunately* in his way, contemplating the distant prospect of his hopes, glittering with all the magic painture of a visionary fancy. The wreath of victory is there displayed; power invites us to her throne, opulence flows around, and all the smiling blandishments of pleasure chide our tardy acceptance of their offered embrace; he sees not the intervening mountains, till he stumbles, and strikes his head against them. What can he do then? crossed, and disappointed, and confused, he sees not the winding and gently ascending path, much less the steps and holds by which he may adventurously, but laboriously, gain the summit; he sits down to contemplate his greatness in misfortune. For a time, he strives to scorn the world, that thinks not of him; but, alas! he soon begins to despise himself; the conflict of his shame and pride drives him to madness. These are the bad, sometimes fatal, effects of contracting our thoughts too much about ourselves, of indulging in an indolent self-complacence, and of abandoning ourselves to the slumbering delirium of hope, while the substantial good, attainable only by circumspect attention and persevering industry, escapes us for ever. No good, indeed, can arise from so unnatural a contraction of our thoughts, or from the idle operation of dressing ourselves up the toy and puppet of our own vanity.

Let us view the reverse.—Behold the man of reason, vigilantly marking what passes around him; carefully distinguishing the useful and the permanent from the trifling and the transitory, and accurately drawing the image of futurity from the comparison of the present with the past: *he* will wisely direct his wishes to objects

productive of real substantial good, and proceed gradually to their completion; not sauntering at his ease, as if what he wanted was to meet him, whichever way he turned himself; nor yet throwing himself headlong, as if, by a mere blind effort, to conquer every difficulty. Having promptly decided on the object which prudence points out, he grasps it, however distant, in his thoughts, and pursues it steadily, without wavering or hesitation: his mind, free and circumspect, perceives instantly whatever affects the success of his project: totally abstracted from himself, he regards that alone which he has already deliberately chosen on its merits, unseduced by the gaudy plumage and fascinating illusions of fancy, superior to the fickle impulse of caprice. This is the liberal emancipated disposition of the mind, which promotes the man of business, and leads the philosopher to the depths of science. It is equally free from arrogant presumption and timid pusillanimous restraint. It sets self at a distance, and, by an unbiassed reflection and unsullied consciousness, enables us to estimate our own abilities, and to adapt our undertakings thereto. By this abstraction, the idea of that which we wish to acquire, or to avoid, or on which we speak, entirely occupies our mind; we are free from the perturbations of a too solicitous hope or fear; and our faculties, unrestrained and unembarrassed, can exert themselves with their fullest effect. Was it not by this intuitive versatility, and excursive enlargement of the mental powers, that Locke so acutely discerned the subtle elements of his own mind, and collected the rays of universal knowledge, on a subject hitherto unexplored. How ineffable that quality and faculty of the mind that received and reflected its own image to the conscious sense! How finished, how purified, how lucid! How different from that effervescence whence nothing but vapor and inflated ebullition can arise: by this expansiveness and exquisite ductility of thought, it was that Newton's boundless mind surveyed the universe, viewed it on every side, and displayed, in stupendous order and systematic wisdom, the mysterious confusion of the starry firmament, till then the object of superstitious amazement and fantastic conjecture.—The familiar effect of gravitation escaped not *his* notice, but served as a clue to lead him through the planetary labyrinth. Through this opening he discovered, in intellectual light, the secrets of creation, and the labours of Omnipotence. By this attentive reasoning of an exalted mind, the astonished world was taught the inconceivable magnitude and rapidity of bodies, infinite in number, and immense in distance—intelligible only in the conclusions of science.

By such exertions, of a very few individual minds, ignorance has been considerably dissipated, error corrected, and multitudes have gained a strong hold in the knowledge of truth, whence they may laugh at and despise the fraudulent machinery of despotism and superstition, to which before they had been victims. It is melancholy, then, to reflect that those whose faculties are confined to mere brutal labour, and those who abuse them, or waste them in vanity and idleness, constitute a vast majority of mankind; who enjoy not the happiness of which they are capable; who add no impulse to the progressive condition (certainly characteristic) of man, but retard it with the stubborn and adverse tide of prejudice, or muddy the clear stream of science, on which it floats, with impudent imposture, and shameful credulity. But when this reflection comes home to ourselves, it becomes painful and mortifying. How have we spent our time? what use have we made of the powers of our body and mind? If the answer be, "we have done nothing;" where shall our pride find a refuge? It has none to find. We must feel ourselves a burthen, a nuisance on the earth, and shrink into annihilation, from the abhorred consciousness of being nothing, or from the guilty pangs of remorse, which is by much the commoner case. From that, however, I am free, but I feel the intolerable weight of insignificance: I am nothing, and have no one to accuse but myself: I have loitered in the trammels of indolence; I have followed the delusions of hope; I conceited myself perfect, and, alas! I find myself nothing; I deplore the numbers who are like me, but will not be warned by my voice; though, if their ears were not stopped, it would find a faithful echo in their hearts. I am conscious of powers which I neglected to exercise, and I hate myself for my stupidity and folly. I have been as a smouldering fire, that burns and wastes within, while all around is smoke—but the mind of man is a radiant and immortal flame. Happiness is virtue, and virtue is the fulfilling the end of our creation. Happy, then, is the man who has tried his genius, obeyed its impulse, and brought his faculties into useful and benevolent action; whose reason has subdued his fancy, and reduced it to the impressions of reality, and form of truth. Happy is the man who knows himself, who reasons on his circumstances, governs his desires by his wants, his ambition by his abilities. This is dull, tedious repetition, some careless reader will say, and has been the cant of ages; but I speak it from feeling, and he, perhaps, will feel, at length, in stings more painful than intrusive advice, that the man of reason and virtuous exertion alone is happy—that he alone enjoys

himself. Free from vanity and pride, from envy and anger, and all the vicious passions that, rolling beneath his virtuous pre-eminence, too often involve the erring nations of the earth in calamity and wretchedness, happiness, allayed only by pity, will dwell in his heart; tranquil, celestial, unfading joy, even in the transient obscuration of death, will illuminate his countenance. With this contemplation, I endeavour to console myself for the loss of that which cannot be recalled, and to turn from the reprobation of myself to the contemplation of the revered few, who, having at the same time vindicated our nature, and convicted our delinquency, returned to their God without a duty unperformed. Few indeed they were; but numerous are they who walk in the train of folly. How few guided by truth! how few taught by experience, or taught only to diversify their errors! Will men never be wise? will they never cease to be each other's dupes and deceivers?—both equal victims of the deceit. Shall the maledictions and miseries of ages, yet groaning, and weeping blood, never exterminate from this earth the infernal lust of power? Shall the diffused light of knowledge never detect and defeat the snares and machinations of the wicked, who aspire to be above their equals, who murder millions in sport, and spare the survivors, that they may enjoy their slavery; and, alas! the slaves of prejudice destroy each other at the signal of their tyrants. The malignant mind may satiate itself with this view of human weakness and misery, and may strive to stifle the reproaches of conscience with accusations of nature; but I find no excuse for myself in the failings of others, which ought to have awakened me to a more guarded conduct. I pity them, I condemn myself, and sigh for the reformation of mankind. The hope of a meliorated condition is founded in the conviction that our miseries are the offspring of our vices and folly. Let us listen to the voice of nature, and obey the dictates of reason, and we shall be happy. But when shall men look on one another as brothers, and be, as one family, united in peace? When shall the stagnant and morbid pool of slavery, and the billowy commotion of wayward licentiousness, purify and calm, in the clear, unruffled surface of equality, stirred only by the spirit of emulation, and the genial breath of freedom? The numberless miseries of man, the bloody scourge of war, the daring venality of moral principle, and the triumph of corruption, wound the honest feeling, and force these exclamations of abhorrence: but exclamation or lazy prayer will not cure either public or private distress. The exertion of reason, and the application of our faculties, is the provi-

dence assigned us. This is our happiness, and in it is included our fame, honor, and independence. When men shall submit to it, the face of woe shall no more be seen, the turbulent voice of faction shall no more be heard. Superstition, hypocrisy, and all their fatted train, shall fly from the face of day; the common weal shall cease to be the common evil, but each individual shall drink pleasure, happiness, and joy, at the perennial and exhaustless fountain of social communion.

U. J.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS.

(Continued from p. 161.)

No bondage seems so dreadful as that of superstition: it hath ever imposed the most abject kind of slavery. I have known (says the Spectator) the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest, and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite upon the plucking of a *merry thought*. A *screech owl* at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers, and the voice of a *cricket* has struck more terror, than the roaring of a lion. Nothing, he observes, is so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics: a *rusty nail*, or a *crooked pin*, shoots up into prodigies.

For when we think Fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds:
Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death;
Nature's worst vermin scare her godlike sons;
Ecchoes, the very leavings of a voice,
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.
Each mole-hill thought swells to huge Olympus,
While we, fantastic dreamers, heave and puff,
And sweat with an *imagination's* weight.

Dryden's and Lee's *Œdipus*.

Gay, in his pastoral dirge, has preserved some of the rural prognostications of death.

The wether's bell

Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell:
The solemn *death-watch* click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling *crickets* in the chimney cry'd.
The boding *raven* on her cottage sat,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate:

The *lambkin*, which her wonted tendance bred,
 Dropp'd on the plain that fatal instant dead;
 Swarm'd on a rotten stick, the bees I spy'd,
 Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.

THE CUSTOMS IN SCHOOLS, ON ST. NICHOLAS' DAY.

J. Boëmus Aulanus, in his description of some singular customs used in his time in Franconia, tells us, that scholars, on St. Nicholas day, used to elect three out of their number, one of whom was to play the *bishop*, the *others* to act the parts of *deacons*. The bishop was escorted by the rest of the boys in solemn procession to church, where, with his mitre on, he presided during the time of divine worship: this being ended, he, with his deacons, went about singing, from door to door, and collected money, which they did not beg as alms, but *demand*ed as the bishop's subsidy. The boys were prevailed upon to fast on the eve of this day, in order to persuade themselves, that the little presents which on that night were put for them into *shoes*,* placed under the table for that purpose, were made them by their very bountiful prelate Nicholas.

The ancient calendar of the church of Rome, has the following observations on this day, which is the sixth of December.

December

6. Nicolao Episcopo.

Scholarum feriæ.

Reges ad ædem muneribus & pompâ accedunt.

Poetarum mos olim in schola ad pueros relatus.

Regales in scholis epulæ.

December

6. "Nicholas, bishop.

School holidays.

The *kings* go to church

With *presents* and great shew.

The ancient custom of poets in school, related to the boys.

The king's feasts in schools."

Vestiges of these ancient Popish superstitions are still retained in several schools, about this time of the year, particularly in the

* There is a festival or ceremony observed in Italy (called *Zopata*, from a Spanish word, signifying a shoe) in the courts of certain princes, on St. Nicholas' Day, wherein persons hide presents in the shoes and slippers of those they do honour to, in such manner as may surprise them on the morrow, when they come to dress. This is done in imitation of the practice of St. Nicholas, who used, in the night time, to throw purses in at the windows of poor maids, to be marriage portions for them. *Vide* Bailey.

grammar school at Durham.* They ask, and forcibly obtain from the master, what they call *orders*. I have heard also of a similar custom at the school of Haughton le Spring, in the county of Durham.

CHRISTENING OF BELLS.

BARONIUS informs us, that Pope John XIII. A. D. 968, consecrated a very large new cast bell in the Lateran church, and gave it the name of *John*. This is the first instance I meet with, of what has been since called the "baptizing of bells," a superstition which the reader may find ridiculed in the Romish beehive. The vestiges of this custom may be yet traced in England in *Tom* of Lincoln, and great *Tom* ("the mighty Tom") at Christ Church, Oxford.

ROSEMARY USED AT FUNERALS.

ROSEMARY, as are all evergreens, is an emblem of the soul's immortality. It is as much as to say, that though the body be dead, yet the soul is evergreen, and always in life: it is not like the body, and those other greens, which die and revive again at their proper seasons: no autumn nor winter can make a change in it, but it is unalterably the same, perpetually in life, and never dying.

A MONTH'S MIND.

To have a *month's mind*, implying a longing desire, is a figurative expression, of which the subsequent is the origin: *minnyng days*, says Blount (from the Saxon *Gemynde*, i. e. the mind, q. mynding days) Bede Hist. lib. 4. ca. 30, *Commemorationis dies*; days which our ancestors called their *monthe's mind*, their *year's mind*, and the like, being the days whereon their souls (after their deaths) were had in special remembrance, and some office or obsequies said for them; as *obits*, *dirges*, &c. This word is still retained in Lancashire; but elsewhere they are more commonly called anniversary days.

ST. PATRICK.

We find, in Ware's History of the Bishops, that after the death of Maurice M'Donald, Archbishop of Armagh, in the year 1134,

* At *Salt Hill*, near Windsor, the Eton boys have a custom (in June) of giving salt, and extorting money from every one that passes. The captain, for so they style their leader, is said to raise, some years, several hundred pounds on this occasion, all which he claims as his own. They stop even the stage coaches. There is generally a great concourse of the nobility, gentry, &c, at Salt Hill on that day.

This seems to be a fragment, but greatly mutilated, of the above described ancient customs in schools on St. Nicholas' Day.

Nigel M'Aid usurped that see, taking away with him, says St. Bernard in his Life of Malachy, the ornaments of the church, such as the text of the gospels which had belonged to St. Patrick, and a staff covered with gold, and set with precious stones, called the staff of Jesus; in such reverence were these reliques held, that whoever possessed them was esteemed the rightful possessor of the see.—The history of this celebrated staff, as delivered by Joceline, is briefly thus: St. Patrick, moved by divine instinct, or angelic revelation, visited one Justus, an ascetic, who inhabited an island in the Tyrrhene sea, a man of exemplary virtue and most holy life. After mutual salutations and discourse, he presented the Irish Apostle with a staff, which he averred he had received from the hands of Jesus Christ himself. In this island were some men in the bloom of youth, and others who appeared aged and decrepid; St. Patrick conversing with them, found that those aged persons were sons of those seemingly young; astonished at this miraculous appearance, he was told, "that, from their infancy, they had served God, that they were constantly employed in works of charity, and their doors ever open to the traveller and distressed; that one night a stranger, with a staff in his hand, came to them, whom they accommodated to the best of their power; that, in the morning, he blessed them, and said, I am Jesus Christ, whom you have always faithfully served, but last night you received me in my proper person: he then gave his staff to their spiritual father, with directions to deliver it to a stranger named Patrick, who would shortly visit them; on saying this, he ascended into heaven, and left us in that state of juvenility in which you behold us, and our sons, then young, are the old decrepid persons you now see." Joceline goes on to relate, that, with this staff, our apostle collected every venomous creature in the island, to the top of the mountain of Cruagh Phadruig, in the county of Mayo, and from thence precipitated them into the ocean.

These tales were traditional among the Irish, from the early ages, and antecedent to the time of Joceline, who wrote A. D. 1185, for we find them in Henry, the monk of Saltrey, who flourished about forty years before that period. Superstition, thus finding an easy assent from the credulity of mankind, wonderfully exalted the power of, and excited the veneration due to, such reliques.

The following reliques were religiously preserved in Christ Church Dublin.

A crucifix which had spoken twice; the staff of Jesus; St. Patrick's high altar of marble, on which a leper was miraculously car-

• Part of the Mediterranean sea on the coast of Tuscany.

ried from Great Britain to Ireland; a thorn of our Saviour's crown; part of the Virgin Mary's girdle; some of the bones of Saints Peter and Andrew; a few reliques of the holy martyr, St. Clement, St. Oswald, St. Faith, the Abbot Brendan, St. Thomas Becket, St. Wolstan, Bishop of Worcester, and St. Laurence O'Tool; with the shrine of St. Cubius.

IRELAND'S EYE.

A SMALL rocky island lying to the north of the Hill of Howth. St. Nesson founded an abbey here about A. D. 570, where he passed the evening of a well spent life in fasting and in prayer. The book of the four gospels, commonly called the Garland of Howth, was preserved here, of which Archbishop Allen, in the *liber niger*, says, "That book is held in so much esteem and veneration, that good men scarcely dare take an oath on it, for fear of the judgments of God being immediately shown on those who should forswear themselves."

WELCH ODE TO THE WIND.

WIND of the firmament! of ready course, and strong of voice, in ranging far away! a terrible being art thou! uttering sounds most hoarse. The bravado of the world!—without foot or wing. It is a wonder how awfully thou hast been placed in the store-house of the sky, without any one support! and now how swiftly dost thou run over the hill! Tell me, my never resting friend, of thy journey on some northern blast, over the dale. No one will stop thee, or question thee. Not an arrayed host, nor deputed hand!—Not the blue blade, nor flood, nor rain. Fire will not burn thee: thou wilt not be weakened by deceit: drown thou wilt not! Thou wilt not get entangled, for thou hast no angle: the swift steed is not wanted under thee!—nor bridge over the stream, nor boat.—No catchpole can arrest thee! nor the power of a clan in thy day of triumph. Thou that winnowest the feathered tops of trees, no eye can ken thee on thy vast naked couch. A thousand shall hear thee, nest of the pouring rain. Thou art God's bounty along the earth, thou roaring and irritating breaker of the top of the oak.—Thou shouter in the morn of day on high!—Thou waster of the heap of chaff. Thou gruff of voice. Thou comest a tempest on the calm of the sea. Thou scatterer and heaper of the fallen leaves! Thou ruthless lord of the firmament, that flieth irresistibly over the bosom of the brine to the extremities of the world! Storm of the hill, be above to-night: I go to see my love. Q. Z.

SAGACITY OF BRUTES.

(Concluded from p. 169.)

IN fine, serene weather, cranes are not very observant of social ceremony, but will fly abroad, singly, without paying much attention to each other. The case is different if necessity oblige them to make excursions under a louring sky, and to cut their way through boisterous, opposing winds. They then form themselves into regular companies, and fly in large flocks of triangular figure: whose sharp point moves foremost, when they sail against the winds; in order that they may more easily penetrate the tempestuous air, and preserve their ranks unbroken. Sometimes they will sleep, all night, on the ground. To prevent surprise, a competent number of them are stationed, by way of advanced guard to the camp, because of fear in the night. These, on the first approach of danger, sound the note of alarm; and the whole regiment, starting from their slumbers, soar into the air without delay. Lest the centinels should sleep when they ought to watch, each stands, says Plutarch, on one leg, and grasps a stone in the claw of the other foot; the uneasiness of which situation has a tendency to keep them awake; and, if they happen to doze, the noise made by the falling of the stone admonishes them to be less negligent. Let men learn of cranes to be vigilant in their stations, and faithful to their trust.

The ant seems, of all others, to have been Plutarch's favourite insect. He even pronounces her a wise and virtuous animal; and, in my opinion, he proves his point. Friendship, fortitude, continency, patience, justice, and industry, are among the moral qualities which he deservedly places to her account.

A company of these creatures (says this philosopher) visited a neighbouring ant-hill, carrying with them a dead ant, which evidently seemed to have been an inhabitant of the colony to which his remains were now conveyed. On the arrival of so many strangers, several emmets ascended from their holes, and, after a short communication, returned into the hill, to apprise the community below of the business on which the unexpected visitants were come. After two or three passings and repassings in this manner, the negotiation appeared to be finally settled. A deputation of ants, from within the hill, at last lugged up a worm from their underground stores, which the others accepted of; and, delivering the dead emmet to his friends, went away highly satisfied with the recompence they had received.

When a loaded ant is met by others, which have no burden, they courteously stand on one side, or move another way, that they may not incommode an individual, who is toiling for the public good. If a labouring ant is carrying or dragging an heavier load than she is well able to manage, this is no sooner perceived by the rest, than as many volunteers as are necessary run to her assistance, and cheerfully set their mouths or shoulders to the work. If the material be very cumbersome, and will conveniently admit of a partition, they will bite it into several pieces; and each moves homewards, with as much as he is able to carry. After their subterraneous magazines are sufficiently stored with provisions, they carefully select such as begin to putrify or decay; and, bringing them out to the surface of the hill, expose them to the air, or sun, until properly dried: taking care to turn them regularly, and to reconvey them into the common repository, on the appearance of rain, or at the approach of night. Lest their hoarded corn should germinate, and so defeat the purpose for which they lay it up, they carefully bite off those parts of the grain from which the root strikes and the blade shoots.

Plutarch's humanity does honour to his philosophy. He laments the cruelty of those, who, for the sake of gratifying their own speculations, exceedingly distress, if not totally ruin, whole societies of these *harmless and laborious insects, by digging up their hills. Certainly this is buying information, and indulging curiosity at too dear, because at a very unmerciful, rate. They, however, who have examined the interior structure of their residence, with the utmost nicety of attention, tell us that the passages into it are not perpendicular, but sloping, and, like a labyrinth, are intersected by many cross paths, and diversified with many turnings and windings. These terminate in three principal halls or cavities. In one, the members of this perfect republic, who have all things in common, assemble to feed and converse. The second is the grand repository, where the hope of the year (i. e. their food) is laid up.—And the third is the vault where they deposit their dead.

The ancient Thracians, when they were desirous of passing a frozen river, but were dubious whether it was sufficiently firm, used, among other experiments, to turn a fox loose upon the ice; it be-

* I call them harmless, because I have been assured, that, on the nicest observation, they are not found to injure the fruit-trees on which they frequently climb.—They are, it seems, allured thither, not by the fruit, which they never hurt; but by a sort of sweetish dew, which they are very fond of, and which we are rather obliged to them for diminishing, as the particular dew, which they are most desirous of, is deemed very detrimental both to leaves and fruit.

ing the custom of this shrewd and wary animal, to move very cautiously on such hazardous ground, laying his ear to the ice, every step he went, that, if the surface began to crack, or if the frost was so moderate as to admit of his hearing the water flow beneath, he might be able to retreat back in due season. If, after the most exquisite observation, he perceived no danger, his fears would gradually wear off, and he advanced with boldness to the opposite bank. Plutarch's reflections on this conduct are extremely just. Here is, says he, no less than a sillogistical conclusion, from premises furnished by the senses. And the fox's chain of argumentation amounts to no less than this: "there can be no noise without motion. That which is easily moved cannot be firmly frozen. Water, not firmly frozen, retains a degree of fluidity; and a fluid cannot support a body heavier than itself."

The stupidity and obstinacy of mules are proverbial; but, when Pericles was building a temple in Athens, one of these animals entitled himself to what he received, viz. the applauses and rewards of the public. This creature, who had been an old and useful servant to his employers, was exempted from farther toil, on account of his age and past services. While the abovementioned temple was erecting, stones were continually brought from a considerable distance, in carriages drawn by mules. The old mule, though dismissed from work, took every opportunity of attending the carts, as a voluntary spectator: and cheerfully ambled, both to and from the keramicon, by the side of his harnessed brethren, as though he meant to encourage and quicken them in the duty they were performing. The people were surprised and pleased at the zealous attachment which the merry old quadruped shewed to his former occupation; and, by an unanimous vote, ordered him to be maintained, during life, at the public expence.

A company of elephants were brought to Rome, to entertain the populace with an exhibition of the various and uncommon postures into which they had been taught to throw themselves. One of these creatures, who was not so ready at these difficult exercises as the rest, received, in recompence of his dullness, continual and severe chastisement from his keeper. The poor animal soon gave proof, that his slow proficiency was the effect rather of natural unwieldiness, than of idleness or obstinacy: for he was observed, by night, when the moon shone, and when nobody was with him, to be carefully practising the lessons which had been given him, that he might escape farther correction, by acquitting himself with more agility and expertness on the morrow.

A Syrian elephant was entrusted to the care of a dishonest servant, who usually gave him but half his allowance of corn. One day, the elephant's owner happened to come into the stable, at feeding-time, and the servant, in consequence, poured out to the animal his full measure of barley. But, instead of falling to, the elephant divided the heap into two equal parts, with his trunk, and, by the significance of his motions, gave his master to understand, that, if he had not been present, his servant had not proved so liberal.

The keeper of an elephant used, sometimes, by way of frolic, to mix stones and dirt with his provender. This ill-natured jest was seriously, though humorously, revenged; for, one day, the elephant, being within reach of a vessel in which his keeper's dinner was boiling, repaid him in his own coin, by filling his trunk with ashes, and discharging them into the pot.

When a number of these animals, in their untamed state, are desirous of passing a river, they very prudently sound the depth of the stream, by deputing the least elephant to take the lead, before any of the larger ones venture from the bank; knowing, that, if the water be so shallow, that the smallest of the company can wade across, the rest may follow without danger. If the harbinger, who tries this experiment, begins to lose his footing, and to be higher than his neck in the water, he immediately turns back again, and the adventurers go in quest of a more fordable place.

When Porus, one of the kings of India, gave battle to Alexander, the former received several wounds, by the missive weapons of the enemy. An elephant, on which he sometimes rode, and which attended him with all the affectionate solicitude of a bosom friend, perceiving his royal master occasionally wounded, watched every opportunity of drawing out, with his trunk, the darts that fastened: and the faithful creature performed these operations with all the judgment and tenderness imaginable. At last, finding that Porus was sinking to the ground, (though he soon recovered, and was afterwards restored to his dominions) through fatigue and loss of blood, the elephant gave another proof of his sympathy and care, by so supporting the king with his trunk, as to break the force of his fall, and to let him gently down.

We have noticed, in a former number, that it is usual with those who employ themselves in taking elephants, to trepan them into deep pits, whose surfaces are so disguised, as to resemble firm ground. On these occasions, the ensnared elephant sets up a lamentable cry. If the coast is clear, his wild associates, on hearing him roar, hasten, but with cautious tread, to the edges of the pit:

and, if any such materials are at hand, will assist to facilitate his deliverance, by throwing in a large quantity of timber and stones; which the prisoner erecting into a sort of stair-case below, he is thus, sometimes, able to accomplish his escape.—I was of opinion, that these additional examples, adduced by so excellent a writer as Plutarch, and which obviously suggest so many moral lessons to man, deserved to stand as a supplement to what has been already observed, concerning elephants.

Among the many useful inferences deducible from such instances as these, one, which Plutarch himself suggests, must not be omitted. "They," says this valuable philosopher, "who suppose that there are no such things as gratitude and justice due, from us, to animals of inferior rank, must be understood, in reference to such animals only as are absolutely untameable, and particularly to those that live in the sea, and occupy the recesses of the deep: for the sea produces no creature that is capable of contracting friendship with man, and all its inhabitants are incurably wild. But the person who insists that moral obligation has nothing to do in regulating our treatment of land animals (especially domestic ones), proclaims himself to be no better than a savage and a brute, in the worst sense of those terms."

A. M. T.

SELECT SENTENCES.

THE light, transient, and sometimes affected disregard for money, which people often display in giving alms, never is worthy of admiration. But those, who not satisfied with giving, go on to see the gift is applied to the best methods of producing benefit for its object, who visit the infirm and afflicted, to cheer and soothe them by their presence and language, are generous, liberal, and charitable, in deed and in heart. Much knowledge, as well as self approbation, may be acquired in the practice of this benevolent conduct. *It teaches the value of time*: the poverty of the labourer makes him always conscious of its importance. He knows that he cannot waste an hour, without finding his daily food abridged. And when the economical contrivances which necessity teaches, are beheld by the affluent, the humble comforts which stand instead of luxuries, and the cheerful patience with which inconveniencies are borne by those who know no happier lot, is it possible, *at least immediately*, to become extravagant?—or to be fastidious?

ALL affectation is disgusting. We know people cannot possess the ability of doing any thing well, without a consciousness that it is done well; and when occasion offers fairly, I do not blush for them when they acknowledge that consciousness. I am far more displeased to catch folk depreciating their own talents; which appears to me to be a species of very false modesty. And when I hear it from the lips of those I cannot rebuke, I put on the appearance of deafness, and feign not to be sensible to their *cries*. They have thrown themselves *down a precipice*, as it were, in order to be *helped up* upon a *mountain*—and I wish them there to lie, till they wisely resolve to walk in plain paths for the future. However, I suppose, persons who are eminent for any accomplishment, have a difficult task to please the rest of the world. The *golden mean* is hidden from their view, by the brilliancy of their own genius; and, as they hate one sort of vanity, they start from it into the jaws of its opposite. So that modesty may be as vain-glorious on the ground, as pride in a triumphal car.

ALAS! for us! the wisest and most prudent of us are ill qualified to guess what will ensure our own felicity. How many times does the attainment of our wishes destroy the object which they ardently strove to secure! a lesson (which, were it possible for us to profit by experience) would teach us moderation in our pursuits, and submission to the will of “our Father, in heaven,” who so often renders crosses and disappointments blessings.

WHAT a strange, but what a forcible comparison, is that of good old Bishop Taylor, when speaking of men who have deferred settling their account with heaven, and their own consciences, till they are on the point of departure from this world, he says, “it will be as bad as contending with a *bull* in a *closet*.”

WHAT would be wanting to constitute felicity, if *humanity* was universally and *entirely* the “order of the day?” Sin and misery would vanish from the earth!

PRIDE, when it humbles pride, appears less hateful.

IF “to him that is afflicted, pity should be shewed,” let it be shewn to him who is *afflicted with vice*—who is visited with the *worst of troubles*—an accusing conscience and tyrannical passions.

SOME people throw dirt on the characters of others; which, like fuller's earth, sticks awhile, but being brushed off, leaves the garment more clean and bright than ever.

Q. Z.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nugæ Antiquæ. Being a Miscellaneous Collection of original Papers, in Prose and Verse, written during the Reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. Queen Mary, Elizabeth, and King James. By Sir John Harington, Knight. Selected from authentic Remains, by the late Henry Harington, A. M. and newly arranged, with illustrative Notes, by Thomas Park, F. A. S. 8vo. 2 Vols. Printed by Wright, for Vernor and Hood, &c. 1l. 1s. 1804.

SIR JOHN HARINGTON, the once celebrated author of the principal papers in the volumes before us, was descended from a respectable family in Cumberland, whose ancestor, Sir James Harington, was attainted, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, for bearing arms at the battle of Towton, and taking Henry the Sixth prisoner; his estates, amounting to five and twenty considerable manors in the north, were forfeited to the crown.

Notwithstanding this attachment to the house of York, his succeeding generations were well received at the court of Henry the Eighth, where John Harington, of Stepney, the father of our author, held a considerable office; who, having united himself in marriage to a natural daughter of Henry, with whom the king gave, as dower, the forfeited church lands of Kelston, &c. is said to have built the largest house at that time in Somersetshire. In the reign of Queen Mary, he was imprisoned eleven months in the Tower, with his second wife, Isabella Markham, for carrying a letter to the Princess Elizabeth. Their attachment to this lady, during her confinement, established them so firmly in her favour, that she retained them in her service, when queen, and stood godmother to their son, our author, as a mark of her friendly remembrance of their sufferings on her account.

It appears that Sir John was born at Kelston, near Bath, in 1561; that he was educated at Eton, and afterwards entered at Christ's College, Cambridge, under the care of Doctor Still. For a short time, he appears to have studied the law, at Lincoln's Inn; but his proficiency in literature and poesy, together with the queen's regard for his parents, soon brought him to court. Here he distinguished himself by his wit and erudition and gained the esteem of all ranks, and both sexes. Being well versed in the Italian language, he

translated a tale out of Ariosto's "*Orlando Furioso*," which was highly pleasing to the ladies; but the queen, who speedily obtained a sight of her godson's poetry, thinking it proper to affect indignation, at some indelicate passages, forbade our author the court till he had translated the entire work. This he accomplished, and dedicated to herself in 1591.

Another literary production made its appearance in 1596*, which appears to have contained certain sarcasms on men in high stations, and particularly to have levelled some inuendo against the earl of Leicester; whence it called forth much apparent displeasure, even from the queen; and Mr. Harington avers, that its author escaped a star-chamber inquisition, rather from the queen's secret attachment to him, (which the courtiers well knew) than from any favour or lenity in themselves. Several epigrams, respecting this book, and the queen's reconciliation to the author, are printed at the end of his translation of "*Orlando Furioso*," 1634, and had three previous impressions.

He married a daughter of Sir George Rogers, of Cannington, in Somersetshire, by whom he appears to have had eight children.—Being of a gay and volatile turn, it is by no means surprising that he should be profuse in his expences. Though his fortune, therefore, was considerable, his extravagance was still greater, and he was obliged to part with some of his estates, particularly one called *Nyland*. Soon after this happened, he was riding over the very spot, and, with his usual pleasantry, said to his man John:

"John, John, this *Nyland*

"Alas! once was my land."

To which John as merrily and truly replied:

"If you had had more wit, Sir,

"It might have been yours yet, Sir."

Which answer (to adopt an expression of his own) makes us feel that there is often "craft in a clouted shoe."

The favour of the queen, it may be presumed, was not solely grounded on her opinion of Sir John's wit and pleasantry. His general character was such as obtained the esteem of his sovereign, and was the cause of his being employed, on occasional services, with the most distinguished characters of his time. On the appointment of the earl of Essex to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1599, he was made Commander of Horse in his service, and was one of

* Entitled "A new Discourse of a stale Subject, called the Metamorphosis of Ajax," otherwise *a jakes*. It was occasioned, as Mr. Harington reports, by the author's having invented a kind of water-closet for his house at Kelston.

the few officers that unfortunate nobleman selected to accompany him in his ill-judged and impolitic return from Ireland. The unfavourable reception the queen gave to Essex was extended to his followers. Sir John* describes himself as having arrived at court in the very "heat and height of all displeasure." "After I had been there but an hour," he adds, "I was threatened with the Fleet; I answered, poetically, that, coming so late from the land service, I hoped that I should not be prest, to serve in her Majesty's Fleet, in Fleet-street." In another audience, he speaks of what he felt at the queen's reconciliation, and says, "he seemed to hear like St. Paul, when rapt up in the third heaven." After this return of Essex, and his subsequent disloyalty, the queen being too much engaged to attend to any thing that did not immediately concern the public welfare, our author seems to have retired to his seat at Kelston, where he was principally busied in cultivating his estates, and improving that fortune which had been considerably impaired by wearing so long at court.

On the accession of James, we find him again brought forth to view; his poetical talents were employed to panegyrisé the new king, and he soon became a literary favourite with the monarch, who affected learning, and abounded in pedantry. By King James he was created a Knight of the Bath; a correspondence commenced, and interviews passed between them.

The "Brief State of the Church," undertaken as a supplement to Doctor Godwin's "Catalogue of Bishops," was presented by its author, in MS. to Prince Henry, and intended solely for his Royal Highness's private use. The publication of this work, by his maternal grandson, Doctor Chetwind, in 1653, as it contained some severe strictures on the married clergy, created no small clamour in that body; several of the members of which did not fail to remember that its author's principles accorded with his practice; since he, together with Robert Earl of Leicester, supported Raleigh, in his suit to Queen Elizabeth, for the manor of Banwell (belonging to the bishoprick of Bath and Wells,) on a presumption that the Right Reverend incumbent had incurred a præmunire, by marrying a second wife.

Fuller, Collier, Dryden, and others, have spoken with respect of our author's abilities as an English writer, considering the age he lived in; and in Stow's annals, he is enumerated

* He had been knighted in the field by Lord Essex, which gave much offence to the queen, who was a great economist in such honours, or at least was inclined to bestow them with her own hand. Vide Camden, &c.

among those excellent poets which worthily flourished in their own works, and lived together in Queen Elizabeth's reign. He had formed a plan, it is said, for writing a history of his own times, but did not live to execute it. He died in 1612, aged fifty-one.

"His translation of 'Ariosto,' with 'Apologie of Poetrie' prefixed; his 'Ajax,' 'Epigrams,' and 'School of Salerne,' with the 'State of the Church,' are the only productions hitherto published. Many other manuscripts, both in prose and verse, were left behind him. Peck, in his *Desiderata*, (vi. 13,) speaks of 'Verses on the Death of Mary Queen of Scots, by Sir John Harington,' MS. man^d Fleming. His entire Version of the Psalms is in the collection of Francis Douce, Esq. An inedited poem, entitled 'England's Poverty,' occurs in the catalogue of the Ashmolean MSS. but in the catalogue only; and a poetical 'New Year's Gift to King James,' is preserved in the Collegelibrary, Edinburgh. His 'Succinct Collection of Historie,' and his 'Compendious Observations on the Emperors' Lives,' are spoken of in 'Ulysses, upon Ajax,' a feeble retort on Harington's Cloacinean Satire: respecting which tract, the ingenious Mrs. Cooper committed a laughable mistake, in supposing it to have been 'meant for a court amusement.' That lady's laconic character of our knight is less inaccurate, and may therefore suitably close this brief account of this life.

"Sir John Harington appears to have been a gentleman of great pleasantry and humour; his fortune was easy, the court his element, and wit, not his business, but diversion." *Muse's Library*, p. 297.

The "Nugæ Antiquæ" were selected and published by Mr. Henry Harington, from a collection of MSS. which descended, from his literary ancestor, to the present ingenious and well-known Dr. Harington,* of Bath. The shrewdness of their remarks; their real good sense and humour; and the curious illustrations they afford, of the customs and manners of the times in which they were written, have long rendered them interesting to the lovers of antiquity, and to the public in general.

"In reconducting them to the press," says Mr. Park, "I have taken the liberty of rejecting several prose pieces, which had appeared in preceding editions, and of inserting others, that seemed to possess stronger claims for admission into a *mélange suranné*. Much of the former poetry is likewise omitted, from having proved, on examination, to be printed in Tottell's early assemblage of songs and sonnets; 'a garland,' says our elegant Warton, 'in which it was the fashion for every flowery courtier to leave some of his blossoms.' As this garland is again preparing for public exhibition, by the accomplished hand of Bishop Percy, such omissions became more forcibly authorised."

The real merit of these interesting trifles, and the additional value conferred upon them by the researches of so distinguished an antiquary as Mr. Park, *must* be sufficiently obvious to render any

* In whose possession some inedited MSS. still remain, which Dr. Johnson earnestly wished to see in print; and which, we hope Dr. H. may yet be induced to give to the public. *Rev.*

comment of ours superfluous. We have merely to add, that the "Nugæ" are printed with uncommon elegance, and that nothing has been omitted which could render them worthy of public patronage. The words throughout the volumes are restored to their old orthography; and the pieces which compose them arranged in chronological order. The "State of the Church," which is curious for its biographical and historical notices, has been amplified and revised, from collation with an original M. S. copy in the British Museum, apparently presented by its author to Prince Henry, in 1607, which has enabled the present editor to supply many defects, and correct many hallucinations, in Mr. Harington's reprint of Dr. Chetwind's faulty text. The sketch of Sir John's life, (which, with necessary curtailments, we have already presented to our readers) has received considerable additions. Notes of personal and political illustration are interspersed throughout; and the additional pieces, collected, with indefatigable industry, from a variety of authentic sources, are by no means to be considered as the least curious or important.

The Life of Geoffrey Chaucer, the early English Poet, including Memoirs of his near Friend and Kinsman, John Duke of Lancaster. With Sketches of the Manners, Opinions, Arts, and Literature of England in the fourteenth Century. By William Godwin. 2 Vols. 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d. Phillips.

THIS work, which has been so long promised to the public, has at length made its appearance. A combination of circumstances attended its announcement, which strongly operated to excite general curiosity, and to attract, in an especial manner, the attention of the literary world.

The subject itself, the life and age of Chaucer, necessarily comprises so much that is interesting and important to letters, philosophy, and morals; and it branches into so many channels of curious and instructive enquiry, that the labours of the poorest plodder in literature, thus employed, with only common industry and fidelity, would have been acceptable to the public. But when, to the interest which such materials awakened, was added that which resulted from the literary fame and peculiar character of the artist by whose masterly hands they were to be moulded into form, it is scarcely possible to over-rate the fervor of expectation, which awaited the publication of these volumes.

Under these circumstances, we have felt it to be our indispensable duty, to devote a considerable portion of our critical department to a candid and impartial analysis of this work (which circumstances of a peculiar nature have prevented appearing earlier) that

those of our readers, whom remoteness from the capital, or other causes, have prevented from perusing the volumes themselves, may be in possession of an abstract of their interesting contents.

In his preface, Mr. Godwin brings forward the pre-eminent character of Chaucer, and states his paramount claim to distinguished notice, by contrasting him with Shakspeare. When it is considered that the latter lived in an enlightened age, and among contemporaries of brilliant genius, and that the times of the former were those of comparative barbarism, when our language itself was unformed, and uncultivated, it is decided rather, as we think, prematurely, by the biographer of Chaucer, that if there be any superiority in the powers of either, it must be on the side of the elder bard.

A dissertation on the period of Chaucer's birth follows the preface, which displays uncommon ingenuity, and indefatigable industry in the author, who determines the question, by fixing the birth of the poet in the year 1328, upon reasons which we deem incontrovertible.

As the birth place of Chaucer was London, the work opens with a description of that ancient city at that period, a particular rather unusual in biographical narration, but which is, at least in the present instance, judicious and interesting. We are hereby the better enabled to judge of the subject, by being brought not only into the company of an illustrious man, but also into the exact place of his abode; we are transported from present times, manners, and buildings, to those in which he lived, moved, and with which he was conversant. The education of Chaucer, naturally introduces a minute and entertaining view of the learning of the age, and of the times immediately preceding. The subject of school-education is followed by that of school-boy's amusements, and an account of chivalry and romance, which, as arising from the feudal system, gives occasion to a historical account of the rise and progress of that system. The romances of those ages are described, and the principal of such as we may suppose Chaucer to have read, are distinguished. This subject is followed by a curious but faithful view of the church of England, in Chaucer's time, which is necessary to illustrate many of his productions, particularly his great work, the "Canterbury Tales." Nor is a perspicuous description of the diversions of our ancestors less useful to the same purpose: this follows the last subject, and is pursued to a lengthened but very amusing extent. The accomplishments and various professions of the minstrel tribe, are very accurately described. We also meet, under this head, with the origin of the English stage—Profane dramas—Miracle plays—Pageants—Mysteries—and masks—all of

which are here proved to have been derived from these minstrels, and consequently raise these men to a higher degree of importance than any to which they have been hitherto thought entitled.

The other amusements of Chaucer's age, some of them peculiar to it, and others continuing to more modern days, are delineated with minuteness, and will be read with interest, as affording a lively portraiture of the English character in different times.

A review of the state of the fine arts, beginning with architecture, occupies the next place in this history of the fourteenth century, for such the work undoubtedly may be called. The description of religious and military edifices is especially necessary to illustrate the memoirs of a man, who figured eminently in those remote days, and whose writings cannot be understood without such a description. The Gothic and Grecian styles are compared with judgment and with taste; and, for religious purposes, the advantage is clearly made to appear on the side of the former. The state of the other arts is represented with much precision, and a particular account is here given of the ancient paintings in fresco, discovered in 1800, on the walls of St. Stephen's chapel. This enquiry is closed with an historical account of the state of profane and sacred music in that period.

The introduction of Chaucer to Cambridge, leads the author to describe the method of education, previously to the establishment of universities, which is succeeded by an account of the rise of Cambridge and Oxford, and of their decline.

As monachism is closely connected with this subject, we have here a detailed statement of the mendicant and monastic orders. The obligations of learning to the schoolmen are enumerated with force and candour, and the particulars of academical education, in the fourteenth century, described with impartial accuracy. The whole of this discussion is thus closed, and judiciously applied to the great subject of these volumes.

"It was the good fortune of Chaucer that he led the early years of his life in scenes of concourse and variety, that he was condemned to no premature and compulsory solitude, and that his mind was not suffered to vegetate in that indolence and vacancy which, when they occupy an extensive portion of human life, are so destructive and deadly to the intellectual powers. He was born in London. In the midst of this famous and flourishing metropolis he was, as he expresses it, "forth grown." His father was probably a merchant; and Chaucer was furnished, from his earliest hours of observation, with an opportunity of remarking upon the insensible growth of that new rank of men; the burgesses, which about this time gave a new face to the political constitutions of Europe. Private and domestic education had scarcely any where been heard of; and

Chaucer, in all probability, frequented some of these populous and tumultuary schools, so circumstantially described by William Fitzstephen. Here his mind was excited by example, and stimulated by rivalry; he passed much of his time in the society of his equals, observed their passions, and acted and was acted upon in turn by their sentiments and pursuits. When he had finished his classes here, he was removed to Cambridge, where six thousand fellow-students waited to receive him. He had no difficulty in finding solitude when his inclination prompted him to seek it, and we may be certain that a mind which relished so exquisitely the beauties of nature sought it often; but he was never palled with it. The effect of both these circumstances is conspicuous in his writings. He is fond of allegories and reveries, for oft the poet

——— ‘Brush’d with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun;’

and he is the poet of manners, because he frequented the haunts of men, and was acquainted with his species in all their varieties of modification.”

Vol. i. p. 203.

The first work of Chaucer, appears to have been his *Court of Love*, and carries the internal evidence of its having been produced by him while a student at Cambridge. This piece is fairly examined, and the biographer naturally enters into a view of the state of poetry at that period, and gives an interesting account of William de Lorris, Dante, and Petrarca. The question of priority between Chaucer and Gower is also determined, and made to preponderate on the side of the former.

In drawing the character of Chaucer, as a poet, his biographer enters upon a comparison of the ancient and modern English poetry, which is managed with candour, though his predilection is manifestly in favour of our elder poets. Much pains is taken to vindicate Chaucer’s language from the charge of being obsolete, and his numbers from that of being inharmonious. This disquisition will be perused with interest by every reader of taste, and ought to be closely attended to by such as would form a right judgment of Chaucer’s merits.

After a brief account of a plague which raged in London in 1349, we are introduced with Chaucer to the university of Oxford, for it has been questioned, by eminent writers and antiquaries, whether he ever studied there, though Leland has positively declared that he did: our author decides in the affirmative. The poem of *Troilus and Creseide*, he conjectures, was written by him at that place? Of this production, a minute, but entertaining, account is here given; and, as it is supposed by some to have been translated from *Boccaccio*, a sort of biography is given of that ingenious Ita-

lian*, though our author combats with strength the above opinion of Tyrwhit and Warton. We here meet with some proofs that Shakspeare was under considerable obligations to this poem, particularly in his tragedy on the same subject.

As this poem is inscribed to the "moral Gower," and the "philosophical Strode," a chapter is devoted to a memorial of those confidential friends of Chaucer.

The question of Chaucer's studying at Paris is particularly examined, as is also that of his studying the law; and though nothing decisive appears in either of these discussions, it affords the author an opportunity to enter into "a history of law in the fourteenth century," which will be found not uninteresting.

We next meet with critical and historical elucidations of some others of Chaucer's works; as his *Palamon* and *Arcite*, and his Translation of *Boethius*.

From the literary character of Chaucer, the author turns to view him as a courtier, and, to illustrate this part of his subject more forcibly, he exhibits a character of the English court in the year 1358, in which the portrait of Edward III appears with distinguished lustre.

The life of John of Gaunt, a very important article in these interesting volumes, is detailed with considerable precision, and, among other particulars in this illustrious character, it is made to appear that he was a poet, and that Chaucer was his poetical preceptor. Interwoven with this subject, the author gives an outline of Chaucer's poem of "The Parliament of Birds," written on the suit or courtship of John of Gaunt.

Next follows an outline of the poem intitled Chaucer's Dream, and here we are introduced to our bard's mistress, and afterwards his wife, the daughter and co-heiress of *Payne de Rouet*, a native of Hainault, and King at Arms for the province of Guienne.

The part borne by the poet in the grand expedition against France, leads us into a history of the military transactions in which he was engaged. An account of the peace of Bretigni, and of the Death of John King of France, in the palace of John of Gaunt, concludes the *first volume*.

Here we must pause: we cannot, however, close this article without pronouncing our unequivocal approbation of the plan and con-

* A new edition of the Tales of Boccaccio, in two volumes, octavo, hath recently issued from the press, edited by the admirably witty author of "Old Nick," "A Piece of Family Biography," &c. &c. to which is prefixed a masterly and erudite Life, the materials for which are evidently drawn from the purest sources of information, and interspersed with a variety of anecdote, very little known.

duct of the work under our consideration. It is, beyond all doubt, the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Godwin. It evinces all that vigour of thought, and penetration of mind, which characterize the "Political Justice," and all that richness of imagination, and knowledge of the human heart which are displayed in his novels, while, at the same time, it is wholly free from those objections which the peculiar opinions of the author have entailed upon his former productions.

[To be continued.]

Aristotle's Ethics and Politics, Translated from the Greek, by Dr. Gillies. Second Edition. 2 Vols. 8vo. Cadel and Davies.

IT has happened to the illustrious disciple of Plato, to have been more quoted than studied, and to have legislated, in criticism and philosophy, rather by other men's opinions than his own. For a great period, in modern literature, his name has contributed to put fetters upon the feet of our dramatists. The rigour of critical unities, as Aristotle was imagined to have laid them down, called upon Dr. Johnson to vindicate the freedom or the licentiousness of Shakespeare; and the celebrated preface, with a soberer air, urged triumphantly the same arguments which had sportively dropt from the pen of Farquhar, the comic poet.* But, as Mr. Twining has shewn, the contest, in its "pith and moment," was not with Aristotle.

It remained for Dr. Gillies to shew that the same or greater liberties had been taken with him, in matters of the first philosophy; and to prove that he, who had been the supposed asserter of polytheism, maintained with peculiar force "the unity of the first cause, the eternal spring of motion, himself immovable. This principle, on which heaven and earth depend, is one in number, as well as essence." Mr. Taylor, a translator also of Aristotle, but certainly no rival to Dr. Gillies, has chosen to make their common master assert "the existence of divine natures, the immediate progeny of one first cause, with which they are profoundly united"—a doctrine not to be found in any of his writings, but the spurious spawn of the newer Platonists; visionaries whose wild dreams triumphed over the declining reason of the roman philosophy.

In this second edition of his translation, Dr. G. has condescended to notice the unweighed censures of Mr. Taylor, and has shewn, by juxta-position, the barbarous inferiority of the latter as a tran-

* See his familiar letters, along with the dramatic works, which we cannot but imagine Dr. Johnson had read, because he uses many of the images of Farquhar. He, however, never referred to the place; and we believe few readers are acquainted with the very lively justification of dramatic liberty to which we allude.

slator. In a supplement to his analysis of the Stagyrte's works, he has eloquently displayed the perfection of his philosophy, in opposition to the clouded and mystical reveries of the long series of romancers, which followed him. The mixture of the concerns of philosophy with those of the popular superstition, in defiance of his maxim and his conduct, combined truth with fiction in a style so fantastic and abstruse, that fable ceased to amuse, and truth to be intelligible. The brief characters of the latter Platonicians are written with masterly discrimination. His translators, the great corruptors of his sense, are properly noticed; and, with the Doctor's reasons for undertaking a translation of the ethics to Nicomachus, the work concludes;—a work, which has given to us infinite delight, and no slender addition to our moral studies: which has compelled us to apply to the preceptor of Alexander, what Milton has said of the doctrines of his tutor, Plato—

“How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose;
But a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.” COMUS.

A World of Wit, containing Characteristic Anecdotes and Bon-Mots of eminent living Persons. By the Honourable Mr. S—r. 3s. Hurst. 1804.

SUCH only as he, who

————— Scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing,

JUL. CÆS.

will be so ungrateful as not to allow this little work the merit of no common portion of whim, wit, humour, and pleasantry. Other honours have made us laugh before, but few have done it with so much credit to themselves, as the present, who is, we understand, the Honourable Mr. Spencer, author of *Urania*.

A Picture from Life; or, the History of Emma Tankerville, and Sir Henry Moreton. By Henry Whitfield, M.A. 2 Vols. 7s. Highley. 1804. (Concluded from the last Number.)

OUR author, in the preface to his novel, thus vindicates this branch of literature, and at the same time presents us with the “birth, parentage, and education,” of “the novel,” that unhappy propagation, which, like nuts, all men abuse, and almost all enjoy.

“Among the ancients,” says he, “we must suppose this species of writing to have been unknown, their silence being to be considered as a proof of this

desideratum. The Greeks, indeed, are characterised, by Juvenal, as *bold historians*; and we know that Livy has recounted incredible and superstitious wonders, and not a few romantic exploits, as Herodotus also has done. The Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter, whose chief merit, worthy of notice, is his elegance of style, has been handed down to us: I believe this may be called a Romance.

"The *Fabliaux*, descriptive of the early ages of Chivalry, were numerous in both the 11th and 13th centuries. But *Giovanni Boccaccio*, who has given celebrity to the place of his birth (Certaldo, in Tuscany) and who flourished in the year 1313, may be considered as the father of modern romance; and to that author's *Decameron*, a varied and elegant ten days entertainment, Shakspeare and other writers are indebted for the bases of some of their best superstructures.

"As novel is nearly allied to romance, it may not be improper briefly to notice the virtues and failings of the last mentioned species of literature. The feudal system gave birth to romance. She was beautiful, animated, lovely, often humorous, but generally serious, and was very well informed. At length she became vitiated. Her followers, no longer able or willing to check or redress outrageous grievances beyond the law, began themselves to act the parts of needy out-laws. Thus did these dishonourable and wandering prodigals no longer follow her virgin footsteps. Cervantes, the author of *Don Quixote*, gave romance a death blow; and after that spirited attack, abashed and routed, she drooped her head, absconded, and since that era has not been seen among men. She, however, who had been an acknowledged favourite for such a number of years, did not die in obscurity without leaving an heir; a Phoenix arose from her ashes. This was her youthful daughter, ycleped *the novel*! As long as the novelist writes from sound principles, there are hopes; but 'excessive sensibility,' or terrific chimeras, may be the cause of untimely decay. It were pity, that the delicate novel should die from supernatural terrors." Pref. p. 6—9.

The persons of this drama are very numerous, but the major part of them "come like shadows" and "so depart." To pass over the suffering Elinor, the heroic Moreton, the villainous Oliver, and the persecuted Lester, characters, in many instances, well supported, we must pronounce the greatest share of praise due to those of Pellet, a Buck, and Dr. Anapest, a pedant, which Mr. W. appears to have drawn *con amore*. At p. iii. vol. i. we have a character perfectly original, which we greeted with a smile, and cannot leave unnoticed—a sentimental mouse. Proceeding with the arrest of a gentleman, we come to this simile,

"So does Grimalkin, insatiate as the grave, wily as the Egyptian crocodile, rush on her helpless prey, whom she has espied from afar, capering and gambolling, enjoying thoughts of home and tender family."

The sentiments are often good in themselves, and appropriately expressed. The best of these, and the most deserving specimens of our author's language, occur in the 10th chap. of the 1st vol. where he ably combats the detestable opinions of Mr. Jones, "a seditious, dissolute, and blood-thirsty patriot." On the whole we may, with

the strictest regard to truth, recommend "A Picture from Life," as the hasty production of a man of letters, observation, and talent.

The Spirit of the Public Journals for 1808. Being an impartial Selection of the most exquisite Essays and Jeux D'Esprits, principally Prose, that appear in the Newspapers, and other Publications. With explanatory Notes and Anecdotes of many of the Persons alluded to. Vol. 7. pp. 395. Ridgway.

WE have frequently had occasion to notice the former volumes of this interesting work, "the annually increasing sale of which," says the editor, "is presumed to be an indisputable acknowledgment of its merit and utility."

In the present volume, many of the serious compositions do honour to the British press, and several of the lighter productions, for wit and whimsicality, are unrivalled. The selection is made with taste and judgment, and very few articles will be found in it that do not possess some claims to preservation.

Miscellaneous Poems, in Prose and Verse, By John Parkes. Vernor and Hood. Crown 8vo. pp. 79.

As the poems before us are the first productions of their author, and his design in publishing them was merely "to oblige a few friends with printed copies," it would be painful to notice their errors, and invidious to particularize their defects. Our readers, however, must by no means conclude them to be destitute of their appropriate merit. Mr. P. has displayed considerable versatility of talent, and if, in a succeeding volume (which his preface hints at) the "limæ labor" is a little more carefully attended to, he may promise himself no trifling share of notice and applause.

Public Characters for 1803—1804. 8vo. pp. 567. Phillips.

HAVING ever been among the first to condemn the narrow policy which bids the laurel flourish but on the tomb, we cannot deny having felt warmly interested in the success of a work, the object of which, professedly, is to assert the claims of contemporary genius.

Of this curious and valuable production, which has enjoyed an uninterrupted career of popular favour, the 6th volume is now presented to the public. The lives it embraces are by no means of equal interest or merit. Upon the whole, however, it must be considered as a most interesting biographic melange, and admirably calculated, to adopt the language of its editor, "to satisfy curiosity, without gratifying malevolence."

In the appendix are enlarged lives of the Bishop of Meath and Miss Seward.

Letters of Advice from a Mother to her Son. 8s. Cadell and Davies. 1803.

WE are reminded of Lord Chesterfield more by the title of this work than by its contents, which, in the serious and important points of sound morality, unaffected virtue, and well-directed piety, have greatly the superiority over his lordship. Some few errors of judgment, and inaccuracies of language have crept in, most probably, through carelessness, since the fair writers of these letters, which we cordially recommend, cannot reasonably be charged with inability to judge correctly, or to compose with perspicuity and elegance.

The Judge; or, an Estimate of the Importance of the Judicial Character, occasioned by the Death of the late Lord Care, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; a Poem, in Three Cantos. By the Rev. Jerome Alley. 4s. 6d. Vernor and Hood. 1803.

THIS is a work of considerable merit, and highly creditable to the poetical powers and good sense of its author.

Evening Amusements; or, The Beauty of the Heavens displayed. To be continued Annually. By W. Friend, Esq. M. A. 2s. 6d. Mawman. 1803.

THE best encomium that we can pass on this work will be to add the remainder of its title: "In which" (this publication) "several striking appearances to be observed on various evenings in the heavens, during the year 1804, are described; and several means within doors are pointed out, by which the time of young persons may be innocently, agreeably, and profitably employed."

Beneficence; or, Verses addressed to the Patrons of the Society for bettering the Condition, and increasing the Comforts of the Poor. By T. A. Warren, B. D. 2s. 6d. Rivingtons. 1803.

If we may be allowed a parody in speaking of this copy of verses, we should say;

If to its lot some little errors fall,
Look it its end, and you'll forget them all.

The Anniversary Sermon of the Royal Humane Society, preached at Grosvenor Chapel, 4th April, 1802, &c. &c. By R. Valpy, D. D. F. A. S. Rector of Stradishall, Suffolk, and Master of Reading School. 4th Ed. To which is added a Preface, containing some Observations on a Criticism. Rivington, &c. London. 1804.

WE briefly noticed this very eloquent and pathetic discourse in a former number. In the present edition, which is the fourth, the reverend author has replied to, and fully confuted, a few objections made by a periodical critic to that part of the sermon wherein the preacher asserts, "that human or secondary means were employed by the prophets Elijah and Elisha, subservient to the great interposition of Almighty Power, which was visibly exerted in the miracles wrought by them." This he has done with a temperance and candour worthy of his character; and while he has completely established his position, he has thrown considerable light upon a subject certainly of very deep importance. The leading idea of the introductory part of the sermon is, that "while the power of God was manifestly and confessedly displayed in raising the *dead*, his goodness was employed in pointing out to future ages the means of restoring to perfect life those who were *apparently* dead." This idea, which is perfectly scriptural, is supported by a variety of irrefragable arguments and authorities. We cannot let the present opportunity escape without extracting the following affecting appeal to the sensibilities of mothers, in behalf of the excellent charity which it was the object of the discourse to promote.

"O you, whose pleasures spring from your affections, whose affections centre in the cradle of an infant child,—a child perhaps derived of a father's protection;—you, whose future hopes are fixed on the endearing comforts, which you expect from filial tenderness; O think what a distracting scene to see him struggling in convulsive agonies!—What must be your anguish, when, in the heart-breaking embrace, which would fondly shield him from the shaft of death, you see the last expiring pang leave the darling of your soul a cold and bloodless corpse!—I fear I am now speaking to some mothers, who have felt this extremity of distress. From my own sad experience* I have learnt to pity them: but I will not embitter their recollection by dwelling on the melancholy subject. Even in this gloomy scene a ray of light appears. The records of the Humane Society bid you not cast away the anchor of Hope. By prayer, and by the

* Two of the author's children were apparently dead in consequence of convulsions. One of them experienced the happy effects of the resuscitative process, and was present at the delivery of this discourse at Southampton and in Jersey. The other, deprived of the same applications, leaves to her parents the consoling hope, that she is now an angel in heaven; for of such is the kingdom of God!

means prescribed, *your sorrow may be turned into joy. The Lord will hear a mother's voice; the soul of the child will come into him again; HE WILL REVIVE!* If this consideration has power to expand your sensibilities, let them be exerted in procuring us the means of enlarging the scale of our endeavours; assured that every accession of resources to the Society will improve the plan, facilitate the process, and diffuse the benefits of resuscitation. Thus *the bread, which you cast on the waters of affliction, may, after many days, return to you again in genial blessings, of life to your children, and of comfort to yourselves.*"

The notes contain many valuable observations, moral, philosophical, and religious; particularly those respecting the divine origin of the resuscitative process; the connexion between the mind and the body; and the causes of suicide.

The note upon the latter subject is particularly entitled to attention.

"Infidelity," says Dr. Valpy, "operating as a general principle of action, or exercising a temporary sway over a disordered mind, is the most frequent cause of suicide.

"Of infidelity, terminating in absolute Atheism, the most striking and melancholy instance is that of the celebrated MESLIER. He was represented as a man of moral purity, of exquisite sensibility, and of an irritable disposition. He had not only read and studied the Bible, but had written three copies of it with his own hand. That sacred book, and the works of the ancient Fathers, had, in the early part of his clerical life, engrossed his attention, and formed his delight.

"An inflexible love of justice induced him to oppose the Seigneur of his village, whose influence procured a severe remonstrance from his Diocesan, the Archbishop of Rheims. History affords many examples of men, who have revenged the injuries, which they had received from individuals, upon the profession of their adversaries. From this uncandid motive arose the lamentable change in MESLIER's principles. The seeds of the Gospel had been sown in barren ground. The student in theology became the coryphæus of atheism. *The Lord had no sooner put forth his hand, and touched his worldly character, than MESLIER cursed him to his face.* He employed the bitterest acrimony against religion, and his *Testament* exhibits the most shocking invectives against the history and the doctrines of the Gospel, and against the attributes and existence of the Deity.

"Of such an apostasy it is natural to imagine the consequence. The rejection of faith deprived him of hope. He became impatient of life. He DESTROYED HIMSELF.

"The daring spirit of the French Regicides in the wildest libertinism of irreligion has, no doubt, struck horror into the heart of humanity. Yet these feelings have been but slightly excited, if they are compared with those, which must be roused into the most burning indignation at the sight of the blasphemies,—for which language cannot convey an adequate epithet,—contained in the *Philosophie Ancienne et Moderne* of the *ENCYCLOPÉDIE MÉTHODIQUE*. DIDEROT, DALEMBERT, ROULANGER, VOLTAIRE, &c. were restrained,

by social considerations, by the public opinion respected under the old government of France, within certain limits. But NAIGÉON, having broken, by the events of the revolution, every link in the chain of decency and order, that formed the connexion of society, has defied all the humanities of religious civilization. Like the infernal Fiend, who left the burning lake, under the auspices of Sin and Death, to revenge the fairest part of the creation, and wreak his vengeance on the Almighty,—he indulges his savage disposition in the malignant delight of crushing every hope of man, and of precipitating him from the prospect of Heaven into the deepest gloom of despair and perdition.

“The mind of an Englishman, who loves the religion of his fathers, is naturally alarmed at the danger of a close connexion with a government, which, possessing and exercising an absolute despotism over the press, can tolerate, countenance and encourage a work, whose avowed object is to blot the sun out of the moral world, and to dethrone the King of heaven!”

A Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of Allhallows Barking, for the National Institution of the Royal Humane Society, on Sunday Morning, Nov. 13, 1803. By the Rev. Edward Barry, M. D. 8vo. Rivingtons. London. 1804.

It seems that, beyond the annual subscription, the increasing demands on the society require the aid of collections at the different churches; in recommendation of which this discourse was preached. It was thought so excellent in the delivery, that Dr. Barry was solicited to exhibit it from the press—a medium through which the occasional sermons preached for this charitable institution, do not, like the Anniversary Discourses, necessarily pass, and consequently the publication bears with it an honourable testimony from the governors in its favour.

The discourse is from Psalm viii. v. 4. “What is man?” and Dr. B. considers the question as it regards a state of nature and of grace; and then, as it applies to intellectual improvements; and especially, to the institution of the Humane Society, by means whereof man has been made the honoured instrument of restoring his fellow creatures “from the foul attacks of the suicide; from suffocation by deleterious vapours; from suspended existence through the blasts of lightning, or the destructive effects of intense cold; but above all, and in a most *marvellous* degree, from the triumph of the headstrong wave!”

We trust that the funds of this society are increasing in proportion to the beneficial effects of which it is found to be productive. Of this we are sure, that no institution is more honourable to the national character, nor more serviceable to the human race.

DRAMATIC.

The Theatric Tourist; being a genuine Collection of correct Views, with brief and authentic Historical Accounts of all the principal Provincial Theatres in the United Kingdom. By a Theatrical Amateur. Published in Numbers. Price 3s. 6d. each. Lindsell.

ONLY two numbers of this work have yet been published. The plan of it is quite new, and is entitled, as well from its principle, as its execution, to the encouragement of the theatrical public.

It is introduced to their notice under the following circumstances.

“ The proprietor having for a series of years cultivated an early genius for the pencil, amused himself in his summer excursions through the various watering places, towns, &c. of the kingdom, with making accurate drawings of such theatres as were ever rendered at all conspicuous by contributing to the rational gratification of a generous and discerning public, and with collecting such established facts concerning them, as were curious, useful, and entertaining. As they were occasionally submitted to the inspection of his friends, it was suggested that a work of such a nature, conducted on a liberal and extensive scale, would speedily form too valuable a treasure to lie buried in the narrow precincts of a port-folio or a drawing-book. It is to this flattering opinion that the Theatric Tourist stands indebted for its promised existence; the proprietor resolving to extend his labours and his influence to secure the production every possible success.”

Each number is to contain three plates, in coloured aqua-tint, and the specimens already given reflect great credit on the taste and skill of the artist.

The Counterfeit: a Farce, in Two Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By Andrew Franklin, Author of the Egyptian Festival, &c. 2s. Robinson. 1804.

USING the words of Falstaff, we may affirm that this is “no COUNTERFEIT, but the true and perfect image of life,” a little caricatured occasionally indeed, but not more than becomes the character and design of farce. Of its power over the risible faculties, in acting, it is needless for us here to speak; not only because we have spoken elsewhere of its merits on the stage, but because the whole town has sat in judgment on it, the event of which has been most deservedly flattering to Mr. Franklin. In the closet, half an hour may certainly be better spent, but seldom more agreeably, than in perusing this whimsical production of a truly eccentric mind. The scene between Addle and Dizzy (p. 4.) is irresistibly droll, and, like many other parts, shews great knowledge of stage effect, with no small portion of dramatic genius.

 THE BRITISH STAGE.

The Imitation of Life—The Mirror of Manners—The Representation of Truth.
Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.

 THE DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

 No. IX.

ON TRAGEDY. BY DR. BLAIR.

[Continued from p. 118.]

THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN STAGES.

IN the compositions of some of the French dramatic writers, particularly Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, tragedy has appeared with much lustre and dignity. They must be allowed to have improved upon the ancients, in introducing more incidents, a greater variety of passions, a fuller display of characters, and in rendering the subjects thereby more interesting. They have studied to imitate the ancient models in regularity of conduct. They are attentive to all the unities, and to all the decorums of sentiment and morality; and their style is, generally, very poetical and elegant. What an English taste is most apt to censure, in them, is the want of fervour, strength, and the natural language of passion. There is often too much conversation in their pieces, instead of action. They are too declamatory, as was before observed, when they should be passionate; too refined, when they should be simple. Voltaire freely acknowledges these defects of the French theatre. He admits, that their best tragedies do not make a sufficient impression on the heart; that the gallantry which reigns in them, and the long fine-spun dialogue with which they over-abound, frequently spread a languor over them; that the authors seemed to be afraid of being too tragic; and very candidly gives it as his judgment, that an union of the vehemence and the action, which characterise the English theatre, with the correctness and decorum of the French theatre, would be necessary to form a perfect tragedy.

Corneille, who is properly the father of French tragedy, is distinguished by the majesty and grandeur of his sentiments, and the fruitfulness of his imagination. His genius was unquestionably very rich, but seemed more turned towards the epic than the tragic vein; for, in general, he is magnificent and splendid, rather than tender and touching. He is the most declamatory of all the French tragedians. He united the copiousness of Dryden with the fire of Lucan, and he resembles them also in their faults; in their extravagance and impetuosity. He has composed a great number of tragedies,

very unequal in their merit. His best and most esteemed pieces are, the *Cid*, *Horace*, *Polyeucte*, and *Cinna*.

Racine, as a tragic poet, is much superior to Corneille. He wanted the copiousness and grandeur of Corneille's imagination; but is free from his bombast, and excels him greatly in tenderness. Few poets, indeed, are more tender and moving than Racine. His *Phædra*, his *Andromaque*, his *Athalie*, and his *Mithridate*, are excellent dramatic performances, and do no small honour to the French stage. His language and versification are uncommonly beautiful. Of all the French authors, he appears to me to have most excelled in poetical style; to have managed their rhyme with the greatest advantage and facility, and to have given it the most complete harmony. Voltaire has, again and again, pronounced Racine's *Athalie* to be the "*Chef d'Oeuvre*" of the French stage. It is altogether a sacred drama, and owes much of its elevation to the majesty of religion; but it is less tender and interesting than *Andromaque*. Racine has formed two of his plays upon plans of Euripides. In the *Phædra* he is extremely successful, but not so, in my opinion, in the *Iphigenie*; where he has degraded the ancient characters, by unseasonable gallantry. Achilles is a French lover; and Eriphile, a modern lady*.

* The characters of Corneille and Racine are happily contrasted with each other, in the following beautiful lines of a French poet, which will gratify several readers :

CORNEILLE,

*Illum nobilibus majestas evehit alis
Vertice tangentem nubes : stant ordine longo
Magnanimi circum heroës, fulgentibus omnes
Induti trabeis ; Polyeuctus, Cinna, Seleucus,
Et Cidus, et rugis signatus Horatius ora.*

RACINE.

*Hunc circumvolitat penna alludente Cupido,
Vincta triumphatis insternens florea scenis ;
Colligit hæc mollis genius, levibusque catenis
Heröas stringit dociles, Pyrrhosque, Titosque,
Pelidasque, ac Hippolytos, qui sponte sequuntur
Servitium, facilesque ferunt in vincula palmas.
Ingentes nimirum animos Cornelius ingens,
Et quales habet ipse, suis heröibus afflat
Sublimes sensus ; vox olli mascula, magnum os,
Nec mortale sonans. Rapido fluit impetu vena,
Vena Sophocleis non inficianda fluentis.
Racinius Gallis haud visos ante theatris
Mollior ingenio teneros induxit amores.
Magnanimos quamvis sensus sub pectore verset
Agrippina, licet Romano robore Burrhus*

Voltaire, in several of his tragedies, is inferior to none of his predecessors. In one great article, he has outdone them all, in the delicate and interesting situations which he has contrived to introduce. In these lies his chief strength. He is not, indeed, exempt from the defects of the other French tragedians, of wanting force, and of being sometimes too long and declamatory in his speeches; but his characters are drawn with spirit, his events are striking, and in his sentiments there is much elevation. His *Zayre*, *Alzire*, *Méropé*, and *Orphan of China*, are four capital tragedies, and deserve the highest praise. What one might perhaps not expect, Voltaire is, in the strain of his sentiments, the most religious, and the most moral, of all tragic poets.

Though the musical dramas of Metastasio fulfil not the character of just and regular tragedies, they approach however so near to it, and possess so much merit, that it would be unjust to pass them over without notice. For the elegance of style, the charms of lyric poetry, and the beauties of sentiment, they are eminent. They abound in well contrived and interesting situations. The dialogue, by its closeness and rapidity, carries a considerable resemblance to that of the ancient Greek tragedies; and is both more animated and more natural, than the long declamation of the French theatre. But the shortness of the several dramas, and the intermixture of so much lyric poetry as belongs to this sort of composition, often occasions the course of the incidents to be hurried on too quickly, and prevents that consistent display of characters, and that full preparation of events, which are necessary to give a proper verisimilitude to tragedy."

Polleat, et magni generosa superbia Pori
 Non semel eniteat, tamen esse ad mollia natum
 Credideris vatem; vox olli mellea, lenis
 Spiritus est; non ille animis vim concitus infert,
 At cæcos animorum aditus rimatur, et imis
 Mentibus occultos, syren penetrabilis, ictus
 Insinuans, palpando ferit, læditque placendo.
 Vena fuit facili non intermissa nitore,
 Nec rapidos semper volvit cum murmure fluctus;
 Agmine sed leni fluitat. Seu gramina lambit
 Rivulus, et cæco per prata virentia lapsu,
 Aufugiens, tacita fuit indeprentus arena;
 Flore micant ripæ illimes; huc vulgus amantum
 Convolat, et lacrymis auget rivalibus undas:
 Singultus undæ referunt, gemitusque sonoros
 Ingeminant, molli gemitus imitante susurro.

Templum Tragediæ, per FR. MARSY,
 & Societate Jesu.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET TO APRIL.

EMBLEM of life! see changeful April sail
 In varying vest along the shadowy skies,
 Now, bidding Summer's softest zephyrs rise,
 Anon, recalling Winter's stormy gale,
 And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail;
 Then, smiling thro' the tear that dims her eyes,
 While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,
 Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail.
 So, to us sojourners in Life's low vale,
 The smiles of Fortune flatter to deceive,
 While still the Fates the web of Mis'ry weave.
 So, Hope exultant spreads her æery sail,
 And from the present gloom, the soul conveys
 To distant Summers, and far happier days.
 Nottingham, April 13, 1804. H. K. WHITE.

SONNET.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ. MARCH, 1804.

TO PRINCE HOARE, ESQ.

In return for his interesting Correspondence with Foreign Academies.

THANKS to the Friend of universal Art,
 Who shews me how a just and gen'rous mind,
 By boundless sympathy, and zeal refin'd,
 May thro' the veins of emulation dart
 Supplies of vital fire, fresh hopes impart,
 And in such ties the social nations bind,
 That Commerce, with a smile divinely kind,
 May bid new wonders into Being start.
 Thou lib'ral Patriot! lasting praise be thine,
 Who, for the glory of thy native land,
 Hast led her to achieve thy bright design,
 To teach the heart of Genius to expand,
 And cherish talents, wheresoe'er they shine—
 Science and Honour guide and bless thy hand!

ON THE DEATH OF
JAMES HARE, Esq. M. P.

HARK ! 'twas the knell of death ! what spirit fled ?
And burst the shackles man is doom'd to bear ?
Can it be true, and 'midst the senseless dead,
Must sorrowing thousands count the loss of Hare ?

Shall not his genius life's short date prolong ?
(Pure as the æther of its kindred sky)
Shall wit enchant no longer from his tongue ?
Or beam in vivid flashes from his eye ?

Oh no ! that mind for every purpose fit,
Has met, alas ! the universal doom !
Unrival'd fancy, judgment, sense, and wit,
Were his, and only left him at the tomb.

Rest, spirit ! rest ; for gentle was thy course,
Thy rays, like temper'd suns, no venom knew,
For still benevolence allay'd the force
Of the keen darts thy matchless satire threw.

Yet not alone thy genius I deplore,
Nor o'er thy various talents drop the tear,
But weep to think I shall behold no more,
A lost companion, and a friend sincere.

ON THE EYES.

Tell not me of size or hue,
Jetty black, or azure blue,
Hazle, sober grey, or brown ;
If they're clouded by a frown,
And without expression fraught,
Or signs of reason and of thought,
They'll *never please*.

But, though sparkling with delight,
Or, with sorrow dark as night ;
Tho' their lustre dimm'd by woe,
Or by bashfulness cast low ;
If oft gemm'd by Pity's tear,
Let their owner never fear ;
They'll *surely please* !

Staines.

A FEMALE BOOKWORM.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

DRURY LANE.

APRIL 7.—*The Sailor's Daughter*; the production of Mr. Cumberland, a gentleman who has given several excellent dramas to the stage, and many that deserve a very different epithet. Of the present attempt we cannot speak in favourable terms. It has the same fault with many of his late comedies. It exhibits the story of a modern novel, in feeble sentimental dialogue, without the support of dramatic situation, or any originality of comic character. We were once or twice charmed with a thought newly imagined, and a sentence elegantly turned; but the impression thus made was soon effaced by the general meagreness of the plot and dialogue, the loose construction of the scenes, and the total absence of spirit, humour, and novelty, from all the characters. There was some opposition on giving it out for a second performance, and after five or six unattractive representations, it was altogether laid aside.

16.—*The Hypocrite*, written originally by Cibber, under the title of *The Non-juror*, to expose the cant of the *Puritans* in the time of Cromwell, and altered by Bickerstaffe, with a view to guard the world against another set of religious canters of a more modern date, was revived for the benefit of Mrs. Jordan, who undertook the character of *Charlotte*. This part, like many others which this lady has lately assumed, is not within the compass of her talents, and the selection of it was therefore very injudicious. The other characters afforded nothing worthy of particular notice, except Miss Pope's Old Lady Lambert, and the Cantwell of Dowton, which was indeed an excellent piece of acting. A new farce called *The Middle Dish*; or, the Irishman in Turkey, succeeded; but it was a *dish* so little to the *taste* of the audience, that it was speedily removed from the *table*, never more to be served up.

23.—Mr. Bannister performed *Charles*, in the *School for Scandal*, for his benefit. We remember him in it some years ago, at the Haymarket, for Miss Farren's benefit; he plays it with spirit and effect, if not with all the ease and elegance which the character certainly requires. After the comedy, Mr. Colman's *Review* was acted for the first time at this theatre. Bannister was highly whimsical in Caleb Quotem; the other novelties were Collins and Mrs. Jordan, in John Lump and Grace Gaylove. Loony Mactwolter again appeared in his true native humour, in the person of the unrivalled and inimitable Johnstone.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MARCH 24.—Mr. LEWIS presented this evening, for his benefit, a new broad comedy (a fresh distinction in dramatic christening) called *The Will for the Deed*. It comes from the rapid and never-tiring pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, and to those who can enjoy a hearty laugh, without too rigidly examining into the source of it, this hasty, but ingenious and whimsical Olio, will afford a most delectable treat. The country manager, whose conversation is made up from the titles of plays, and the pseudo-herald-painter, who deals in mottos, like Mrs. *Mala-prop's* hard words, "so ingeniously misapplied without being mispronounced," are very humorous sketches, and the other characters are distinguished by

traits of oddity, which well accord with the ludicrous extravagance of the incidents; the whole forming a melange of broad humour calculated to relax the muscles of the gravest critic, and to set the generality of the audience in a roar. Seldom has a little piece of this kind afforded such a combination of comic talent in the acting—Lewis, Munden, Fawcett, Emery, Farley, Blanchard, Simmons. Fawcett and Farley, in the two characters we have particularly alluded to, were irresistible. The former chaunted an epilogue full of “right witty conceits,” with such effect, as to be *encored*. The comedy has been very frequently acted since this evening.

APRIL 2.—VALENTINE AND ORSON.—A grand serio-comic romantic melo-drama, under this title, written by Mr. T. Dibdin, (*Ecce iterum!*) and the action produced, with infinite care, taste, and spirit, under the sole direction of Mr. Farley, was presented, for the first time, on Easter Monday. Into the particulars of a story, so well known that every infant can lip them, it will be needless to enter. The leading incidents and characters are introduced with all the effect of which they are susceptible; King *Pepin*; *Valentine*; *Orson*; *the Green Knight*; *the Princess Eglantine*; and last, but not least, either as to size or interest, the old *SHE-BEAR*, have all their proper notice and *station in the file*.

The principal credit of the performance certainly belongs to Mr. FARLEY, to whose judgment and exertions so many of our most popular ballets owe their success. The entrance of King *Pepin*, with the procession at the commencement of the ballet, are conducted in a style of uncommon elegance and grandeur. The *action*, the *groupings*, the *combats*, and the *GRAND PAGEANT* with which the piece concludes, representing the meeting of the Emperor of Constantinople, and the King of France, display an equal portion of taste and knowledge of stage effect. The *Pageant* is of the most magnificent description, as are, indeed, the dresses and decorations of the piece throughout. The scenery exhibits some of the most happy productions of Richards, Phillips, and Whitmore; among which the *Forest of Orleans*, the *Green Knight's Encampment*, the *Giant's Castle*, and the *Hall of Chivalry*, excite the most particular attention. The music, composed by a M. JOUVE, is in many passages exquisite, and the whole is adapted to the respective characters and situations with great judgment.

Farley, Du Bois, Bologna, and Mrs. St. Leger, whose figure and address in pantomime become more and more conspicuous, appeared to distinguished advantage in the ballet department. The other characters were ably supported by Blanchard, Cory, Chapman, Mrs. Powell, and Mrs. Dibdin.

SADLER'S WELLS.

By accident we omitted last month to mention the very singular and ingenious entertainment produced at Sadler's Wells, by Charles Dibdin, under the title of *Antarctica*, which exhibits a grand naval spectacle representing the siege of Gibraltar, and the combined force of France and Spain, together with the British grand fleet, in which real men of war and floating batteries are introduced on a most extensive sheet of water. This is a contrivance so highly meritorious and clever, as to insure crowded houses for a considerable time. Other entertainments, in great variety, make up an excellent bill of fare at the Wells.

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NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

Ireland, the Yorkshire flying phenomenon, hath, during his tour, acquired some wonderful leaps, almost beyond the possibility of description or thought. This gentleman's feats, together with a variety of pleasing entertainments, provided by Cross, promise a profitable summer.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

Although Mr. Astley may have been a great sufferer by the conflagration at this theatre, the public is none, since its present splendour and convenience far exceed any thing it had formerly to recommend it. The chandelier, suspended from the roof, is remarkably brilliant and beautiful, and the other ornaments, chaste and appropriate, cannot fail to prove highly attractive. To this attraction is added one still greater, in a series of the best amusements we ever witnessed at this house. The romantic spectacle called *Zittaw the Cruel*, is very ingeniously conceived and well executed. In the *Silver Star*, a pantomime of great cleverness, when we mention the names of Mrs. Wybrow and Mr. Laurent, as columbine and clown, we think it requires no further recommendation. Striking as these allurements are, the performance of Mr. Richer, on the tight rope, far surpasses them all. The town well knows that it is inimitable.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. EDITOR.—The following description of a green-room, by the author of the Parody on Miss Bailey, may not be unacceptable to your readers. Yours,

OBSERVATOR.

"A PEEP INTO THE GREEN-ROOM,"

SUNG BY MR. SHUTER, IN THE CHARACTER OF A CLOWN.

Tune---"*Marjary Topping.*"

Eftekens I'm come mun, I slipt on so sly ;
 I'm not one of the actor-folk, O noa, not I ;
 Our Joe got me in here, to zee their temptations ;
 He's acquainted with one of the fiddler's relations.

I've been staring at all the strange things in the scene-room,
 And talk'd with the sham kings and queens in the green-room ;
 Ha ! green did I say, but that joke wont go down,
 Nothing green but a curtain, and that's *desprate brown* !

There they zit round a bit of a fire, so sainted,
 Till their cheeks are as red, gad, as though they were painted :
 Some were learning their parts, and did terribly bawl,
 There were some, too, who seem'd to have *no parts at all* !

While one was a romping the green-room around,
A stiff collar fell off from his neck to the ground;
By its size;—but I wish no man's feelings to hurt,
I should think 'twas the principal part of his shirt!

I bow'd when I first saw such desp'rate fine folk,
And could hardly believe to myself 'twas a joke;
But cranium'd in such a room where there's no room at all,
A room! 'tis more like a large hole in a wall!

Ecod, here they're coming to finish the play,
So I think I'd much better get out of the way;
To the green-room I'll go, tho' not fit to be seen,
It wants nothing but painting to make it quite green!

Wolverhampton, March 10.

THE EDINBURGH STAGE.—“SIR—A short residence of late in our metropolis enables me once more to address you. The candour and impartiality of my remarks may be relied on. I may “tire the patience,” but never intentionally “mislead the judgment.”

The theatre has been open above three months, neither to the advantage of the manager, nor the general satisfaction of the public. Maimed and disfigured by the loss of one of its principal supports, (Young) our company has been limping through the season, with the mortification of frequently witnessing

“A beggarly account of empty boxes.”

Other circumstances have contributed to produce this effect. The din of Bellona deafens the voice of Melpomene, and the attractions of Thalia, cannot always engage the attention of Mars preparing for the field.

I subjoin a list of our present company. A few strictures upon their merits shall follow:—

TRAGEDY AND GRAVE COMEDY.

Messrs. Faulkner, Toms, and Willoughby.

COMEDIANS.

Hollingsworth, Turpin, Rock, G. C. Chalmers, Berry.

WOMEN.

Mrs. and Miss Duncan, Mrs. Turpin, Mrs. Brereton, Mrs. Evatt, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Skinner, formerly Bristowe, Mrs. Willoughby, formerly Miss Lemon. And

Mr. James (our singer) Hunter, Roberts, Ward, and some others of the “tag, rag, and boptail,” infesting every theatre.

Faulkner is our hero. He professes tragedy, and attempts the most difficult characters. He appears to be a sensible, steady actor, of considerable industry. He is neither very deficient in voice or figure, and if never brilliant, is seldom contemptible. His features have little expression, and his powers of discrimination are very limited. He is so deficient in pathos, as to have his sensibility doubted, and is consequently unfit for the tender; his limited power of action

and declamation forbid his pourtraying the sublime passions. I have seen him in Henry the Fifth, and one or two more characters; I thought him a decent performer, a *tolerable declaimer*, indeed a passable actor. In the soliloquy, after conversing with the soldiers in disguise, he even displayed sensibility. "Aut Caesar aut nullus," is said to be his motto, but I would advise him to be content with the second, nay, the third place at Rome, than aspire to *the first*, though even in a village.

The character I hazarded nearly three years since of *Toms*, time has confirmed. The mediocrity of nature in feature and voice, which a forced overaction can never supply, will ever keep this sensible and respectable young man nearly stationary in his profession.

Willoughby, long the hero of every village theatre in Scotland, wisely retains a more humble situation in the metropolis. A figure without consequence, a haggard stage countenance, and forbidding features, are partly compensated by one of the most extensive, sonorous, mellowed voices I ever heard. His cadences, however, are injudicious, incessant, and absurd. His emphasis is seldom just, and his action overloaded with stage strick. Industry and study may yet do much. So much for our tragedians.

Instead of Grant we have Chalmers, whom he a little resembles. The time *has been* when we would have esteemed him equal to that useful performer. Though his powers and appearance have felt the hand of time, yet his thorough knowledge of stage effect carries him through bustling parts in comedy, without reprehension. Hollingsworth, intended to supply the place of Rock, is, in my opinion, as a low comedian, much superior to this favourite actor. His expression of countenance is infinitely superior. But for the excellence of the low Irishman of Rock, I should not regret his loss, especially when so supplied. Unremitted study and application have much benefited Turpin. But for the harshness of his voice, the frequent glare of his eyes, and occasionally overdoing his characters, this actor exhibits so much genuine *vis comica*, particularly in countrymen, as to render him an acquisition to any stage in Britain. Berry has yet played no part of consequence, but the judgment he displays in *dressing* and *looking* his characters, with the humour he exhibits in their representations, convince me his comic powers are very considerable.

Of the other male performers I have little to say. Raked from every village barn in the kingdom, their appearance betrays their dramatic origin; the want of soap and suds is still visible in Hunter; the features of Ward would be no bad representation of:

"Ploteak with his lumps of Lapland clay,"

and his voice leaves a striking resemblance to the creaking of a door upon its hinges. James is a tolerable tenor singer, and but a tolerable one. Evatt may no doubt think himself a very *clever actor*, but in this opinion he is singular indeed. Of the rest of our company I know nothing, nor do I wish to know more.

LADIES.

It has been my felicity to have been among the first to pay the just tribute of eulogium to the talents of Miss Duncan. Never did a juvenile performer better merit the language of compliment. In figure, form, and feature, she is

"All that painting can express,

"Or youthful poets fancy when they love."

Her sprightly vivacity, in certain comic characters, may be equalled, but is surpassed by none. Her comic singing is unrivalled. Cultivation and experience have got rid of many of the bad habits I had formerly pointed out, though, at times, a deportment rather volatile or giddy, a certain jerking of her arms and toss of the head, are occasionally visible. When these blemishes are thoroughly eradicated, I have no hesitation to assert, that a place second only to Mrs. Jordan shall be the well earned reward of her theatrical exertions.

It is remarked by the *sage* Mrs. Amlet, that "every one wishes to be more than they are," so it is with Mrs. Berry. With a short, rather clumsy figure, no mien or deportment, she *will* be a tragedy heroine. This lady unquestionably possesses merit; her voice, tones, and emphasis are good, but a perpetual wish *to shine*, by overdoing her character, joined to the natural disadvantages already pointed out, prevent her attaining eminence. Mrs. Evatt possesses a charming figure, and a beautiful face, but Nature, ever just, only divides her favours. What she has bestowed on this lady in personal accomplishments, she has denied in theatrical talent. Nearly the same remark applies to Mrs. Skinner, formerly Bristowe. Mrs. Brereton promises something, though she has much to unlearn, as well as to acquire. Mrs. Willoughby is useful, but the loss of our favourite Miss B. Biggs, cannot be compensated. I am,

JUSTUS.

Theatre Royal LIVERPOOL.—The benefit receipts have, for seasons past, been in a state of progressive increase. In 1801, thirty-seven benefits amounted to £4986. In 1802, thirty-six benefits amounted to £5053. In the last season there have been thirty-four benefits, amounting to £5604.

Summer season.---1804.

Mrs. Mountain, - - - -	£174	Mr. Munden, - - - -	£235
Mr. Fawcett, - - - -	245	Mr. Simmons, - - - -	197
Mr. Murray, - - - -	166	Mrs. Glover, - - - -	330
Mr. Emery, - - - -	300	Lady Perrot, - - - -	60

After season at reduced prices.

Mr. Young's first benefit, -	£162	Messrs. Crumpton and Roberts	£111
Mr. Banks, - - - -	140	Mrs. Chapman, - - - -	117
Mr. Byrne, - - - -	86	Mr. Howard, - - - -	90
Mr. Ryley, - - - -	153	Mr. Mathews, - - - -	238
Mr. H. Lewis, - - - -	142	Messrs. Stephens and Howell,	190
Mr. Grant, - - - -	215	Mr. Cross, - - - -	80
Mrs. Kennedy, - - - -	80	Mr. Shaw, - - - -	114
Miss Biggs - - - -	126	Mr. Smith, - - - -	265
Miss Sims, - - - -	133	Mr. Hurst, - - - -	213
Mr. Penley, - - - -	93	Mr. Cooper, - - - -	191
Miss Smith, - - - -	90	Messrs. Moreton and Patterson,	105
Mr. Hamerton, - - - -	143	Mrs. Penley, - - - -	123
Miss Grimani, - - - -	207	Mr. Young's second night, -	290

Theatre NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—GENTLEMEN,—I take the liberty of sending you the following account of the present state of the Newcastle theatre,

which I hope you will think as well entitled to a place in the pages of your valuable and interesting miscellany, as my former attempts of the same nature.

Our theatre opened for the winter in January last, and since then has continued regularly open three nights in each week. As the benefits are now begun, I suppose it will not be long before the manager closes a season of uncommon success; a success, however, which must be ascribed, in a great degree, to the number of plays which have been bespoke by distinguished individuals, and by the military corps in the town and neighbourhood.

Though still defective in some important points, our company must be acknowledged, on the whole, to be considerably improved, and, of late, the plays have been got up with much greater correctness and attention than formerly. We have had *John Bull*, the *Marriage Promise*, *Hear both Sides*, the *Wife of Two Husbands*, *Raising the Wind*, a *House to be Sold*, and especially the *Soldier's Daughter*, represented with considerable effect.

Our theatrical corps, at present, consists of Messrs. Kemble, (the manager) Liston, Noble, Foote, Lee, Mara, Chippendale, Kelly, Lindoe, Bland, Suett, &c. Mrs. Kemble, Miss Kemble, Mrs. Stanley, Miss A. De Camp, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Lee, Miss Benson, Mrs. Mara, Mrs. Chippendale, Mrs. Bland, &c.

With Mr. Kemble's abilities as an actor, you are sufficiently acquainted. His Falstaff-like appearance confines him to a very limited range of characters; to these he has lately added that of Governor Hearshall in the *Soldier's Daughter*, which he performs with uncommon animation and effect.

Mr. Liston is our chief support in comedy, and is deservedly a very great favourite. He combines all the whimsicality of Mr. Fawcett, with the comic simplicity and rustic humour of Mr. Emery, but, for his own sake, I would advise him not to attempt tragedy, and to keep as much as possible out of the way of genteel comedy. He has, lately, however, performed several characters very creditably, which are quite out of his line, but when he returns to Zekiel Homespun, Dan, Shenkin, John Lump, Ralph, &c. he may then exclaim with truth, Liston "is himself again!"

Mr. Noble has, of late, retrenched a good many of his gallery grimaces and practical jokes. He is indeed extremely improved, and certainly possesses a vein of comicality, which, when it does not outrage nature, is highly amusing, especially in ridiculous old men, vulgar Irishmen, sailors, &c.

In Timothy Quaint, the immoveable position of the muscles of his visage is highly diverting.

Mr. Foote is always perfect in his part, and evidently bestows great care and attention on every character in which he appears; if he does not, therefore, always succeed, it is undoubtedly not owing to the want of his own exertions. In the character of Hamlet, which he has studied with peculiar diligence, he has great merit; in the commencement of the play, before the feelings of the prince are roused to any high degree of violence, he delivers the sentiments with propriety and elegance, but his voice is not well calculated for impassioned and declamatory scenes.

Mr. Lee is a good-looking man, but possesses no great power as an actor.

He performs, however, with spirit and animation several of the secondary characters of genteel comedy, and some sentimental parts. Frederic, in *Lovers' Vows*, Tom Shuffleton, Dick Dowlas, Captain Woodley, &c. are among his best efforts.

Mr. Mara attempts a great variety of characters, and is certainly the most general and useful actor in the company, but there is a tiresome uniformity in his manner, and mediocrity is the highest degree of praise to which he can aspire.

Mr. Chippendale is seldom employed in characters of any consequence, but possesses comic humour that might be very useful in low comedy.

I now proceed with pleasure to the enumeration of our female talents, of which we can boast a very distinguished share.

On the various merits of Mrs. Kemble, I could enlarge with much pleasure. She may be truly said to be "ever pleasing, ever new." To a country theatre she is an invaluable treasure from the universality of her talents, and though pathetic characters and those of comic simplicity, are her peculiar forte, yet her *Isabella*, *Belvidera*, *Jane Shore*, &c. &c. are characterized by great feeling and expression, and she has lately, for her own benefit, performed the *Widow Cheerly* with great spirit and vivacity: indeed she can, at pleasure, assume the various excellence of a *Siddons*, a *Jordan*, or a *Bland*.

Miss Kemble gains daily upon the favour of the town; her vocal powers have acquired greater strength and certainty of execution, and she articulates the words of songs with uncommon distinctness. Her style of singing is, indeed, characterized by peculiar correctness, delicacy, and expression, and when her voice acquires a greater degree of power and compass, she will certainly be a very superior singer. I would recommend it to her, however, to practise the shake with great care and attention, as it is in that only there is any deficiency to be remarked. Her memory is excellent, her enunciation distinct, and her action greatly improved; indeed she holds out every prospect of being a pleasing actress, as well as an excellent singer.

Mrs. Stanley (late the honourable Mrs. Twisleton) joined our company about a month ago. She made her debüt in *Elvira*, in *Pizarro*. She is a very elegant woman, with a voice, action, and figure peculiarly well adapted for tragedy. As yet she has appeared in very few characters, but, from the abilities she evidently possesses, much may be expected.

Miss Adelaide De Camp is a most charming little girl. Her spirit and vivacity, naiveté and good humour, have already made her a great favourite. In the characters of *Hoydens*, pert chambermaids, and lively young ladies, she is nature itself. Her *Miss Peggy*, in the *Country Girl*; *Amelia*, in *Lovers' Vows*; *Dolly*, in the *Woodman*; *Little Pickle*, &c. are among the best performances we have seen for several years; but her line of characters is not very extensive, and she is by no means calculated for the sentimental cast of parts which she is sometimes obliged to assume.

Mrs. Jones is a very useful actress, and supports old maids and ridiculous characters with great ability, though she is apt a little to "o'erstep the modesty of nature."

Mrs. Noble is, I understand, half-sister to Mrs. Henry Siddons, and much resembles that elegant actress in the contour of her figure, though certainly no two countenances can be more unlike. Mrs. Noble dresses with uncommon elegance and propriety, and makes an excellent soubrette, but the plainness of her features, and an unfortunate lisp, render her unfit for any other line of parts.

Miss Benson is very young, and her figure is yet scarcely formed; but she dances with neatness and ease.

Of the rest of the ladies and gentlemen nothing need be said; they hardly rise above the rank of attendants.

In the foregoing sketch, I have endeavoured to describe the present state of our company, if not with judgment, at least with impartiality. You may easily perceive we are in no want of a reinforcement of female talent; and if we had an actor capable of supplying the place of our late favourite Mr. Egerton, (now at Bath) in genteel comedy, and a singer to support Miss Kemble in the comic operas, our theatrical corps would then be as strong as can reasonably be expected on provincial boards.

If you favour me by the insertion of these observations, I shall shortly trouble you with some remarks on the new regulations respecting the future management of the theatre, and the new agreement into which the proprietors have entered with Mrs. Kemble; but it would occupy too large a portion of your valuable pages, were I to enter upon the subject at present.

I shall conclude this letter, by subscribing myself, with much respect,

Gentlemen, your constant reader and well-wisher,

April 9th, 1804.

JULIUS.

Theatre Royal CANTERBURY.—Mrs. Baker's company hath this season been occasionally reinforced by a set of "choice spirits" from Old Drury—Downton, Cherry, and Suett, alternately performed some of their most favourite characters with success. Mrs. Baker deserves the good opinion of the inhabitants, for yielding to their wishes in this particular, because, in some instances, their engagements have not been very productive.

Mrs. Baker will sustain an almost irreparable loss in Mr. Carleton, who, we understand, is engaged by Wilkinson of York. Carleton's abilities are extremely respectable in fops and men of fashion; there is an ease and gentlemanly deportment in the carriage of this young man indicative of future excellence. His *Michael Perez*, often reminded us of the chaste acting of Lewis; and if we had not seen the venerable King in Puff, we should hazard a very strong expression in favour of Mr. Carleton. Mrs. Downton was very successful in *Estifania*.

The original Theatre, FEVERSHAM.—Some itinerants have chosen to invade the privileges of Mrs. Baker, in Feversham, by usurping this lady's rights in the opening a theatre, which they are pleased to call *original*, and so would be the acting, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston of Drury-lane.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

DUKE D'ENGHEIN.—This brave and accomplished prince, son of the Duke of Bourbon, and grandson of the Prince of Condé, has been brought to trial by the blood-thirsty and revengeful spirit of a sanguinary despot, who triumphs in the power of shedding the best blood of ancient France on the scaffold erected by his own tyranny. The Duc d'Enghein was charged with having borne arms against France; with having offered his services to the English government; with having accredited the agents of England, and affording them the means of forming connexions in France, as well as conspiring with them against the interior and exterior security of the state; with having placed himself at the head of a body of emigrants, in the pay of England; with having spread false intelligence at Strasbourg, in order to occasion a rising in the neighbouring departments, that might prove a diversion in favour of England; and, lastly, with being one of the agents and accomplices of the conspiracy formed by the English against the life of the First Consul, &c. Of these charges he was unanimously found guilty by his judges, and as unanimously condemned to die. The hurry with which the trial took place is extraordinary. On the 15th the Prince was taken in the territory of Baden, and on the 21st doomed to death at Vincennes, near Paris. The manner in which the Duke d'Enghein was taken was this:—The French government having received information that a number of emigrants were assembled at Ettenheim and Offenbourg, in the territories of the Elector of Baden, resolved to seize them—the Duke d'Enghein was among the number.

The following account of the execution of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghein is given in the *Hamburgh Correspondent*, in an article dated Paris, March 13.

“On Wednesday morning, two hours after midnight, the Duke d'Enghein was executed in the forest of Vincennes. Several generals, it is said, were present at the execution. The persons appointed to try him had already been named before he arrived at Paris. On his arrival there he was first taken to the Temple, but he did not enter it, as an order was waiting for his being carried to the castle of Vincennes, where the military commission was assembled to try him. He was so completely worn out and exhausted, by the fatigue of his journey, that he fell fast asleep during his trial. When his sentence was pronounced, he desired to speak to the First Consul. On being informed that that was impossible, he resigned himself to his fate with perfect calmness and composure; but he insisted, as it is said, that his eyes should not be bound. It is asserted, that, when he was taken, he was determined to defend himself; and that, had it not been for the earnest entreaties of those who were with him, he would not have allowed himself to be seized without resistance.

“The execution of the Duke must inspire the great mass of the French people with horror and detestation of the foreign tyrant and usurper. The Duke d'Enghein was no less distinguished for his amiable manners than for his bravery in the field. He commanded the vanguard of the corps of his grandfather, the Prince of Condé, in 1795. After the battle of Hohenlinden, and the retreat on the river Inn, he went to Stiria, and soon after to Ettenheim, where he continued until seized by Bonaparte's butchers.”

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The following particulars relative to this unfortunate prince are given in private accounts from Paris.

"In the morning, before day-light, on the 22nd, Gen. Murat arrived at Vincennes, escorted by fifty Mamelukes, and accompanied with four aid-de-camps, and Generals Mortier, Hulin, and Louis Bonaparte, who had come on purpose from the coast. Each Mameluke held a flambeau, and 200 Gens d'Armes, and 300 men of the Italian troops, surrounded the castle, prevented the approach of every one, and guarded all the avenues to that part of the wood, about an hundred yards distant from the castle, fixed for the place of execution. The Duke being told that his sentence was to be executed, said, calmly, 'I am ready and resigned.' When he heard, upon enquiry, that the grenadiers who should shoot him were Italians of Bonaparte's guard, he said, 'Thank God! they are not Frenchmen. I am condemned by a foreigner, and God be praised that my executioners are foreigners too: it will be a stain less upon my countrymen.' Upon the place of execution, he lifted his hands towards heaven, and said, 'May God preserve my king, and deliver my country from its foreign yoke.' Two gens d'armes then wanted to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, but he said, 'A loyal soldier, who has so often been exposed to fire and sword, can see the approach of death with naked eyes, and without fear.' His hat was then taken off; but in looking at the grenadiers, who had already pointed their arms at him, he said, in Italian, 'Grenadiers, lower your arms, otherwise you will miss me, or only wound me.' Of the nine grenadiers who fired at him, seven hit him—seven bullets pierced his body. Immediately after his murder, General Murat sent his aid-de-camp to Malmaison. A small coffin, filled with lime, was ready to receive his body, and a grave had been dug in the garden of the castle, where he was buried. Such was the end of the Duke d'Enghein, butchered in the thirty-second year of his age, by the barbarous foreign usurper of the throne of his family. He possessed the sincere affection, not only of his royal relatives, but of every Frenchman who had served under him, and of every person who knew him. He had not only the esteem, but the friendship, of the Archduke Charles, who, during several campaigns, had been assisted by his talents, and witnessed his courage. He was as generous as brave; and, in the age of pleasure, deprived himself of all enjoyments, to assist his numerous distressed countrymen."

His Royal Highness Monsieur, brother to the King of France, was the only one of the French Princes who first received any information, by the Ham-burgh mail concerning the melancholy fate of his relative, the late Duke d'Enghein. With agonized feelings, he went in the evening to Wanstead House, to communicate the sad tidings. He was met at the door by the Duke of Bourbon, who, perceiving grief and sorrow marked on every feature, immediately anticipated the cruel fate of his son. Without hearing or uttering a word, he locked himself up in his study, and there gave a vent to his sorrow. His groans and sobs were heard by those outside, who, in vain, implored access, in order to administer consolation to his afflicted spirit. Monsieur himself, though long versed in misfortune, stood in need of friendly support; but with that laudable resignation, which has always distinguished him, and summoning up resolution, he entered the apartment of the Prince de Conde, with apparent com-

posure, and thus addressed him—"You know, my uncle, I have to deplore the murder of my brother, of a sister, of a sister-in-law, and of a nephew." His Royal Highness the Prince de Conde, judging what this preface led to, interrupting him, exclaimed—"My grandson is no more—I have no more posterity." So saying, he fell into the arms of the Chevalier de Conti, who attended Monsieur. Half an hour passed before he recovered, when he burst into a flood of tears. Upon his recovery, he apologised to Monsieur for his weakness, assuring him they were the first tears he had shed since the murder of Louis XVI. The Prince being extremely ill, was put to bed, and Monsieur passed the night at Wanstead House, in hopes of seeing the Duke of Bourbon, who remained shut up in his apartment until ten o'clock on the following morning. He then consented to see Monsieur, but when they met, neither could utter a word. Monsieur parted from him, went into his carriage, and the Duke retired to his chamber, where he remained for some time inconsolable. The Duke and Prince are attended by a physician and a surgeon, who do not permit them to see each other. Monsieur was rather better on Thursday, and received the visits of the Duke of Orleans, of the Duke de Montpensier, and of the Count de Beaujolois. The French Princes, and those Royal Emigrants who have the means of doing so, have gone into mourning for the Duke of Enghein; this last royal victim of the atrocious monster, whom Providence has so long suffered to chastise the world. Funeral service has been celebrated in commemoration of the Royal martyrdom of his Highness. Monsieur has received a letter from his Majesty the king of France, dated Warsaw, March the 21st. His Majesty had then heard of the attempt of the Corsican Usurper, through the medium of his emissary at Berlin, but nothing more. In that letter his Majesty says, "I have written a long letter to the Duke d'Enghein." Strange vicissitudes of human life!! what a short-sighted mortal is man!! Upon that very day the Duke d'Enghein was before the tribunal of blood, convened by the merciless Corsican in France, to murder one of its best and most virtuous princes. Yet the Corsican tyrant lives, and the good people of Paris go, as usual, to plays, to balls, and puppet-shews.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—A few days ago, as some workmen were employed in opening a vault underneath the kitchen, in Joiner's Hall, Thames-Street, supposed to have been shut up for near a century, they discovered a subterraneous avenue, filled with mouldy casks, of large dimensions, which, on investigation, proved to be *fifty-two pipes of Port wine*, stowed away with the greatest possible care and attention. They have not yet been removed, some doubts arising as to the right owner. The company some time since let the hall to a packer and presser, who is now in possession of the premises, and came themselves in possession of the premises by the will of an old lady, who demised it to the Joiners, on condition that they performed mass twice a year in it to her memory. It is, however, clear the wine never belonged to the company, as the courts of assistants of all the city companies know better than to bury good wine under ground for a hundred years; and if it belonged to the old lady, as in all probability it did, she having prepared it as a *wel* to the religious ceremony enjoined, it comes to the company by will, unless his Majesty's excise should seize it, as contraband, for not having paid the duties.

LADY'S ROCK, SCOTLAND.—At the south end of the Island of Lismore is a small rocky isle, over which the sea rolls at high tides; at other times it raises its rough head somewhat above the surface of the water. It is called the Lady's Rock for the following reason:—in former times, one of the M'Leans, of Duart, whose castle (now in ruins) stands on a promontory, in Mull, in nearly an opposite direction to the Lady's Rock, married a sister of Argyle. The Lady was handsome and amiable, but unhappily she was barren. In those days it was a high crime in the eye of a husband, when his wife bore him no children. Duart hated his hapless lady for this cause, and determined on her destruction. To accomplish it with ease, and, as he imagined, safe from detection, he ordered ruffians to convey her secretly to the bare rock, near Lismore, and there leave her to perish at high tide. The deed was executed to Duart's wish, and the lady left on the rock, watching the rolling tide rising to overwhelm her. When she had given herself up for a lost being, and expected in a very short time to be washed from the rock by the waves, she fortunately perceived a vessel sailing down the Sound of Mull, in the direction of the rock on which she was sitting. Every effort in her power was exerted, and every signal in her possession was displayed, to attract the notice of the people in the vessel. At length they perceived her, and drew near the rock. She made herself known, and related, that it was by the order of her barbarous husband she was left on the rock, and thus reduced to the wretched state in which they found her. The mariners, ever a generous race, took compassion on her, received her on board their vessel, and conveyed her safely to her brother, at Inverary. M'Lean Duart made a grand mock-funeral, for his much-loved, much-lamented lady, whom he announced to have died suddenly. He wrote disconsolate letters to her relations, particularly to Argyle, and, after a decent time, went to Inverary in deep mourning, where, with the greatest shew of grief, he lamented to his brother-in-law the irreparable loss he had sustained. Argyle said little, but sent for his sister, whose unexpected appearance in life and health proved an electric shock to her tender husband. Argyle was a mild and amiable man, and took no other revenge of M'Lean, but commanding him to depart instantly, at the same time advising him to take care not to meet his brother Donald, who would certainly take away his life, for having intended to destroy that of his sister. Sir Donald Campbell did meet him, many years afterwards, in a street at Edinburgh, and there stabbed him for his crime towards his sister, when M'Lean was eighty years of age.

Sixteen new pieces were represented, on sixteen different theatres, at Paris, on the 16th of February.

The late Duke of Roxburgh was, when a young man, as remarkable for his personal figure as his mental accomplishments. When on his travels, a prince, allied to the House of Brunswick, became enamoured with him, and their union was agreed upon: but, conformably to court etiquette, it became necessary that his grace should solicit the royal approbation: this, however, was not only refused, but a request was made to desist from his pretensions: being complied with, on the part of the duke, he was told, that he might expect any favour, in compensation, that a subject might receive. In consequence, his Grace, who was at that time a Knight of the Thistle, received, in addition, the Order of the Garter; two honourable badges of distinction, which no other Peer, except of the blood royal, had ever enjoyed; and to these were superadded, the Groomship of

the Stole, worth 5000l. per annum. The remarkable disappointment in his first attachment, induced his Grace to remain single during the remainder of his life.

ARREST OF GENERAL PICHEGRU.—The following particulars respecting this event are given as authentic in a German paper :—The broker, Le Blanc, was the person who betrayed Pichegru, who occupied in his house a small room in the fifth floor, for which he paid fifteen thousand livres in the month. Le Blanc went to General Murat, the governor of Paris, and offered to inform him of Pichegru's place of concealment, and to deliver him up for one hundred thousand livres, (four thousand pounds sterling.) The sum was promised him. The manner of arresting him was then settled. Le Blanc introduced the *gens d'armes* into his house at night, when Pichegru was asleep, and gave a key to his room. As they were informed that Pichegru had with him two pistols and a dagger, they opened the door with as little noise as possible, and rushed on his bed. Though surprised and alarmed, Pichegru conducted himself with the greatest vigour, and in a manner that even his enemies were forced to esteem his courage, and pity his misfortunes. He jumped out of his bed, naked, and without arms; knocked down four *gens d'armes*, and they were unable to hold him, although six in number. He almost choked two, in pushing them against the chimney; a third he struck so forcibly upon the breast, that he yet spits blood; and the fourth he pinched in the arm, with such strength, that the *gens d'arme* cried out, "If you do not let me loose, I will shoot you through the head." With the loss of a part of the flesh, he got loose, and Pichegru exclaimed, "Fire, rascal, and you will receive a sword of honour." At last he was obliged, from fatigue, to capitulate, and surrender himself, upon condition of not being tied or chained. He was, however, wounded in the head, and on the shoulders, and had lost a great deal of blood. In dressing himself, he declared, that if he had not been deprived of his arms, he should not have fallen into their hands. He was afterwards carried before the Counsellor of State and Police Director, Real, and underwent a long examination. Bonaparte had ordered the *gens d'armes* to take him alive, and they were all picked men. Upon Real asking him who he was, Pichegru answered, "I am known enough." "Where do you come from?" "From England." "In what manner?" "In a ship—not in a balloon." "Where did you land?" "At Dieppe." "Who brought you here?" "Nobody: I came here by myself." "Were you not accompanied by your accomplices?" "I am no criminal, and therefore have no accomplices." "Do you know Moreau?" "Yes." "Have you seen him?" "After what has happened between us, I could only see him with arms in my hands." "Have you seen Georges?" "Yes, the royalist; but not the supposed assassin Georges." "But Georges has more than once plotted the death of the First Consul." "So says Bonaparte; Georges says the contrary. I believe the latter more humane and honest than the former, and his words are, therefore, more to be depended upon." "With what view did you come to Paris?" "To call Moreau to account for his conduct in 1797." After these, and some other questions, he was sent to the Temple.

PICHEGRU'S HISTORY.—General Pichegru's history is well known. He was, like many French subalterns before the revolution, a man of a good education and exemplary conduct. After the flight of Dumourier, he rose rapidly to a high command, at the time when Robespierre sent many of the best generals in France to the guillotine. He was commander in chief of the army of the

north, when the Duke of York, the Prince of Cobourg, and the Hereditary Prince of Orange, were forced to evacuate the Netherlands. Moreau was then second in command, and Holland was subdued. The singular humanity of Pichegru to the French Emigrants, and the adherents of the Stadtholder of Holland, gained him universal esteem; but he was thought, by the rulers of France, a man of too great moderation to head armies whose object was plunder; and, therefore, after commanding for a short period on the banks of the Rhine, he retired, and was replaced by Moreau, when he returned to a private station: though he had had better opportunities than any other French General of amassing riches, he was in such indigence as to have recourse to the hospitality of his family; and the conqueror of Holland, the first commercial country on the continent, the man who had in his possession the bank of Amsterdam, was found living retired in a small farm house in Alsace, when he was called by the public voice to become a member of the Directory. When Carnot and Barthelemy sunk under the power of their colleagues, Pichegru was arrested, and, together with Barthelemy, was transported to Cayenne, from whence, after great sufferings and peril, he escaped to this country, and afterwards went to Germany, but again returned here; and it was not without great surprise we learnt that he was arrested at Paris.

The official report states him to have strangled himself. The young Prince Lewis XVII. was in like manner stated to have poisoned himself—Toussaint L'Ouverture to have killed himself by a cold and fever. It is too much to expect credit for such repeated tales of self-destruction, or the immediate interference of providence; and there are few, we believe, either in this country, or on the continent, who will not refer the whole to the guilty hand of the French government itself, which, under all its changes, has, in this respect, still preserved the same diabolical spirit.

Lord Camelford has minutely described the spot, in the Canton of Berne, where he is to be buried; it is between three trees; and has left one thousand pounds for the purchase of the ground. The report of his Lordship having bequeathed a large sum to his cousin, Sir Sidney Smith, we are sorry to find, is without foundation. Lord Camelford, for some time previous to his death, was busied in arrangements for the disposal of the whole of his property in this country. Persons, we believe, are now down in Cornwall and Dorset, surveying and valuing his estates there.

All the actors of the *Theatre de la Republique* were lately sent to the Abbey for forty-eight hours. Their crime was their *intention* to represent the tragedy of *Brutus*, by Voltaire. The First Consul regarded this *intent* as indicating their approbation of the late conspiracy. The report that the actor Dugazon has been transported, is unfounded. He was released with his comrades.

An account from the Isle of France states, that it was a Portuguese vessel that saved one of the unfortunate men who accompanied La Perouse in his voyage. The person was found upon an uninhabited island, and said that his name was Lagelet, the astronomer of the expedition. He said that of the squadron, the frigate L'Astrolabe had been stranded; that Le Boussole had taken fire from accident, but was prevented from being blown up, and that the wreck had carried M. La Perouse, and most of his officers and sailors, to New Zealand, where they remained near nine years, in hope that some ship would come and

carry them off. After having waited so long in vain, they determined, as has already been stated, to build a ship themselves, and after cutting down some timber, were surprised by the natives, and every Frenchman was murdered, except M. Lagelet, who escaped in a small boat to the deserted island where the Portuguese found him. He was so worn out, from want and misfortunes, that he died on the sixth day after he was taken on board.

On March 2, 1803, two women were burned with the dead body of their husband, near Sermpoor; some of the missionaries there were eye witnesses to this cruel ceremony, and assert that one of the women struggled hard to get out, but was prevented by the Brahmins who attended, and heaped up more faggots upon them. The children of the unhappy women appeared in great distress, and the eldest, a lad about eighteen, who, according to custom, set fire to the pile, was carried off on the shoulders of two young men, in a state of inexpressible agony.

A Country Schoolmaster's Description of a Money Lender.—"A money lender serves you in the *present tense*—he binds you in the *conditional mood*—keeps you in the *subjunctive*—and ruins you in the *future*!"

Talma, the most celebrated of the French tragedians, has obtained leave to go to St. Petersburg for a year. Madame Talma will accompany him. The Court of St. Petersburg has presented him with 100,000 francs, to defray the expences of his journey.

SINGULAR GENEROSITY.—An emigrant, having obtained interest to get his name erased from the fatal list, after his expences were paid, found himself in possession of but a moderate sum: he returned to France, and finding his land sold, he was obliged to re-sign it, and purchased a cottage in the neighbourhood of his former estate, where, by cultivating his own little garden, he might at least breathe his native air, and walk under the shade of those trees which had been the scene of infant pastimes. The possessor of his domain was not present at the time: one day he received a letter from him, announcing his arrival, and requesting the honour of his company to dinner with him. The first emotion this letter excited was indignation; the second curiosity; but how could he behold with *sang froid* the spoiler of his property? The emigrant communicated his embarrassment to one of his neighbours, who, assuring him of the probity of the possessor, persuaded him to go on the day appointed: he went, and was received with the most marked politeness. He testified his astonishment, and expressed a wish for an explanation, but was answered with, "Sir, I never speak on business before dinner; it is now served up, take your seat." When the emigrant took up his napkin, he found under it three keys. "This is your place, Sir, I imagine," said he to the possessor, "from these keys." "No, those keys are your's; after dinner I will explain this enigma to you." The dinner appeared long to the emigrant; after which, going into another room, the gentleman addressed him as follows: "Sir, these keys belong to your bureau; you will find every thing as you left it; money, jewels, and papers; nothing has been misplaced: this is the key of your wardrobe—your plate, your linen, is there: this third is that of your cellar—nothing has been taken out of it but the wine we have been drinking; all here belongs to you; there is also some land which I have acquired, of which these deeds will put you in possession."—"But, Sir," said the emigrant, "I ought to be as delicate as

you, and reimburse you what you paid for it." "No Sir; for three years I have enjoyed the revenue of your estate; therefore, according to strict justice, I shall remain in your debt." This generous man was afterwards guillotined.

ATROCIOUS MURDERERS.—On the 6th of March a gentleman was accosted, in the street St. Martin, at Paris, by a beautiful little girl, about six years of age. She was covered with rags, and told him her mother was dying for want, in the fifth floor of a house in the same street, and that, for herself, she had not eat a morsel for forty-eight hours. Touched with compassion, the gentleman said he would follow her home, and if he found her story true, relieve her and her mother. On entering the room, he saw a woman lying on a bed, on some straw, instead of a mattress. Her looks and voice seemed to confirm the story of the child. In taking his purse from his pocket, it fell by accident on the floor: stooping to take it up, he saw clearly a man under the bed.—Alarmed, but without losing his presence of mind, he said—"Good woman, here are four crowns, I have no more about me, but let your child accompany me home, and I will give her twenty more." Instead of returning to his lodgings, he took the child to a police commissary, where, after some examination, she acknowledged that the person under the bed was her father, and that, within the last fortnight, during which they had lodged in the street St. Martin, six persons had been stabbed by him, plundered and stripped; that two corpses had been carried out by him, after dark, some nights before, and thrown into the river, but that four corpses yet remained in the closet behind the bed. The police commissary, with the gentleman, and some Gen d'Armes, went immediately to the house, but they found nothing but the four corpses in the closet. The man and woman were gone, and have not since been heard of. In consequence of the discovery made by the child, six former lodgings of this cruel couple have been traced, where, according to her report, and several other circumstances within the knowledge of the police, during the last winter, no less than twenty-two persons of both sexes have been murdered by them. It was the custom of the woman, as from gratitude, to take hold of her benefactor's hands, and draw them to her lips, as she lay in bed, when the man stole behind, and stabbed them through their backs. Mad. Murat has taken the child under her protection, and pays for her education.

MARRIED,

Mr. G. Ashley, Leader of the Oratorio Band, to Miss Chandler. At Gibraltar, Capt. Gardner, to Miss E. Fyers.

DIED,

At Montreal, the Hon. W. Pitt Amherst. At Bath, Lord Dormer. Lord Viscount Bury, eldest son of the Earl of Abbimach. Sir Francis Sykes, Bart. Lieut. General Horneck. General Shireff. Lady Peachey, of Westdean.—At Totnes, in Devon, Rear-Admiral Epsworth; he was at the taking of the Havannah. At Elberfeld, in Germany, Lady Sykes, of Besaldon Park. At Bath, James Hare, Esq. M. P. for Knaresborough. The Earl of Kinnoull.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
MAY, 1804.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. DOWTON, OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ENGRAVED
BY RIDLEY, FROM A FINE PAINTING.

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1804.

CORRESPONDENCE.

¶ *Portrait of the veteran JEFFERSON in our next.*

The following communications have been received :

Four Articles by VARGAS, viz.

The Wanderers.

The Friendly Theft.

Barney Mac Lather and Norah Mac Shane.

And You and I.

Delia's Grave; a canzonette by CACAMBO.

Concealment, addressed to Miss W***G, by S*****.

Spectacles; or *Helps to read*, by J. BRITTON, Junr.

The Wish, by a FEMALE BOOK-WORM.

To Alice, by W. MILLER.

We have a very high sense of the merits of the lady alluded to in a letter from *Gloucester Street*, and, at a convenient moment, shall, perhaps, notice her in the manner our correspondent wishes.

VERITAS's Account of the *Edinburgh Theatricals* in our next.

We acknowledge the receipt of a second letter from Edinburgh, by P. P. which shall be attended to next month.

The interesting and well written essay transmitted by E. D. (*Normich*) appears in the present number. The plan he proposes is perfectly agreeable to us, and we solicit its prosecution.

Further Remarks respecting the visibility of the *Ghost of Banquo* are postponed till next month.

An Essay by Φιλανθρωπος, entitled "*No man can become great by another's merit*," shall be inserted in our next.

ERRATUM.

Page 44, l. 1, for "OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE," read "OCCASIONAL PRELUDE."



Mr. Denham

Pub. by Vernon & Hood, London, May, 31, 1809

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

MAY, 1804.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

MR. DOWTON.

(With a Portrait.)

THE subject of this biographical sketch, is the son of Mr. William Dowton, formerly an inn-keeper at Exeter, and still a resident of that city. Our stage hero was born in the year 1766, and as soon as his tender years could admit of his separation from maternal care, he was sent to one of the best seminaries in the neighbourhood, where he continued till he reached the age of sixteen, and was then articled to an architect.

During his apprenticeship, he became a votary to the Thespian art, and occasionally performed in a private theatre, established by the young men of Exeter. The part which ushered him into theatrical notice, was *Carlos*, in the tragedy of the *Revenge*, and on the same evening Mr. DAVY the composer, now of Covent-Garden theatre, personated *Zanga*. Jackson, the late celebrated composer, attended on this occasion, and gave his musical aid to the diversion of the night.

The applause of a crowded house having accompanied our hero's first efforts, every succeeding day increased his enthusiasm for the stage, while the duties of his master's office as rapidly became irksome and unpleasant; and before he had served one year of his article, he bade adieu to domestic comforts, and joined a company of strollers at Ashburton, in Devonshire, where he made his *débüt* in his favourite *Carlos*. So eager was he to appear on the stage, that he gave a new coat off his back, to a brother Thespian, for permission to play the character of *Beaufort* in the *Citizen*.

In this situation he continued for a considerable time, and suffered the usual difficulties attendant on a stroller's life. Being, however, nearly starved, reason resumed her seat, and he and a fellow sufferer made up their minds to forsake the Muses, who, they thought, had forsaken them, and return to their respective homes.

o o 2

Mr. Dowton and his itinerant companion had not long arrived at his father's inn, and partaken of all the comforts a parental roof could afford, before he and his associate forgot their former miseries, and formed a resolution once more to court fame and public favour, however dearly they might purchase them. After much experience in theatrical misfortune, Mr. D. was engaged by Mr. Hughes, the manager of the Weymouth theatre. From this place he returned to his native town, and performed *Romeo*, *Macbeth*, and all the first characters in tragedy; he afterwards joined Mrs. Baker's company, in Kent, and married her daughter, by whom he has had two children.

There is a circumstance attending Mr. Dowton's engagement in London, which has been generally mistated in publications relative to the stage, namely, that Mr. Cumberland had recommended him to the notice of the proprietors of Drury Lane theatre: but the fact is simply this: Mr. Dowton, hearing that Mr. Elliston had repeatedly convened great houses to his representation of *Sheva*, in the comedy of the Jew, he wrote to Mr. Wroughton, then acting manager of Drury Lane theatre, and signified a desire to perform the above part in London, observing, that if Mr. Wroughton wished to make any enquiry with respect to his talents as an actor, he took the liberty to mention Mr. Cumberland, to whom he was no stranger. Mr. Wroughton returned a favourable answer, and Mr. D. came immediately to town, accompanied by Mr. Cumberland, who returned with our hero to Tunbridge Wells, the day after the successful *entré* which occasioned his engagement at Drury Lane theatre. But previous to this gentleman's engagement in London, Mr. Diamond of Bath, Mr. Colman, and Mr. Harris, had made overtures to him to join their respective corps, and one of these offers would have been accepted by Mr. Dowton, had not the above sudden engagement taken place at Drury Lane.

Mr. Dowton's talents, of which the town formed so favourable an opinion on his first appearance, have been displayed to great advantage in various important characters, both serious and comic. By the force of his own genius, supported by indefatigable assiduity, he has established his reputation as a comedian of the first rank, merit, and consequence on the London boards. Mr. King's retirement has considerably enlarged his sphere of acting, and the public consider themselves fortunate in meeting with so able a successor to that distinguished performer.

 THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1804.

Pictores, et ii, qui signa fabricantur, suum quisque opus à vulgo considerari vult, ut, si quid reprehensum sit a pluribus, id corrigatur. *Cicero de Off. Lib. i. c. 41.*

REFERRING our readers to the introductory observations we have offered upon former occasions of this nature, we proceed to notice the merits and defects of some of the most conspicuous pictures in the present exhibition at Somerset House. It has been our invariable custom to incline rather to praise than censure, and if, in the following brief remarks, our commendation shall be mixed occasionally with some degree of blame, it is our desire, that when our reprehension is just, and then only, the fault, agreeably to the above quotation from Cicero, may be corrected. The exhibition abounds principally with that class of works, in which our country stands, at the present moment, eminently superior; we mean that of

PORTRAITS.

1. *Mr. and Mrs. Rolls.* W. OWEN. The colouring forcible, but heavy; the composition good; the female figure not sufficiently ascertained for the purposes of grace; and the arrangement of the drapery does not (as in such cases it ought) supply the deficiency. Altogether, however, the effect is striking.

5. *Sir W. Blizard.* J. OPIE, R. A. In a bold, manly style of painting.

6. *Hebe.* SIR W. BEECHEY, R. A. Prettily composed, and competently drawn. The attitude graceful; the colouring clear and harmonious; but there is a want of repose in the shadows, and of general strength.

15. *Psyche.* SIR W. BEECHEY, R. A. Too great an imitation of the colouring of Baroccio.

16. *A Young Man's Head.* T. PHILLIPS. In imitation of Titian;—an extraordinary effort.

17. *Mrs. C. Thellusson and Child.* T. LAWRENCE, R. A. The best female portrait exhibited by this artist, No. 193 excepted, (Mrs. Siddons.) The head well treated and coloured. The boy's face, by a singular dexterity of composition, occupies the place usually assigned to the head of a full length. The whole is well painted, with strength, effect, and good colour.

31. *Mrs. Montague, Lady of Rear Admiral Montague, and her Brother.* J. S. COTLEY, R. A. The defect of this picture is, that the figures are hard and liney. The back ground is admirable.

36. *A Lady*. J. NORTHCOTE, R. A. A very pretty woman, in a sprightly and graceful attitude. The execution worthy of the artist.

37. *Himself*. B. WEST, R. A. A portrait of his Majesty, with a bust of the president.

52. *Two Young Ladies*. J. NORTHCOTE, R. A. The best painting of women ever exhibited by this artist. The expression of female character very good; and the attitude and colouring unaffected.

53. *Sir W. Rawlins*. T. CLARK, A. Mr. Clark's portraits are not without merit, but his exertions of this year are unequal to the promise of his former works. We have no intention to seize this circumstance as an argument to condemn, or even to depress an ingenious artist. Minds of a sensitive cast, more especially if humility form a portion of their composition, are subject to considerable vacillations of power. But in such instances the failure is probably temporary and fluctuating. The person who produced the DOROTHEA of 1802, may, with just confidence, look forward to other moments equally propitious to zeal and industry.

57. *Lady F. Ponsonby, as Rebecca*. The best of OPIE's female portraits this year; combining energy with simplicity. There is a consistency in the whole tone of colouring, the expression of the countenance, and design of the figure, which constitutes the charm of the picture.

67. *Lady Hamilton*. J. J. MASQUERIER. Looking at the moon. The painter, however, has placed the emblem of *chastity sub nube*. The object, therefore, of the lady's contemplation seems to have been mist.

101. *Portrait*. E. EDWARDS, A. Well drawn and well painted.

106. *S. Whitbread, Esq.* J. OPIE, R. A. A truly fine portrait, possessing every general quality of excellence.

109. *Sebastian Grande*. S. DRUMMOND. A head of a remarkable character and expression.

110. Mr. Kemble studying a thought, painted in Lawrence's best manner.

121. *J. Curtis, Esq.* T. LAWRENCE, R. A. Possesses boldness, force, character, and excellent general effect. In point of execution, nothing too high can be said of this portrait.

122. *Miss K. Mien, and Mrs. Patterson*. W. OWEN. We notice, with much satisfaction, this artist's improvement from year to year. The present picture has great force and brightness of colour, and is free from the defects we have before noticed. It claims a place among the first class in the room.

123. *T. Holcroft, Esq.* J. OPIE, R. A. This is an uncommon portrait, in a style of remarkable boldness, both as to the delineation of character, and the execution of the pencil. Few other painters have dared to attempt what this artist has here so effectually accomplished.

143. *Miss Cholmondeley.* J. HOPPNER, R. A. The only portrait Mr. H. exhibits, and it does not discredit his well-known abilities.

144. *Earl Spencer.* M. A. SHEE, R. A. A spirited head, and a strong likeness.

156. *Three Officers of the 12th Light Dragoons, introduced at the Vatican Palace, to the late Pope Pius VI.* J. NORTHCOTE, R. A. The representation of an interesting occurrence of the present day. The picture displays great breadth of effect.

165. *An old Labourer, belonging to the Rev. C. Barton.* H. ASHBY. "*Belonging!*" Surely this must be an error of the press. We are yet to learn that labourers in this country *belong* to their employers, like negroes to a West India planter.

189. *Miss Boughton.* W. OWEN. Possesses clearness and brilliancy in an eminent degree; and the manner in which the artist has accomplished difficult points in the management of the general effect, renders it highly deserving of praise.

193. *Mrs. Siddons.* T. LAWRENCE, R. A. A portrait in which the artist seems, with great force of judgment, to have blended the woman and the actress: the whole has a majestic air, and though there are a few trifling defects in the proportion of the figure, it deserves to rank high in the class of dignified portrait. This and Nos. 17, 52, 57, 121, and 123, are decidedly the best portraits in the present exhibition.

221. *A Lady.* H. THOMSON, A. *elect.* Presents a simplicity and chasteness of colour and expression, seldom observable in the style of the present day. *Macte!*

246. *Duke of Northumberland.* T. PHILLIPS. Not prepossessing in its favour at a *coup d'œil*, but a characteristic likeness, with rich colouring.

272. *A Young Man's Head.* A study. T. PHILLIPS. In the style of Rembrandt, and shews equal ability with the imitative faculty displayed in the picture we have already noticed, after Titian. (No. 16.)

[To be continued.]

PETITS-MAÎTRES.

"THE appellation of *petit-maître* is given to a certain set of young men of the court, who take the lead of the rest, and affect a superiority by their free and bold behaviour. Their origin is very ancient. I believe they are derived from those heroes, that kings and princes used to keep near their persons, to serve them in dangerous emergencies. Such were formerly the mighty men of Israel, and those whom David entertained at his court, and in his armies, and of whom so many wonders are recorded in history.

"These heroes have kept up their credit, or sunk, according to the inclinations of the princes whom they served, and to whom they were obliged to conform themselves. Under Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, they were those young men without experience, who gave a fatal counsel to that prince. By listening to them he had the mortification to have his kingdom divided, and ten tribes revolt before his face to his enemy and his rival.

"The Greeks had heroes of this kind, who served them on great occasions without hesitation. Alexander the Great had some who partook both of his dangers and his amusements. The Romans also had them; but their use was strangely perverted under Nero; and it was in his school that a new species of *petit-maître* was formed, who distinguished themselves by their follies and extravagancies.

"In France we have seen nothing of the same kind till the reign of Francis I. and his children. Henry III. brought the *petits-mâtres* into great credit. They were the minions of that corrupted court. The Duke of Guise called the King of Navarre his *petit-maître*.—After this, we heard no more of *petits-mâtres* till under the Cardinal Richlieu, who retained in his service a certain number of resolute persons, whom he employed in the execution of his designs.—Rochfort, whose memoirs we have, was one of them. The Prince de Condé had some of these *petits-mâtres*, who were greatly distinguished for their courage.

"Those of the present day, whether brave or not, are the sayers of *bons mots*, rash and violent young men, who judge precipitately, alter the fashions, and assume the privilege of fixing the value and merit of every thing, and of giving novelty to those pleasures which in reality they destroy."

The above extract is only curious, as it gives the true sense of an appellation which is frequently misunderstood in this country.

H. J. P.

RANDOLPH'S FIELD.

MR. EDITOR,

ABOUT an hundred yards west of the public road leading to Stirling, from the village of St. Ninians, and within half a mile of that town, lies an open field called "*Randolphs*," thus named in honour of the gallant nephew of Robert de *Brus*, or *Bruce*, as he is usually denominated, the illustrious restorer of the anqient line of Scottish kings, and of his country's independence. About three weeks since, an opulent citizen of Stirling, designing to build a house in that field, had given orders to tradesmen to clear the ground for that purpose. Shortly after beginning their operations, they dug up an immense number of human bones, in almost every part where they had broke ground. The number of men buried in that spot, and thus, after the lapse of near five hundred years, dragged from their graves, must, at least in the opinion of those who inspected the bones, in which number was the author of this article, have amounted to more than five hundred. A few yards to the south of this field, and now enclosed, and a little to the west of the former, stand two perpendicular stones, erected in memory of the events of the day previous to the battle of Bannockburn. These stones still exist an object of curiosity to the spectator, and of interest to the patriot.

The operations of Randolph, on that occasion, having had a very considerable influence on the events of the following day, a day never to be eradicated from the memory of any one retaining the least spark of the sacred fire of patriotism, I shall be pardoned for troubling you with a short sketch of that action.

The efforts of a handful of men, struggling for the first and greatest of blessings, liberty, must excite the sympathy, and command the admiration of the generous and the brave, whatever be their nation or their country. In Greece, temples have been built, and statues erected to the honour of Marathon: a coarse, rugged, grey stone, upon the side of the road, within half a mile of the village of St. Ninians, and leading to Sauchie, obscured by filth, and half-covered with rubbish, alone marks the standard of a hero who conquered, and an army whose exertions, in one day, obtained, and for centuries secured, the freedom of their native land. But it is to the action of Randolph I, *for the present*, confine myself.

The object of the immense army led by Edward the Second,

and his plans, need not here be mentioned at much length. Suffice it to state, that the castle of Stirling alone remained with the English, of all the places of strength in Scotland. Mowbray, its governor, had obtained, from the impetuous Edward Bruce, disgusted with the delays of a regular siege, a truce for twelve months, to which the Scottish king reluctantly acceded. If not relieved by an English army, by St. John the Baptist's day, Mowbray bound himself, *by the honour of a true knight*, the only obligation those troubled times counted sacred, to deliver the garrison to the Scottish king. Thus, what Robert Brus had ever dreaded and avoided, the independence of his country was put to the hazard of a single battle. Edward the Second having levied an immense army of English, as well as foreigners, proceeded to the relief of Stirling.

In the month of June, 1314, the Scottish army was rendezvous'd about two miles to the southward of Stirling, in what was called the New Park. The forces of Edward were seen marching by the then great forest of Torwood, on the ancient Roman road to the river Bannock, which they had determined to pass.

The Chapel of St. Ninian, standing nearly upon the spot occupied by the present church, has, to the south, remarkably steep banks, at the bottom of which flows a small rivulet, which a little below joins the Kerse, then so marshy and swampy, as to be impassable by cavalry. Randolph was stationed on the left of the Scottish line, a little south of the present village of St. Ninians, and particularly enjoined to prevent any detachment from the English army, from reaching Stirling. The Scottish army had advanced rather to the front of the New Park, facing the east: the royal standard was displayed and fixed in the flat stone already mentioned. The English army had reached the little river Bannockcoch, with its steep banks, and some intervening ground separated the two armies.

In these circumstances, the evening previous to the great battle, Randolph, with other general officers, happened to be near the Scottish standard, at the *Borstane*, surveying the situation of the English army, then in full view. Robert anxiously surveying the enemy's force, and the surrounding grounds, perceived a number of hostile cavalry, pushing along the skirts of the Kerse, hitherto concealed by the hills that bound it, a little to the eastward of St. Ninians, bending their course in a direct line to Stirling castle. This was a body of eight hundred cavalry, under the gallant Lord Clifford, who had been detached from the English army, a few miles to the eastward, and ordered to proceed, unobserved, to succour the castle of Stirling. Their arrival at the garrison would, by absolving

Mowbray from his engagements, have ruined the measures of the Scottish king. Randolph he reproached, in an angry tone, for his inadvertence, and, pointing to Clifford's force, observed, "*a rose had fallen from his chaplet*;" in other words, he had failed in his duty; and tarnished his honour. Irritated by this public rebuke, Randolph instantly joined his troops, determined to repair the effects of his oversight, or perish in the attempt. With nearly five hundred select spearmen, he marched by the west of the present village of St. Ninians, to intercept the enemy in their progress to Stirling. He had nearly gained the spot, now bearing his name, when Lord Clifford, who, with his eight hundred cavalry, had got before him about a quarter of a mile, perceiving his intention, and the inferiority of the Scottish force, wheeled about, proceeded to Randolph's little force, determined to give battle. Randolph formed his troops in the then usual manner: an irregular column inclining to circular, consisting of small companies a little separated, very deep, and, so to speak, forming so many round balls, individually and generally supporting each other, waited the assault. Instantly they were surrounded; the charge was impetuous, and the resistance firm; English ardour was opposed to Scottish perseverance; the contest became bloody, and the Kings of England and Scotland, with their whole armies, were the spectators. The superior number of their force, and the very extensive ground these occupied, inspired the admiring English army with exultation;—their countrymen surrounded, and altogether enveloped among numbers, produced, in the army of Robert, the most profound despondency.

The generous Douglass, the representative of the illustrious family, whose descendants, in valorous deeds, have far eclipsed the glory of every family in christendom, lamenting the condition of his friend, though his rival in fame, keenly solicited his master's permission to march to the rescue of Randolph. "He has brought himself into danger," answered Robert, "let him extricate himself." The sentiments of friendship prevailing over the apprehension of his sovereign's displeasure in the mind of the magnanimous Douglass, he determined to proceed. "With or without your leave," replied he, "I advance; my friend shall not be destroyed." With a few hundred men, Douglass was advancing to the scene of action; a more complete view of the state of the combatants induced him to halt. The scene was now changed: Repulsed in every attempt to penetrate this *bristle* (so to speak) of Scottish spears; the majority of their number fallen; their gallant leader, the illustrious Clifford, struck down, and incapable of longer animating them by

his courage or his example, the remainder of the English force "upon the foot of fear," Douglass would not, by dividing with him the victory, diminish the well-earned laurels of Randolph. Vanquished on every side, a very small part of the English departed from the field, pursued by the victorious Scots. This spectacle proportionally excited and cherished the hopes of the on-looking armies. Had this action not been fought and gained, the field now called Bannockburn would, in all probability, have witnessed the last spectacle of Scottish glory—and been the grave of Caledonian independence.

The fall of the great Clifford is marked by the most northern, and the largest of the two perpendicular stones I have already noticed; another valiant knight, Sir Guillaume D'Amecote* we are told was the first who was killed. The more westerly stone, in all probability, marks his grave. The bodies of the dead were committed to their native earth in a large trench, where they have remained undisturbed until the event which has occasioned my letter.

The accounts of the bulk of historians are, in some respects, different from others in describing this action. I have chiefly followed that of Barbour, a cotemporary author, who, *though a poet*, and a *priest*, was a man of veracity. With that author in my hand, I have a thousand times inspected the field of Bannockburn, on which, though not precisely a native, the days of my early youth, far, far indeed the happiest of my existence, were spent. "The tales of the times of old" were, even through the obscure medium of a dark tradition, the sweetest enjoyment of my soul. Subsequent reflection and experience have convinced me of some inaccuracies in many of our historians, in their narrative of the battle of Bannockburn. Your insertion of this may induce me to give some account of the exploits of that renowned day, the sequel to that of Randolph's field. To the accounts of the downright Fordun, the costive Major, the *lying* and *fabulous* Boetius, the romancing though *classical* Buchanan, the well-meaning, though often *ill-informed* Nimmo, and even the judicious and *truly accurate* Sir D. Dalrymple, something may be added; and it is trusted the sentiments of one who has, a thousand times, traversed every foot of the ground where that great battle was fought, may not prove altogether unacceptable even to English readers. I am, &c.

JUSTUS.

* Of this Sir G. D'Amecote I know nothing. Perhaps some of your correspondents can give some account of his family. Though the name be French, he was certainly English.

THE FEAR OF WAR IS WORSE THAN WAR ITSELF.

It is observable that, among the various allotments of Providence, both in the natural and the moral world, almost every good is combined with some real and apparent evil : the shower that fructifies the hill, destroys the beauty and the verdure of the plain. Honour is often supported at the expence of virtue, and fear, like every other passion of the mind, is sometimes injurious as well as useful. Fear, or that continual apprehension of danger, which is incessantly employed in placing the most terrific images before the mind, without ever proposing the means by which they may be effaced, may justly be considered as the greatest disturber of human felicity, since no evil can be worse than that which obliges the sufferer to grapple with his sufferings, without any hopes of assistance or relief.

Fear operates chiefly by fits and starts, and her end is never better secured than when she has blocked up all the secret channels of hope and joy; and, in order more fully to accomplish her designs, she is known to have recourse to times and places. In a time of war she represents one nation as always victorious, and the other as always unsuccessful; she tells how the enemy has enlarged his dominions by his conquests, and increased his power by adding fresh victims to his number : thus she chains down alike the minds of all who listen to her counsels.

Almost all the happiness we enjoy in the present state is derived from the excursions which the mind is suffered to take into futurity. Happiness depends more upon hope than enjoyment. To him whose life has been spent in the open acts of vice or folly, the past will afford nothing but the remembrance of crimes, begun without reluctance, and ended without repentance, and the present will allow time only for suing for that favour which he has forfeited by his offences, and which must be regained by fresh excitements to a holy life, and fresh principles of moral action. We all find that, however multiplied may be our attainments, or enlarged our possessions, we have yet some future good to be enjoyed, some pleasing desire which yet remains to be satisfied, or some imaginary evil which time only can remove. Since, therefore, our happiness is advanced only in proportion as our hopes and desires are satisfied and increased, surely no being can be more wretched than he whose fears have so far subdued all his other passions, as to

oblige him silently to endure the miseries of a mind long harrassed with doubt, distracted with cares, and overwhelmed with sorrow.

The greatest evil that a nation can suffer by war is the loss of a few individuals, who may be considered, in other respects, as useless to the community (for of those who are engaged in our military troops very few would be able to assist their country in any other way) the giving up some part of the national property for the better security of the whole, or the acquiring a greater mass of wealth with a much greater power of retaining, and better hopes of enjoying it. To be deprived of that which, if kept, could never have been enjoyed, can certainly be no loss, and they who have purchased the safety and honour of their fellow creatures at the expence of their own lives, have certainly smoothed their own passage through life, and will receive, in another state, that reward which is due to the faithful, the benevolent, and the just.

Φιλανθρωπός.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS.

(Continued from p. 242.)

THE RING FINGER.

THE particular regard to this finger is of high antiquity. It hath been honoured with the golden* token and pledge of matrimony, preferable to any other finger, not as Levinus Lemnius, in his *Occult Miracles of Nature*, tells us, because there is a *nerve*,† as some have thought, but because a small *artery* runs from the heart to this *finger*, the motion of which, in parturient women, &c. may be perceived by the touch of the finger index.

* *Annulus sponsæ dono mittebatur à viro, qui pronubus dictus.* Alex. ab Alex. lib. 2, cap. 5. Et mediante annulo contrahitur matrimonium papanorum. Moresim Deprav. Rel. Orig. p. 12.

Dextra data acceptaque invicem. Persæ et Assyrii fœdus matrimonii in eunt. Alex. ab Alex. lib. 2. cap. 5. Papatus retinet. Ibid, p. 50.

† Mr. Wheatley tells us that the rubrick of *Salisbury Manual* has these words: "It is because from hence there proceeds a particular vein to the heart." This indeed, he adds, is now contradicted by experience; but several eminent authors, as well Gentiles as Christians, as well physicians as divines, were formerly of this opinion, and therefore they thought this finger the properest to bear this pledge of love, that from thence it might be conveyed, as it were, to the heart. Illust. Comm. Prayer, p. 437.

This opinion has been exploded by later physicians, but it was from hence that antiquity judged it worthy, and selected it to be adorned with the *circlet of gold*. They called it also the *medical finger*, and were so superstitious as to mix up their medicines and potions with it.

Some of the common ceremonies at marriages seem naturally to fall under this class of popular antiquities.

I have received, from those who have been present at them, the following account of the customs used at *vulgar northern weddings* about half a century ago.*

The young women in the neighbourhood, with bride favours (knots of ribbands) at their breasts, and nosegays in their hands, attended the bride on her wedding day in the morning. *Fore riders* announced with shouts the arrival of the bride-groom: after a kind of breakfast, at which the *bride cakes*† were set on, and the *barrels broached*, they walked out towards the church. The bride was led by *two young men*: the bridegroom by *two young women*: pipers

* The author of the *Convivial Antiquities* thus describes the rites at marriages in his country and time: “*Antequam eatur in templum jentaculum sponsæ et invitatis apponitur, sarta atque corollæ distribuuntur. Postea certo ordine viri primum cum sponso, deinde puellæ cum sponsa in templum procedunt. Peracta re divina sponsa ad sponsi domum deducitur, indeque panis projicitur, qui a pueris certatim rapitur. Prandium requiritur Cæna, cænam comessatio, quas epulas omnes tripudia atque saltationes comitantur. Postremo sponsa abrepta ex saltatione subito, atque sponso in thalamum deducuntur.* Fol. 68.

† There was a ceremony used at the solemnization of a marriage, called *confarreation*, in token of a most firm conjunction between the man and wife, with a cake of wheat or barley. This ceremony, Blount tells us, is still retained in part with us, by that which we call the *bride cake*, used at weddings. *Confarreation* and the *ring* were used anciently as *binding ceremonies*, in making agreements, grants, &c. as appears from the subsequent extract from an *old grant*, cited in Du Cange's Glossary. Verb. *Conferreatio*.

“*Miciacum concedimus et quidquid ert fisci nostri intra Fluminum alveos et per sanctam confarreationem et annulum inexceptionaliter tradimus.*”

Moresin mentions the *bride cake* thus: *Sumanalia, Panis erat ad formam rotæ factus: hoc atuntur Papani in nuptiis, &c.*

Deprav. Rel. Orig. p. 165.

I will give one authority more.---Quint. Curtius tells us, lib. 1, de gest Alex. “*Et Rex. medio cupidatis ardore jusset afferri patrio more panem (hoc erat apud Macedones sanctissimum cocunctium pignus) quem divisum gladio uterque libabat.*”

In the North, slices of the bride cake are put through the *wedding ring*; they are afterwards laid under pillows at night, to cause young persons to dream of their lovers.

preceded them, while the crowd tossed up their hats, shouted, and clapped their hands. An indecent custom prevailed after the ceremony, and that, too, before the altar:—Young men strove who could *unloose*,* or rather pluck off the bride's garters: ribbands supplied their places on this occasion; whosoever was so fortunate as to tear them thus off from her legs, bore them about the church in triumph. It is still usual for the young men present to *salute the bride*, immediately after the performing of the marriage service.

Four, with their horses, were waiting without; they *saluted* the bride at the church gate, and immediately mounting, contended who should first carry home the good news, "and win what they called the *KAIL*," i. e. a *smoking prize of spice broth*, which stood ready prepared to reward the victor in this singular kind of race.

Dinner succeeded; to that dancing and supper; after which, a *posset*† was made, of which the bride and bridegroom were always to taste first. The men departed the room till the bride was undressed by her *maids*, and put to bed: the bridegroom in his turn was undressed by his *men*, and the ceremony concluded with the well known rite of *throwing the stocking*.‡

At present, a party always attends *here* at the church gates, after a wedding, to demand of the bridegroom *money* for a *foot ball*: this claim admits of no refusal. Coles, in his dictionary, mentions the *ball money*, which, he says, *was given by a new bride to her old play fellows*.

Our rustics retain to this day many superstitious notions concerning the times of the year when it is accounted *lucky*, or *otherwise*, to perform this ceremony. None are ever married on *Childer-*

* I have sometimes thought this a fragment of the ancient Grecian and Roman ceremony, the *loosening the virgin zones or girdles*, a custom that wants no explanation.

† Skinner derives this word from the French *Poser*, *residere*, to settle; because, when the milk breaks, the *cheesy parts*, being heavier, subside. Nobis propriè designat *Lac calidum infuso vino, cerevisa, &c. coagulum*. Lye's Junii Etymolog. in Verbo.

‡ I find the following singular custom in the Convivial Antiq. folio 229: *Ceremonia hodie in nobilium nuptiis apud Germanos usitata, qui sponsa, postquam in thalamum ad lectum genialem est deducta, calceum detractum in circumstantium turbam projicit, quem qui excipit (in quo certatim omnes laborant) is id cœni futuri Matrimonii felix faustumque omen interpretatur.*

Mr. Pennant tells us, that, among the Highlanders, during the marriage ceremony, great care is taken that dogs do not pass between them, and particular attention is paid to the leaving the bridegroom's *left shoe*, *without buckle or latchet*, to prevent witches from depriving him, on the nuptial night, of the power of *loosening the virgin zone*. Tom, p. 160.

mass day :* for whatever cause, this is a *black* day in the calendar† of impatient lovers.

The subsequent proverb from Ray, marks another ancient conceit on this head—

“Who marries *between* the sickle and the scythe, will never thrive.”

The following must not be omitted :

“Happy is the bride the sun shines on, and the corpse the rain rains on.”

I shall add a third, which no doubt has been often quoted, for the purpose of encouraging a diffident or timorous mistress.

“As your wedding ring wears, your cares will wear away.”

There was a custom in the Highlands, and north of Scotland, where new married persons, who had no great stock, or others low in their fortune, brought carts and horses with them to the houses of their relations and friends, and received from them *corn, meal, wool*, or what else they could get. See Glossary to Douglas Virgil.

* *Tempus quoque nuptiarum celebrandarum certum a veteribus definitum et constitutum esse invenio. Concilii Herdensis 33. 9. 4. Et in decreto Junonis lib. 6.——Non oportet a Septuagesima usque in Octavam Pasche, et tribus hebdomadibus ante Festivitate S. Joannis Baptistæ, et ab Adventu Domini usque post Epiphaniam nuptias celebrare. Quod si factum fuerit, separentur.——Conviv. Antiq. Folio 72.*

† Sic apud Romanos olim *Mense Maio* nubere inauspicatum habebatur, unde Ovid. in Fastis.

Nec Viduæ tædis eadem, nec virginis apta
Tempora : quæ nupsit, non diuturna fuit.
Hac quoque de causa, si te proverbia tangunt,
Mense malas Maio nubere Vulgus ait.

Ibid.

There was a remarkable kind of marriage contract amongst the Danes, called *Hand Festing*. See Ray's Collect. of local words, Glossarium Northanhymbricum.

The *Mercheta Mulierum* has been discredited by an eminent antiquary. It was said that Eugenius the 3d king of Scotland did wickedly ordain that the Lord or Master should have the first night's lodging with every woman married to his tenant or bondman ; which ordinance was afterwards abrogated by king Malcolm the 3d, who ordained that the bridegroom should have the sole use of his own wife, and therefore should pay to the lord a piece of money called *Mercha*.
Hect. Boch. l. 3. ca. 12. Spotsw. Hist. Fol. 29.

They must have been (in the ancient sense of the word) *villains* indeed, who could submit to this singular species of despotism.

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ROYAL OAK DAY, (29th May)

ON the 29th of May,* the anniversary of the restoration of Charles the Second, it is still the custom for the common people to wear in their hats the leaves of the oak, which are sometimes covered on the occasion with leaf gold.

This is alone, as every body knows, in commemoration of the marvellous escape of that monarch from his pursuers, who passed under the *very oak tree* in which he had secreted himself. This happened after the battle of Worcester.

The boys here had formerly a taunting rhyme on the occasion.

Royal oak

The Whigs to provoke.

There is a *retort courteous* by others, who *contemptuously* wore *plane tree* leaves, of the same homely stuff.

Plane tree leaves,

The church folk are thieves.

Puerile and low as these sarcasms may appear, yet they breathe strongly that *party spirit*, which it is the duty of every good citizen, and *real lover* of his country, to endeavour to suppress.

Well has party been called "the *madness* of many, for the gain of a few." It is a kind of epidemic fever, that in its boiling fury, stirs up, from the bottom, every thing gross, filthy, and impure in human society. Often has it raged, with prodigious virulence, in this island, and yet our *strong constitution* has always hitherto had the happiness of being able to *throw it off*.

* May the 29th, says the author of the *Festa Anglo-Romana*, London, 1678, is celebrated upon a double account, first in commemoration of the birth of our sovereign king Charles the 2d, the princely son of his royal father Charles the 1st, of happy memory, and Mary the daughter of Henry the 4th, king of France, who was born the 29th of May, Anno 1630. And also by act of parliament, 12 Car. 2, by the passionate desires of the people, in memory of his most happy restoration to his crown and dignity, after 12 years forced exile from his undoubted right, the crown of England, by barbarous rebels and regicides; and on the 8th of this month his majesty was, with universal joy and great acclamations, proclaimed in London and Westminster, and after through all his dominions: the 16th he came to the Hague; the 23d, with his two brothers, he embarked for England; and on the 25th he happily landed at Dover, being received by General Monk, and some of the army: from whence he was, by several voluntary troops of the nobility and gentry, waited upon to Canterbury, and on the 29th, 1660, he made his magnificent entrance into that emporium of Europe, his stately and rich metropolis, the renowned city of London. On this very day, also, Anno 1662, the king came to Hampton Court with his Queen Catherine, after his marriage at Portsmouth: this, as it is a birth-day, is one of his *Collar days* without offering. P. 66.

AN IMPARTIAL VIEW OF THE BENEFITS WHICH THE MONKS HAVE RENDERED TO SOCIETY.

AMONG the many glaring instances of the mutability of worldly power, I think that the fate of the monks appears the most interesting. In most of these great revolutions, whether produced by chance, or gradually effected by improvement, it has been too customary with the world to proceed from one extreme to another. Power once exerted with unlimited authority, once commanding the awful submission of a whole world, is no sooner overthrown, than it becomes the object of petulant derision. The now annihilated institutions to which our forefathers once paid so blind a veneration, are, in the present age, too generally ridiculed, even where the permanent benefits, which have resulted from their existence, are most enjoyed: amongst them, few have undergone a more severe or more unjust fate than the monasteries; not that the continuation of their power was a tribute due either to social good, or to social justice, but that the contempt with which we are too apt to look back to it, is both undeserved and ungenerous. It is too general a practice to inveigh against the monks with no small degree of acrimony. Writers of almost every description, have delighted in tearing aside the mysterious veil, which concealed the interior regulations of monasteries, and in aiming at the memory of their inhabitants the keen shaft of satire. The comic and heroic Muse have both recorded their errors; the religious and the speculative philosopher have sometimes laid aside their benevolence and their dignity, to join the general sneer; and the historian has eternalized their vices, while he has forgotten, or only glanced at, the great claims they have upon our gratitude, and the great share they have had in bestowing upon society the perennial blessings of intellectual improvement. This may have been an involuntary act on the part of the monks; had they foreseen, as the result of their labours, the overthrow of their own authority, they would probably have pursued a different line of conduct, would have neglected learning as much as they promoted it, and, instead of rescuing from the destroying herds of barbarians the monuments of ancient wisdom, would have joined with them in consigning them to the dust of oblivion, or to the ravaging flame:—but still they have been our benefactors; they have conferred upon us more than common

advantages; and surely such a conduct, on our part, betrays a want of grateful recollection, or of generous feeling. It is true that monastic institutions originated in, and were maintained by, error. The vices they encouraged, in the garb of sanctity, the temporary evils they caused in society, are palpable, are undeniable; but let not the bare recollection of these errors, these vices, and evils, now annihilated by that very learning they were the means of preserving, engross our attention so far as to make us forgetful of the actual enjoyment of those important and substantial benefits, which could most probably never have fallen to *our* lot, had not the sanctuary of the monastery afforded them an asylum from the destructive rage of barbarism! Where, but to such an asylum as this, could the persecuted genius of Knowledge retire, during the dark ages which succeeded the fall of Rome? The seat of the Eastern empire afforded a temporary refuge to the learned, while the "destroyers of nations," who broke the sceptre of "all-conquering Rome," marked their progress by the annihilation of every object, which reminded them of a state of civilization, to whose charms they were insensible; trampling beneath their feet the temples of devotion, and repositories of science; the trophies of victory, and monuments of the honoured dead; destroying the writings of former ages, the records of antiquity, and calling ignorance and barbarism to hold their lawless revels in those parts, which had once heard with rapture a Maro's lyre and a Tully's eloquence, and seen the wish for improvement stimulate the ardent comprehensive mind to the pursuits of useful knowledge. But the sun of science was soon to set upon Constantinople. The shocks of internal discord and external hostility, the incessant inroads of barbarity and insubordination, rendered this too insecure and harassed a retreat for the votaries of learning; they were again dispersed with the valuable relics of Grecian and Roman literature, which they had been able to preserve from the general devastation. But where were they now to find an asylum, capable of shielding them from the sword of the Saracen, or the fury of the illiterate tribes, which peopled Europe during the reign of feudal turbulence? The strong castle of the baron was vocal only to the din of arms, or the noisy carousals of licentious knights; the lowly hut of the vassal was bereft of the peasant's enjoyment, domestic security; the dwelling of the infatuated priest was the dark palace of contracted bigotry and consummate ignorance; the sequestered cell of the monk alone was open—each monastery became a willing and safe asylum to the learned,

and there were deposited, as the harbingers of a brighter æra, the invaluable writings which had been rescued from the merciless hands that had pillaged Rome, or laid the rich library of Alexandria in ashes. The mere preservation of these writings is, surely, an act which deserves our gratitude, and ought to prevent our lavishing on the monks that indiscriminate censure, which, even if only partially applied, must materially affect the memory and character of a body of men, to whom we are indebted for that superiority which learning ever gives. The intrinsic merit of these works is established by the concurring admiration of all ages; they have been the models, the imitation of which has gained so many moderns the well-earned tribute of general approbation; they have been, too, the means of preserving to us the knowledge of Hebrew, Greek and Latin, which, without the aid of writings to hand them down to us, must have been lost like the ancient oriental languages; with them must have perished the art of writing, and the subsequent discovery of that of printing must have been deferred to some far distant period, in which chance, or the originality of genius, might have enabled some superior mind to annex to empty lines both sound and signification. Thanks to the monks, and thanks, too, even to that superstitious awe which deterred vulgar minds from scrutinizing their proceedings, we have not to look forward to this æra! Long since our ancestors have seen its dawn, and long since the genius of mankind, aroused from the lethargy of ignorance, has shaken off its trammels, and paid the matin song of gratitude to the rising orb of information! Viewed thus abstractedly from other considerations which I would urge, this preservation of the ancient writings deserves our warm and unfeigned gratitude. But the monks were not merely passive receivers and depositors of them. It is true that some fell into the hands of those who were ignorant of their value, and laid them aside to be discovered, buried in the dust of ages, by the more enlightened beings of later periods. But while some monks were employed in taking advantage of that credulous, wonder with which the vulgar gazed on their pretended miracles—in darkening the minds, contracting the feelings, and annihilating the principles of their dupes; others were devoting the hours of retirement and leisure to the study of ancient literature: some, conscious how valuable the works were thus entrusted to their care, laboriously increased the number of copies; others, animated by the example, recorded the annals of their own times, which, though often obscured by fiction, are the only authentic documents to which we can refer for the

history of those periods; others pursued different paths of science, pointed out new inventions, and renewed useful arts, for which men, not like them, objects of popular veneration, would have been branded like Faustus, with the odious title of magician, and exposed to the fury of an illiterate and bigoted multitude.

The superstition which marks the whole reign of monkism, and from which may be deduced all the acknowledged evils of the system, was thus requisite to aid the first growth of improvement. In some stages of society, different classes of men are exclusively privileged to do good with impunity. In that of which we are now speaking, this was the privilege of the monks. Let the vices of those who abused this unlimited prerogative be buried in endless oblivion, no more to be urged against a whole body of men, who were the means of effecting that great revolution, which enlightened a whole world, and released society from the long thralldom in which united priestcraft and despotism had restrained the human mind.

Norwich, May 12th, 1804.

N. S.

SELECT SENTENCES.

How can any person of *real* feeling agree with Lord Shaftsbury, that "ridicule is the test of truth."—Truth has *courage*—but no *effrontery*, and is very liable to be laughed out of countenance.

THE recollection of having been of service to a fellow creature, conveys a pleasing kind of sensation, which it is difficult to describe, but which Shakespeare expressed thus:—"It comes over the heart as soft music does over the ear;

———— "Like the sweet south

That breathes upon a bank of violets."

It is most fortunate for men to have hearts so framed that they derive pleasure from such recollections. *They* are constructed to do good to others for *their own sakes*.

Too true it is, that seminaries of *learning*, as well as particular shops, are frequented more on account of what they *have* been, than what they are. So many instances might be produced, that it seems to be a prevailing opinion, that talents, and genius, like *cats*, are more attached to particular walls, and houses, than the persons who reside within them.

Insolence raises stronger indignation than even *injustice*, and for no better reason than because *pride* is less wounded by the one than the other. For the same reason, a continual observance of *little* attentions, makes more friends than *real* services. *Real* services relieve our *wants*: attentions flatter our *pride*. Our *wants* are removed—our *pride* remains.

How true it is that a weak, or contemptible man of high rank, or in an eminent situation in life, is like a man on the top of a steeple—from whence all the world seem *little* to him—and where he seems *little* in the eyes of all the world, as the poet says of other powerless, would-be-great things,

“ For lo ! he takes a giant’s stride !
His strength of mind to shew ;
So have I seen a beetle wade
Along the grass—then climb a blade,
Exult—and fall below ! ”

I fancy I am able to write a treatise on friendship. There are a thousand things depending on it, a thousand things to be shunned, in order to prevent those we love from smarting for it. There are an infinity of instances where we give them pain, and wherein we might alleviate their feelings, were we to reflect, and to turn things in *all* the points of view we *ought*, out of regard to the object of our esteem. In short, I shall make it evident, in this my intended book, that there are millions of different ways to testify one’s friendship *without speaking of it*, as well as to *say*, by *actions*, we have no real regard, even whilst the *traitor’s tongue* is making protestations to the contrary.

It may be said of a “ *party of pleasure*,” that poor creatures are to continue, a certain time, *forcing* smiles, and yawning spontaneously, for two or three hours, after all relish is fled. In this dismal condition many remain, night after night, *because* the *fashionable* hour of sleep is not yet arrived !!!—and what else can they do? What a listless situation! without any pleasure where you are, without any motive to be gone, you remain, in a kind of passive, *oyster* state,—gaping, till the *tide* of company moves you to your carriage ; and, when you recover your reflection in your bed chamber, you find you have passed the two last hours in a kind of humming, buzzing stupor, without satisfaction or ideas of any kind.

Q. Z.

REFLECTIONS DURING AN AFFLICTING ILLNESS.

THE wind whistles through the casement; the sun has sped its course, and night begins her gloomy reign: silence and solitude are my companions; melancholy is my only friend. The rains beat against the roof, the winds blow their will, and threaten the clay-clad cottage; the lovely wanderer, weather-beaten and sad, paces the barren heath, a child of wretchedness and sorrow; the fretful infant clings to its aged nurse; the war horse trembles, while the ewes and their lambskins seek the friendly covert of some mountain. No heavenly dews enliven the flowers of the garden, or the wild flowerets of the forest: they are wanting to invigorate the honey suckle, the maythorn, and the oak; vegetation droops under the burthen; the golden-headed sun-flower bends to the earth, and bends to rise no more: the nightingale and the thrush desert the rustic's dwelling: the owl refrains from going his nocturnal rounds, and mopes in solitude the passing hours. Nature becomes overpowered, and man's weakened frame sinks into repose.

At length the morn appears; the sky is serene; the winds are heard no more; the rains are passed and gone; the horizon is free from clouds, and the sun invigorates the face of nature: the fields and trees expose their summer clothing; the rivers and the waters enjoy the tranquillity which every where surrounds me.

In life such storms as these disturb the happiness of mortals; but all things are but for a time: wisdom, slow produce of laborious years, ponders in secret on the ills of men; no sooner does the hard-earned fruit begin to ripen than it gets beyond our reach: we strive to gain its branches, but fall to our native earth. The child of wisdom sees the threatening storm; he does not hide his head, but exerts himself to ward from him its fury; at length, in nature's course, its power is quelled, and serenity and calms prevail over the clouds and boisterous elements.

Thus is man's life a simile of all that is grand; his life is an age; storms and calms, quiet and disquiets, troubles and requitals intersect his days: it is as a mechanical structure, which having performed its various evolutions, stops its course, and sinks as it were into a peaceful sleep. Thus does man; he goes his worldly rounds, till nature has sped her course, and then the frame, reposing in its temporary slumber, hid in an earthen cell, defies the fury of the elements, the whirlwinds and the storms of life.

10th April, 1804.

LEOPOLD.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis, translated into English Verse. By the Rev. William Heath Marsh, A. M. 8vo. 7s. pp. 238. Westley, 1804.

Ecce iterum Crispinus! Two translations of Juvenal* have we already reviewed, as elaborately as the nature of our critical department would permit, and now behold a third. Could we say that the "third is like the former," (meaning the production of Mr. Rhodes, that *monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum*) we should, indeed, be tempted to exclaim, with the Thane of Glamis, "*Filthy hags!—we'll see no more!*" but such is not the case, and we proceed, with pleasure, briefly to canvass the merits and defects of Mr. Marsh's version of the Roman satirist.

For various observations on Juvenal, with regard to his character as a writer, and the facilities and difficulties which are, at this period of time, to be encountered by his translator, we call the attention of the reader, desirous of such information, to vol. XII. p. 312 of our work, since, to use the oath of Teleclides, *μα τας νημφας*, we will not repeat them.

And now we cannot deal more honestly with Mr. Marsh, than by making room for him to tell his own story, on this occasion, such as we find it in a well-written dedication to his tutor, the Rev. Samuel Carter.

"In speaking (says he) of the present work, as giving the whole of the original, I would only be understood as not having implicitly followed the very frequent omissions of the edition which we perused together, and which is certainly the only one that can be placed with propriety in the hands of youth.--- But though I have greatly exceeded these bounds, from an anxious wish of retaining all that could possibly be retained of such an admirable writer, there are still some exceptionable passages, that I have entirely rejected; others that I have been obliged to soften; and a few, the sense of which I have even ventured to alter, rather than give offence to the ears of modesty." P. 7, 8.

Mr. Marsh then proceeds to state that he never saw the rival version of Mr. Gifford, until his own was entirely completed. He has since seen it, and truly affirms that there appears (with the exception of a few accidental coincidences, of no great importance) a sufficient difference, in the general manner, between Mr. G.'s transla-

* Mr. Gifford's and Mr. Rhodes's,

tion and his own, to plead his excuse in hazarding the present publication.

In all this there is a commendable degree of judgment, modesty, and good sense, and we cordially approve of every article of it; but we cannot so readily coincide with Mr. M. in the opinion that his Javenal required no notes and illustrations, because the public has been copiously supplied with them by Mr. Gifford. A Shakspeare rescued from his commentators, and no longer shewing like "a rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of commentary," was once called for, and considered as a desideratum, and it is possible that Shakspeare might be enjoyed, by a great majority of all readers, in this unincumbered state; but few, very few, will be found able to taste the Roman satirist, without either making themselves competent to read the original, or accomplishing the previous labour of poring through a vast body of notes. We do not deny that there are innumerable passages of surpassing excellence, which need only a fair translation to make them admired, but there are many other good points, and matters of information, touching the Romans, which nothing can render intelligible to the mere English reader but a commentary. The present version is ably executed, in numerous verse, and is frequently, with an allowance for the peculiar powers and felicities of the Latin language, equal to the finest efforts of the poet, and it will be read, we confidently assert, with considerable delight, by those to whom Juvenal and the customs of the eternal city are not entirely unknown. With all its endless imperfections as a translation of the satirist, Dryden's is the only sort of version (professing itself really to be a version of Juvenal) that a person, entirely devoid of a classical education, could relish, in any great degree, without the light of notes.

Having advanced this objection to Mr. Marsh's mode of publication, which we doubt not that he will, in a future edition, see the necessity of obviating, we shall go on to examine his translation, from the perusal of which we have received great pleasure, and no small share of satisfaction.

"Were I resolved," says Crusius, in his *Lives of the Roman Poets*, v. 2, p. 134, "to take notice of all the fine passages to be found in Juvenal, I must transcribe the greater part of his *Satires*." This is correctly true, and it is not therefore our intention to meddle imperfectly with the beauties of our poet, which are constantly before the literary world, in various shapes; nor do we mean to exhibit Mr. Marsh to the greatest advantage, but to speak

[of him as we find him in one or two of the most remarkable satires of the Latin bard.

The tenth satire, though not superior to many of the others, is translated with much skill and ability. As a specimen of close translation, in easy verse, we select the fall of *Sejanus*, a fate that may, perhaps, terminate the career of the *Embryo-Emperor of the Gauls*.

Fires are prepar'd, the crackling flames arise,
The head, of late exalted to the skies,
Now prostrate falls; *Sejanus*, who appear'd
A mighty god, as second was rever'd
Through the wide world, (so frail are human plans)
Is melted down for kettles, pots, and pans.*
"Rejoice! with laurels let each door be crown'd,
Bring to the Capitol, with garlands bound,
A milk white bull; *Sejanus* is no more;
Drawn by a hook, his transient reign is o'er."
Scarce can the crowd their ecstacy express—
"What lips! what countenance! well, I confess
I never lov'd the man, you may believe;
Nor why the rest admir'd him could conceive,
But what is his offence? who brings the charge?
Where are the proofs? what witness will enlarge
On his vile deeds?" O, no such dull delay,
But a long letter from our prince, they say,
Was hither sent. "Enough! no more I ask;
But are the people ready for the task?"
Doubt not their zeal; such orders must prevail
With all who worship fortune's varying gale.

P. 146.

The last four lines of Dryden's version of this description may, perhaps, be thought to give the original nearer, and with better effect.

Sed quid

*Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper & odit
Damnatos.*

How goes the mob, for that's a mighty thing?
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king;
They follow fortune; and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die.

Mr. Gifford's translation, not being castrated, and proceeding on a different plan from Mr. M.'s, we deem it unnecessary, as it would, in many instances, be unjust, to compare them.

The whole of the sixth, the most objectionable of the satires, is, according to Mr. Marsh's system, exceedingly well done. The

* His statue.

R R

prostitution of Messalina is turned with admirable ingenuity and delicacy, but not "*too tame neither*."

In justice to Juvenal, we must observe that, when he is indelicate, and uses gross expressions, he is not, like other writers, wanton in his obscenity, but mentions the acts and employs the terms with such evident indignation and hatred, that the reader, however otherwise disposed, peruses them in the original with feelings of surprise, of terror, and detestation.

After the just tribute which we have paid to Mr. M. we must be allowed to say that though we agree to his softening and even omitting parts, yet there are some cases in which no licence was required, or ought to have been used. As for instance, in this satire, v. 159, he should not have translated

Et vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis,

Nor feed on swine— P. 72.

since such a version deprives us of all the wit of the author: and the same might be said, in a less degree, of

———*facies tua computat annos,*

turned thus:

Thy person is an antidote to love. P. 74.

But these defects are, in their nature, and in their number, of very little importance, and we gladly avert our thoughts from such imperfections, to perform the far more agreeable part of our office, which calls upon us to recommend this translation as the work of a man of taste, a scholar, and a poet.

The volume is printed with remarkable neatness, and is, considering all its merits, the cheapest book that has come before us for some time. Independent of the errors noticed at the end, which belong not either to the printer or Mr. Marsh, but to a person who officiated as his editor in town, there are various trifles in the printing, which an editor of more judgment and less pedantry would not have indulged in,

A Supplement to an Examination of the Strictures of the Critical Reviewers on the Translation of Juvenal. By W. Gifford, Esq. Hatchard. 4to. 1804.

WE travelled once with Mr. Gifford through his version of the poet of Aquinum, and so well pleased were we with the journey, that we thought it our duty to support him in the "examination," which feelings, irritated by palpable injustice, afterwards compelled him to

publish; but we are, in a great measure, obliged to desert him in the "supplement," to that "examination." The merit of the former work, to which this is an appendix, was, independent of the able and convincing refutation which it contained, distinguished for various excellencies of both mind and matter; the prominent feature, or rather let us say the whole body, of the present pamphlet is formed, we may safely affirm, of a greater number of insulting terms and degrading epithets, than ever were before heaped together in the same space. If, not content with the superiority in argument and in truth, Mr. Gifford was resolved to shew the Critical Reviewer of his Juvenal that he could also far excel him in abuse, he has succeeded admirably, but not so as to deserve any praise from gentlemen or scholars. In such a contest victory is defeat, and triumph is disgrace. With the great, and not more great than due, respect which we entertain for Mr. G.'s genius and learning, we cannot but wish that this *supplement* had been spared. We address ourselves to Mr. Gifford:

Σὺ δὲ μεγαλῆτορα θυμὸν
Ἰσχεῖν ἐν στήθεσσι, φιλοφροσύνῃ γὰρ ἀμεινῶν.

Animus vincere, iracundiam colubere, victoriam temperare; hæc qui faciat, non ego eum cum summis viris comparo; sed similimum Deo iudico. *Cicero pro M. Marcello.*

Familiar Epistles to Frederick J——s, Esq. on the present State of the Irish Stage. 2nd Edit. Barlow. Dublin. 12mo. pp. 122. 1804.

THIS little work, which we have only seen in the present edition, is not without merit, but the whole mass, taken collectively, will by many be thought to possess a plentiful leaven of severity and abuse. Much of the satire is, we doubt not, of the most wholesome nature, according to the state of the Irish stage, and we quarrel not with its publication; but there is much also which we *powerfully and potently* disbelieve, and "*hold it not good that it be so set down.*" Most of the characters that figure in these six epistles, are so entirely unknown out of Ireland, that it will be difficult to give an Englishman any idea of our satirist's aptness of description, his pleasantry, and ingenuity. We shall however select such parts as we think in the greatest degree likely to afford the reader *a taste of his quality.*

The following is certainly a humorous and lively picture, but of the truth of these, or of any other verses that we may quote, we profess to give no opinion,

Next W—ll—ms comes the rude and rough,
 With face most whimsically gruff,
 Aping the careless sons of ocean,
 He scorns each fine and easy motion ;
 Tight to his sides his elbow pins,*
 And dabbles with his hands like fins ;
Would he display the greatest woe,
He slaps his breast, and points his toe ;
Is merriment to be express'd,
He points his toe, and slaps his breast.
 His turns are swings,—his step a jump,
 His feelings fits,—his touch a thump ;
 And violent in all his parts,
 He speaks by gusts, and moves by starts.

P. 62, 8.

Introducing a Mr. F—ll—m, who is, it seems, the acting manager, the poet thus jocosely sports with him :

Cheer up ! nor look so plaguy sour,
 I own your merit, feel your power.
 And from my prudent lips shall flow,
 Words as light as flakes of snow : †
 For should I vex you, well you might
 Repay't, *by playing every night ;*
 And furnish'd with most potent engines,
Gubbins or Scrub,—take ample vengeance !

P. 63.

Of our actors who occasionally migrate to Hibernia, the author of these Epistles says but little.—At p. 119 however, he wittily observes of them that they “ are birds of prey, as well as passage.” And at p. 55, our Roscius and his sister meet with his reproof, for their exertions in the sock :—

Young Mirabel ‡ by Kemble play'd,
 Look'd like Macbeth in masquerade—
 And Siddons§ in her mirth we find
 Mixing up Shore with Rosalind.

• Vidi ego civis

Retorta tergo brachia.

But the friends of *freedom* will rejoice to hear that Mr. W. at the instigation of this passage, has of late given his elbows more liberty, than those unhappy captives hitherto enjoyed.

† Hom. II. 3. v. 222.

‡ I have had the misfortune to see this exhibition : truly it was, as Shakespeare says, “ *most tragical mirth.*”

§ I have heard of a lady who wept plentifully throughout the whole of “ As you like it,” from an unhappy opinion that Rosalind was Jane Shore. I am glad to relate the anecdote, that so much good tears should not go for nothing.

It is here merely just to observe, that he is not insensible to Mr. Kemble's great tragic powers.

In the preparation to exorcise the fiend Censure, we find the most pleasing lines in the whole work, and with them we shall terminate our extracts. After consigning to the "burning cauldron's blaze" almost all the productions of our modern play writers, he thus proceeds :

Next gather in a chrystal bowl
The tears down Pity's cheeks that roll,
That from the riven bosom flow,
Touch'd by the wand of tragic woe ;
Scatter the blessed drops around,
And sanctify the holy ground ;
No envious fiends their footsteps set
On earth that Pity's tear hath wet !
'Tis done—the solemn rites are paid
And Censure in the ocean laid.

P. 118.

The verse, generally speaking, has no pretensions to poetry, and without the assistance of "*Dublin*" in the title page, we could have guessed its country.

she plays ill
Lady Teazle.

teize you
praise you,

pronounced with the delicate brogue of their author—*Taizle* and *taize* you, would have proved sufficiently indicative.

In what we have cited, and in our remarks, we have treated the satirist with such lenity and favour, as he will do well in future to imitate, in canvassing the merits of his fellow creatures. It has been our endeavour to place his efforts in the light, as we do not think his *pretended motive* unworthy of support—it has hitherto been his more easy task, to cast all the brighter parts of men's characters in the shade, and to emblazon none but the darkened side. The Irish stage is, doubtless, not without its ornaments, nor is the author of these Epistles devoid of talent—but we are nevertheless convinced, that we shall do no injury to either, in wishing them both a speedy reformation.

The Thespiad, a Poem, in Answer to the Author of six familiar Epistles, addressed to F. Jones, Esq. Patentee of the Theatre Royal Dublin, &c. on the present state of the Irish Stage. Hurst. 4to. 2s. 6d. pp. 36. 1804.

Our author informs us, at p. 33, that he "has courted the

Muse more for his recreation than with a view to literary fame." Happy are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed! If, in this fight of satires, the question were put to us, which occurs in one of our modern comedies: "*Who suffers?*" We should reply, without hesitation, first, he who pays his thirty pence for the *Thespiad*; and, secondly, poor Jones! both from the *familiar epistles* and this poem, although one is written by his enemy and the other by his friend. And now comes a second interrogatory, "How has Mr. Jones deserved all this mischief?" Why, by the simple process, as we learn at p. 5, of faring sumptuously every day, and never once inviting the author of the *Six Familiar Epistles* to dip his whiskers in his soup, and by cramming the writer of the *Thespiad* with all the luxuries of his table. Thus, by starving and by stuffing, he gets one knight of the quill to attack, and another to defend him; and by which he suffers most is far too nice a point for us to decide.

A very few quotations will suffice to give some idea of the verse, the rhymes, contractions, and learning of this writer, one of the "friends and *beaux esprits*," of luckless "*Teddy Jones*."

"Tho' *Stu'art's* not great, and less than little Bland,
She's no small fav'rite in Hibernia's land." p. 20.

"But not like Siddons, farces low to *fix on*,
And change *Melpom'ene* to *Petruchio's vixen*." p. 23.

At p. 5, we have "*Covent-Garden*," to rhyme with "*farthing*," of course to be read *farden*.

Of his learning too little cannot be said, and we should not have ventured a word on so miserable a subject, but, for a curious scrap of *Irish Italian* which occurs at p. 3. We shall give it *literatim*:

Cha t'ha affeso non ta pardono mai.

Every body sees that there is something wrong in this, and so did the full-fed friend of "*Teddy Jones*," who, finding it necessary to have an *errata*, sets it *all* right with a "page 3, note, for *cha* read *chi*." That the present writer should now, in consequence of his poem, take his stand near the author of the "*Familiar Epistles*," is a matter which meets with our entire approbation:

"Near him *we* place thee in poetic soil,
As artists place the diamond near the foil.
Thy brain a chaos, and a void thy skull,
For sense too vapid, and for wit too dull."

The Man in the Moon, consisting of Essays and Critiques on the Politics, Morals, Manners, Drama, &c. of the present Day. 8vo. pp. 194. Highley.

The lucubrations of the "Man in the Moon," published for some time past, periodically, are here collected into a volume. Having received considerable pleasure in their perusal, we dismiss their august author with regret, and shall hail, with joy, his promised reappearance at some future opportunity.

The Poetical Magazine: or, Temple of the Muses, consisting chiefly of original Poems, and occasional Selections from scarce and valuable Publications. By a Society of Gentlemen. 12mo. pp. 348. Vernor and Hood.

THE first volume of a work, which, in its progress, we have had occasion to notice and applaud, and which cannot fail to be agreeable to the admirers of poetic talent.

An Inquiry into the real Difference between actual Money, consisting of Gold and Silver, and Paper Money of various Descriptions. Also an Examination into the Constitution of Banks; and the Impossibility of their combining the two Characters of Bank and Exchequer. By Mogens Dorrien Mogens, Esq. 8vo. pp. 68. Asperne.

MR. M. has displayed no trifling knowledge of his subject, and has treated it in a style highly creditable to his abilities.

Two new Dialogues of the Dead. The first, between Handel and Braham. The second, between Johnson and Boswell. By J. B. 8vo. pp. 32. Johnson.

THE first of these dialogues has some whim, and some just satire. The subject of the second is too hacknied to permit an author of talents, far more splendid than Mr. J. B.'s, to introduce it with any novelty.

A Sermon occasioned by the Death of the late Dr. Priestley, delivered in the Dissenting Chapel in Monkwell-Street, on Sunday Evening, April 15, 1804. By John Edwards. Johnson.

It is ever to be regretted, by the lovers of science, that the feuds of party should deprive the country of a man of abilities, so distinguished as were Dr. Priestley's. Mr. Edwards has embraced the sentiments of his departed friend, and has pronounced an able and eloquent eulogium on his character and conduct.

The Wild Wreath. Dedicated (by Permission) to H. R. H. the Duchess of York. By M. E. Robinson. 8vo. pp. 228. Phillips.

THE well known abilities of the principal authors of this interesting poetic miscellany, are more than sufficient to render any comment superfluous.

The Student's Guide, being a concise Account of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, containing the forms of Admission, &c. By Thomas Lane, Steward. Printed for T. Lane. 8vo. 5s. 1803.

WE have heard much of book-making, but the Student's Guide is by far the most perfect specimen of the art, that we have witnessed. Tom's ingenuity, in this publication, entitles him to the degree of a professor in this wide branch of literature. A simple statement of the fact will clearly prove it. Students needing information respecting the inn, naturally apply to Tom, the steward. He solves their present doubts, and, to instruct them in such as may trouble them in future, gives them this little book for *five shillings*. Here we might suppose that Tom's use would in some measure cease, but no, he, after this, becomes a greater man than ever, and more sought after, as indeed he is far more necessary after perusing his work, than he was before.

The thing is certainly a book, and therefore you may ask what you please for it, but it lets you no more into the *arcana* or what you want to know most, than a work on free-masonry. All the desirable heads are stated, it is true, and as nothing is needful but a few *intermedia*, perhaps a *scilicet* would not be amiss; or if Master Thomas would condescend to APPEAR to imitate such a man as Warton, what does he think of getting one of his friends to write for him, "*A guide to the guide?*"

Specimens of the early English Poets, to which is prefixed an Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the English Poetry and Language: in three Volumes. By George Ellis, Esq. the third Edition, corrected. Crown 8vo. Nicol and Hatchard. 1803.

THE character we gave of this elegant and entertaining publication,* has been so completely ratified by the public voice, that we are called upon to announce a third edition of these poetic specimens, at a very scanty period from the former. The present, however, is not a mere negligent reprint, like many popular compilations, as we gather from the editor's advertisement.

"Notwithstanding the care, (he tells us) with which the former edition of this work was revised, during its progress through the press, it was found to contain very numerous, though not very important, typographical errors. For the detection and the removal of these; for the collation of nearly all the ex-

* See M. Mirror for Sept. Oct. and Nov. 1801.

tracts contained in the work, with the earliest and best copies of the originals, whether printed or manuscript; for the insertion of some new specimens; and for much additional information in the notices prefixed to the several authors; the editor is indebted to the kindness of his friend Mr. Heber, and to the assistance of Mr. Park.

"The defects, (he adds) which still remain are solely chargeable to the editor. Many of these; however, will, it is hoped, be removed by the publication of a second series of specimens, selected from our *Early Metrical Romances*, which will complete the sketch of our poetical antiquities, and is now nearly ready for the press."

With the latter part of this information we are particularly gratified, as the work here announced has long been a desideratum in English literature, and is one which the taste, and knowledge, and judgment of Mr. Ellis so eminently qualify him to supply.

As we perceive that several new articles appear in this edition of the specimens, as well as additional extracts, we shall present our readers with the account of an early English sonneteer, and with a specimen of his performance, the very title to which they are not likely to have heard of before:

"BARNABY BARNES;

"A younger son of Dr. Richard Barnes, bishop of Durham, was born in the county of York, and in 1586, at the age of seventeen, became a student of Brazen-nose college, Oxford, but left the University without a degree. He engaged in the French service under the Earl of Essex, in 1591, and afterwards united with Harvey in a satirical attack upon Nash, who completely discomfited his assailants by the caustic poignancy of his wit. Wood was not able to ascertain the time of his death, but has registered the following productions of his pen: "A divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets," 1595, 4to; "Four books of Offices," 1606, fol. and "The Devil's Charter," a tragedy, 1607, 8vo.---From the first of these, a publication of uncommon rarity, the following sonnet is taken, which, at least, has the merit of combining an arbitrary recurrence of rhyme with the dignified freedom of blank verse.

SONNET.

Unto my spirit lend an angel's wing,
By which it might mount to that place of rest
Where Paradise may me relieve, oppress!
Lend to my tongue an angel's voice to sing!
Thy praise my comfort; and for ever bring
My notes thereof, from the bright east to west!
Thy mercy lend unto my soul distress;
Thy grace unto my wits!---then shall the sling
Of righteousness that monster Satan kill,
Who with despair my dear salvation dar'd,
And, like the Philistine, stood breathing still
Proud threats against my soul, for heaven prepar'd:
At length, I like an angel shall appear
In spotless white, an angel's crown to wear!

Galatea: a Pastoral Romance from the French of M. Florian. By Miss Highley. Dedicated by Permission to the Marchioness of Salisbury. Highley. Large Paper, 10s. 6d. Small, 7s. 8vo. 1804.

IN an age like the present, when almost all the blossoms of literature are deeply injured by the blights of affectation and absurdity, it affords us no little satisfaction to find a few plants that have escaped the infection, and, having enjoyed a necessary share of art in their cultivation, owe the greater part of their excellence to the lovely simplicity and never-fading beauty of nature. Amongst this enviable *few*, we do not hesitate to class the *Galatea* of Miss Highley.

M. Florian is now so well known in this country, from the amusement he has yielded at the theatre, at the opera, and in the closet, that we need make no apology for confining our observations exclusively to the romance before us. *Galatea* was, we are told, the first work of the immortal Cervantes. In this production, the author of *Don Quixote* did not escape the *mauvais goût* of his day. "But," says Florian, "in the midst of all its defects, we find charming ideas, true sentiments, and the emotions and conflicts of the heart, and these considerations induced me to select it for imitation: as it has never been translated, and is, at this day, absolutely unknown in France." *Introd.* p. 13.

Galatea is, in the original, in six books, and incomplete. He has reduced these six to three, and concluded the work in a fourth. Scarcely a single line can be said to have been *translated*, and he has further added some entire scenes; as the exchange of crooks, in the first book; the Fête Champêtre, and the history of the doves, in the second; the farewell to Elicio's dog in the third; and the fourth is perfectly of his own invention.

The *Galatea* of Florian, thus varied and improved, appeared first in 1788, and this year it has pleased Miss Highley to present the English reader with a translation, which would have reflected great credit on the taste, judgment, and acquirements of one of a maturer age. The chastity of thought, the delicacy of mind, and the tasteful elegance which so peculiarly belong to the female character, make it most desirable that works like this, whose distinguishing traits are pastoral sweetness, innocence, and love, whether to compose or to translate, should always fall into such fair hands as it has been the good fortune of *Galatea* to meet with.

The style is, for the most part, pure and unaffected—such as becomes the nature of pastoral romance; and we doubt not, that, wherever it is otherwise, it is owing to the *learned* emendations of

Miss H.'s editor, who, at p. 8, by a curious sort of logic, tells us of the *improvements* he has made in the style, by *robbing* it of its *characteristic beauties*.

"It may be proper to add," continues this gentleman, "that the poetry is from the pen of the editor, whose unpoetic Muse ne'er quenched its thirst in Pierian streams." p. 8. What the latter part of this sentence would signify, is not very clear as it now stands, but if the author means to say that he is but a poor poet, nothing can be more clear or true.

After all, we are much indebted to the editor of *Galatea*, since to his advice, we owe the production of this pleasing little volume. Not being able to afford space sufficient to quote from it as we wish, we shall content ourselves with recommending it to every reader whose taste is not grossly vitiated, and whose morals are not entirely depraved. He who has any remains of these qualities in their purity, will feel himself rivetted to this delightful romance, and will, at the end, exclaim with Tityrus in the eclogue,

— (Fatebor enim,) dum me GALATEA tenebat,
Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura.—

Notwithstanding the devotion of our amiable authoress to the virtues, charities, and tranquillity of domestic life, we hope, after a little further study, again to see her summon the public attention, and we fear not, seeing the happy augury before us, that she will ever do so in vain.

The work is embellished with three plates, engraved by Purden, from drawings by Thompson.

Rassurez vous ; or the Improbability of an Invasion, and the Impossibility of its Success demonstrated. 8vo. pp. 39. Edinburgh, Constable ; London, Longman and Rees. 1803.

AN animated pamphlet, which contains a masterly sketch of the fortunes and character of Bonaparte, and points out such numerous obstacles to the success of the French invasion, if attempted, that the most timid of our countrywomen, after reading this publication, would no longer find room for the smallest apprehension.

After demonstrating the difficulties in the way of the *embarkation* of the French troops, and the dangers that await the armament *on the ocean*, before it approaches our shores, the author supposes it arrived in safety at a single point; "for it is necessary," he observes, "that if the force is divided, not only the chances of some part of it being intercepted are multiplied, but the probabilities of its ultimate and expected success are exceedingly diminished.

The *debarcation* of the French army, is the most interesting sub-

ject for speculative remark that can occur upon the question of invasion. The author's observations on this point we shall therefore quote at length.

"Our advice-boats spread over the enemy's coast will, no doubt, give notice of the approach and destination of such a force; the sailing of such an armament, unless provided with the ring of the Caliph, or of Jack the Giant-killer, must undoubtedly be perceived by the telescopes of those on shore, at a considerable distance. In either case, the natural, the necessary progress of such a mighty body, will afford sufficient time to those on shore to remove from the coast whatever may be of the least use to an enemy; horses, cattle, provisions, grain, even hay will be removed some miles up the country, and what cannot be transported ought to be burnt. Making every allowance for the state of the weather and of the ocean, two days will intervene between the period of such a notice, and the ranging the armament for debarkation upon our shores. A much longer period, even with a small armament, consists with experience. Consider for a moment the immense number of horses for draught, and for the troops, the prodigious number of cannon, mortars, carriages, ammunition, baggages, tents, provisions, and even forage, entrenching-tools, and a thousand other articles necessary for such an army, and such an armament? Do I exceed probability in asserting, that the debarkation of these, even in the most favourable season, above all in autumn or winter, when such an expedition would be most probably attempted, to say nothing of the collection of the various corps, the stores, provisions, and necessaries of each, at one or more given points, must at least occupy thirty days from the moment of their armaments touching ground? The experience of Buonaparte himself determines the question. In the most favourable season, in the most accessible and finest harbour, and in a sea *without tides*, ten days were necessary to land twenty-five thousand soldiers from only three hundred vessels, with the necessary stores for occupying Egypt, and that with unremitting labour. The third of that space hardly sufficed to land five or six thousand men with their muskets, and a day's provision, though he laboured day and night. What period of time is then necessary for debarking eight times that number on a shore washed by the ocean, where the ebbing and flowing of the tide render exertion for one tide of the day, indeed for any more than eight hours, entirely useless? When to this is added, the ordinary state of the weather and of the sea, at this period, it will be perceived, that the above calculation is much within the limits of probability. All this too upon the supposition of no interruption on the part of our numberless cruisers. It would be superfluous to demonstrate the absurdity of a debarkation with flat bottomed boats—they could hardly land even naked soldiers; before reaching land they would be dashed in pieces; their ammunition wetted, their carriages of every sort broken on the rocks or sands by the surf, or a flowing tide.

"Though I have proved, by demonstration, that at least one month will necessarily intervene betwixt the landing and the final debarkation, though I might have proved that double that period is necessary for a debarkation with such a force, though the present state of our navy entitles me to assert that no landing whatever would be permitted to take place, or a single vessel engaged in it to return to the port of France, I will concede to our *croakers* more than they can even demand, I shall take it for granted that only one half of that period, or fifteen days only must necessarily elapse between the landing and de-

Marketing of the armament of Buonaparte. To these fifteen days some addition is necessary to recruit the health of the soldiers, sickened and debilitated by their ~~etc~~ voyage, to refresh and invigorate the horses, jaded and fatigued by their continuance on shipboard. For this purpose, and for the repair and restoration of the different kinds of carriages, and others unavoidably broken, disjointed, or lost by the embarkation, and the debarkation on our coast, six days are necessary. Twenty-one days, at the least possible computation, must elapse; (indeed double that number is indispensibly requisite) before the army could begin their march; a period sufficient, with one half the patriotism, and one third of the force locked up in this island, to crush the greatest force that France ever brought to the field.

The remarks respecting the *march of the invading army*, will be read with no less interest; and we recommend the whole to our readers, as the production of a well-informed mind, and particularly entitled to attention at this critical moment.

DRAMATIC.

The British Drama, comprehending the best Plays in the English Language. 8vo. 3 Vol. in 5 Parts, Miller.

A JUDICIOUS dramatic selection has long been, confessedly, a desideratum in literature, on account of the difficulty that has hitherto existed, of procuring, in a convenient form, the favourite productions of the British stage. Many of the best plays in the language were not to be obtained except in a detached state, and others were only to be found in a complete edition of the works of their respective authors, so that a lover of the drama was reduced to the necessity either of scattering his room with heaps of pamphlets, or loading his shelves with numerous volumes, of which the dramatic contents bore but a small proportion to the bulk of foreign matter.

To obviate this difficulty appears to have been the wish of the editor of these elegant volumes, which are published in a style that reflect the highest credit on his taste and judgment. As tragedy, comedy, and farce, possess entirely distinct characters, a volume is devoted to each, which together, he observes, will, it is presumed, "be found to constitute a commodious, cheap, and judicious dramatic library, while the public will find the advantage of arrangement, in being able to procure either volume *separately*, if there should be any persons who exclusively prefer either species of composition. Even those who are equally attached to both will feel the advantage of this classification, as it will the more readily enable them to indulge the taste of the moment, whether it tend to the grave or the gay; and as each play has been chronologically arranged, the reflecting mind will be able to see the progressive

changes that have taken place in dramatic composition, and mark the distinct æra of improvement."

To each of the volumes is prefixed a brief sketch of the birth and progress of the Muse, to whose productions it is exclusively devoted; where the editor undertakes "to vindicate the superior excellencies of the modern drama, over the boasted claims of Greece," and asserts that an examination into the state of the various theatres of Europe would incontestibly prove the truth of his remark, that "Britain possesses as decided a preeminence in this branch of literature over contemporary nations, as she does over remote antiquity." On this head our readers are at liberty to adopt their own sentiments; we cannot however but observe that these essays are written with uncommon neatness, and evidently prove their author a man of genius and a scholar.

The volumes are elegantly printed in double columns, uniformly with the Edinburgh edition of the British Poets, by Dr. Anderson, to which work the British Drama will be found to be a most useful and valuable appendage.

A few Observations in Defence of the scenic Exhibitions at the Royalty Theatre, and on the intolerant Censure of the Drama in General, contained in the "Solemn Protest" of the Rev. Thomas Thirlwall, M. A. in the Name of the Society for the Suppression of Vice; by John Percival, Esq. 8vo. pp. 42. Griffiths.

Of Mr. Thirlwall's intolerant pamphlet we already have decidedly given our opinion. In the defence of the drama before us, we must own that some of its points are ably combated. Mr. Percival, however, has attacked the Society for the suppression of vice in terms by far too general, and we by no means feel disposed to coincide with him in his censures on that useful and respectable body.

Valentine and Orson, a Romantic Melo-Drame, as performed at Covent-Garden Theatre. By T. Dibdin. Barker.

MR. DIBDIN has judiciously chosen a story familiar to us from our childhood, and produced from it a dramatic spectacle of equal interest and merit.

The Sailor's Daughter: a Comedy, in Five Acts, now performing at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. Lackington Allen and Co.

THIS comedy, it is needless to observe, met with no very favourable reception on the stage. In the closet, it will be found to be better entitled to attention.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.
 The Imitation of Life--The Mirror of Manners--The Representation of Truth.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

REMARKS UPON THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY MR. SEYMOUR.

WE have already given various specimens of Mr. Seymour's capacity as a commentator on Shakespeare; but that the plan of publication, which we announced in our twelfth volume, p. 187, may be more clearly understood, we shall now extract some passages from the *preface* which he means shall accompany his ingenious annotations, when they appear in their regular order before the public.

"After the labours," says Mr. S. "of so many acute and judicious men as, during almost a century past, have successively applied their talents to rectify and explain the works of Shakespeare, it might reasonably be supposed that little room was left for further observation; that an authentic, or at least an approved text, was firmly established; that all inaccuracies were repaired or noted; that the viciousness of interpolation, and the ignorance or idleness of transcribers and reciters, were no longer to be confounded with the effusions of the poet, and that every passage which had languished in the trammels of obscurity was, at length, either redeemed to illustration, or abandoned finally to impervious darkness; but a review of the plays, as they have been presented to the public by the last editor, will shew that such expectations remain, even yet, unfulfilled.

"It is true, indeed, the circumstances attending our great dramatist and his productions must ever leave questionable the authority even of the best copies; for, excepting a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, we shall not, perhaps, find a single play that is not evidently corrupted; and there exists no other rule whereby we can distinguish the genuine from the spurious parts, but that internal evidence which critical discernment may be able to extract from a patient and minute examination of the earliest copies, the consciousness of a peculiar and predominating style, and the sagacious per-

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ception of an original design, howsoever adulterated or deranged by innovation or unskilfulness.

"On this ground, possibly, a rational hypothesis of purity may be erected, whenever there shall come forth a combination of talents and industry sufficient for the task: this, however, is a latitude of criticism, to which no editor, as yet, has extended his enquiry: they have all been satisfied with delivering the text of each drama as they found it, with preference occasionally to the readings of different impressions; and if the choice they made be deemed judicious, so much of their undertakings has been performed; but, with regard to those anomalies, in which the measure, construction, and sense are often found vitiated, they appear to have been strangely negligent, and, sometimes, more strangely mistaken. The absence of meaning can never be excused; the disregard of syntax is no less reprehensible; and every poetic ear must be offended by metrical dissonance; yet all these faults abound, without even a comment, in the last edition of Shakespeare's plays.

"Upon examining the compositions before us, we must presently discern two different kinds of imperfections, one of them the result of haste or idleness; the other, of habitual inaccuracy. Those which were produced by mere inadvertency, whether of the poet himself, or his transcriber, and where concord, prosody, and reason unite in suggesting the true expression, should at once, perhaps, without scruple or remark, be set right in the text.

"The other more compendious as well as mischievous class of errors, are those indigests of grammar, both in words and phrases, which are not, indeed, confined to this author, but equally disfigure the works of others, and are, unhappily, to be found in the volumes of writers the most applauded for correctness and elegance of diction. The frequency of these impurities, and the eminence of the names from which they seem to derive countenance, so far from furnishing any argument in their defence, present the strongest reason for their condemnation; since vicious modes and practices should always be resisted with a zeal proportioned to the danger arising from the prevalence of custom and the seduction of example: and though much of what is here complained of cannot now be reformed, it should at least be noted, to prevent what is really erroneous from being sanctioned by authority, or multiplied by adoption. But the most pernicious, as well as copious source of disorder, in these works, is what has poured into almost every page of them, a torrent of interpolation, which, bearing on its surface the form of antiquity, has been so mixed and blended with the rest, as to be, at

this day, not to the careless reader only, but to the most discerning critics, not very clearly distinguishable; and he who, with the efficacy of just discrimination, and in the confidence allied to great ability, should declare, "Thus far our poet wrote; the rest is all imposture:" would claim and deserve a place, "*velut inter ignes luna minores*," supereminent, indeed, above all his competitors, in the honour of illustrating Shakespeare. This, however, were a project, to the execution of which the present remarker professes himself incompetent. He will, therefore, confine his endeavours to that field of scrutiny which has bounded the ambition of men, much better qualified than he is, to extend its limits; assuming only, as a datum, what no one will deny, *that interpolation does exist, and is frequent*; and resting thereon, conjointly with the excellence of the poetry, which indisputably is our author's, an argument, that very few of the ungrammatical, unmetrical, or unmeaning sentences, exhibited in these works, have issued from his pen.

"As to prosody, or the unskilfulness in that art, so commonly imputed to our author, no charge was ever more unsubstantial; for, to say nothing of Venus and Adonis, the Rape of Lucrece, and the Sonnets, all which are finished with a kind of fastidious regularity, there are numberless verses and scenes in the plays, which prove he had an ear as correctly tuned as that of Pope, but far surpassing him in true and various melody, and equal, if not superior, even to Milton himself. Whenever, therefore, we find a passage of general excellence and beauty, disfigured by an uncouth line, or a line itself decrepid or unwieldy, we may reasonably conclude it is the effect of either unfaithful recitation, or hasty transcription."

With respect to the use made by Shakespeare of the dissyllabic and trisyllabic termination, Mr. S. observes thus: "This occasional redundancy is, certainly, as Dennis remarked, an improvement in our dramatic metre; though that critic is mistaken, in ascribing to Shakespeare either the invention of it, or the frequent introduction of the trisyllabic ending: the latter, in truth, is rarely resorted to by our poet, and very few instances of it can be collected throughout his works: neither is the dissyllabic an improvement absolutely; it is no further so, than as it varies and extends the general harmony, and, therefore, should not be called forth too often; but if we find it here, in three successive lines, we shall not want evidence of similar or greater freedom in writers, whose numbers are supposed to be more correct; as in Otway, with whom it abounds, and in Rowe, whose distinguishing merit seems to be the smoothness of

his versification. But let us turn to instances more apposite, and compare these casual superfluities with such as are exhibited by contemporaries; by Jonson, Massinger, and Fletcher; who are not satisfied with an incidental or moderate use of the redundant ending, but seem, especially the two latter, to prefer it; giving it place sometimes, without intermission, for many lines, and certainly, throughout their works, with more continuity than the regular heroic.

"But there is, further, a conspicuous blemish in the verse of these writers, from which Shakespeare is entirely free: the dissyllabic ending is only admissible where the accent reposes on the penultima, and is followed by a weak syllable of a constituent word, as

"His mother was a votress of my order."

or, at least, by a monosyllable, that is, nearly mute, as

"To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on."

And in this manner only does our poet employ it, and rather, as it appears, through expediency than choice; whereas, his co-rivals of the day are so enamoured of the excess, that they will often prodigally burthen the ear, to obtain it, at the expence of a new, distinct, and emphatic word.

"This uncouth exuberance, so prevalent with Beaumont and Fletcher, as well as Massinger, that it disfigures the greater part of their poetry, is so uncongenial to the style of Shakespeare, that none of his interpolators has ventured to impose it on us, and the poorest lines that bear his name are, with the noblest, alike exempt from it: thus it is evident, that, instead of regarding our poet as chargeable with ruggedness of composition, we should esteem him rather, an exemplar of metrical harmony, and freely join in the praise which Jonson has bestowed on

—"His well-ton'd and true-filed lines,"

"The object of the present design is, first, to point out some instances of readings in the early copies, which seem preferable to those adopted by the last editor; secondly, to substitute order for derangement, by dismissing from the text all such words as have intruded to disturb the metre, without any benefit to the sense, as well as to restore others that have been omitted, to the detriment of both;* in the third place, to expose the grammatical anomalies,

* In the twilight obscurity of this vast region, where vagrant opinion will, often, be allured by vanity, that ignis fatuus, to tread the perilous wilds of conjecture 'I pull in resolution.' It will doubtless be objected, by some, that I am here transgressing the boundaries assigned to the critic, who, though licensed by

of what kind soever they are; and lastly, to attempt an exposition of many passages, occult or dubious, which appear to have been, by the commentators, either overlooked or misinterpreted. The readings adopted from the early quartos, and proposed for preference, shall appear in their places, as will the notes which are offered in elucidation. It might seem proper here to make some remarks upon the violations of syntax, that occur in these works; but, after a close examination, I believe it will be found that very few of those irregularities are justly ascribable to Shakespeare, and hardly any of them peculiar to him, so that the strictures which they would call forth, must necessarily wander into an abstract treatise of philology; they shall, therefore, be referred to the several passages, with care (in instances similar) to avoid the tediousness of repetition, by a significant mark, or by reference to what had preceded.

“ Nothing now remains, by way of preface, but to say a few words upon the notes, which are presented, in illustration: of these, a few will be advanced, with confidence, as the suggestions of some valued friends, eminently qualified for any work of criticism, and intimately conversant with the genuine style and spirit of our poet.

prescription to commend or censure, can claim no privilege to alter: unquestionably, where the text of an author has come attested to the world, as his own unadulterated performance, any attempts at emendation are unwarrantable, and I have always viewed, with indignant astonishment, the desperate temerity of Bentley, as exercised on Milton; but if we, for a moment, contemplate the different circumstances attending that great poet and our dramatist, we must perceive that no comparison, on this ground, can be made between them. During the life time of Milton, two genuine editions of the *Paradise Lost* were published; and, besides the change in the number and disposition of the Books, in the second copy, we see, by a new title page, and a table of errata, annexed, but two years afterwards, to the first, that the illustrious author had bestowed upon it the greatest attention, even to the most minute peculiarities of orthography: how foreign from this is the case of Shakespeare! Unmindful of every thing but his ease and profit, and wholly indifferent to the applause of posterity, he abandoned his works to the disposition of chance; and they came forth, accordingly, altered, augmented, and depraved, as suited, alternately, the caprice, the avarice, and the ignorance of players, managers, and publishers. Upon a revival, therefore, of compositions so abused, correction cannot, fairly, be deemed arrogance, nor alteration sacrilege; and if casual improvement be not imperiously dictated, but modestly suggested; not imposed as authentic, but submitted as convenient; not rashly usurping a station in the text, but humbly waiting for judgment in the margin, and implicitly abiding the sentence of the reader, whether for acceptance or rejection, the attempt will at least be pardonable.

The notes by these gentlemen, though of themselves they might be sufficiently distinguishable, shall be marked with an initial letter, C. S. or L. Concerning the others, the author of them will neither affect modesty, nor display arrogance: they will, doubtless, in many instances be found weak, superfluous, and erroneous; but so likewise have been not a few of those, to which are annexed names with whom it may be honourable to be associated, even in miscarriage: thus far only, will he presume to emulate his critical predecessors, in a desire to make the brightness of Shakespeare's genius, still more conspicuous, and should it be found that he has effected this purpose in any material degree, his ambition will be gratified, and his industry rewarded.*

CURSORY REMARKS

ON

THE PHILOCTETES OF SOPHOCLES.

SOPHOCLES has committed, in the latter part of the play, a strange oversight, for Philoctetes say,

οἶτε σὺ καθυβρισαν
Γερας παλῆρος συλῶντες, οἱ τοῦ ἀθλίου
Αἰαντ' ὥλων σὺ παλῆρος ὕσερον δικη
Οδυσσεως κριναν.—1414.

For the only time when Ajax is, except in the present instance, *mentioned*, is in the intelligence given of his death by Neoptolemus, at which Philoctetes expresses his surprise. Vide 425.

And indeed it would be highly improbable, if not impossible, that Philoctetes should be acquainted with this event. But this very same objection still remains, with regard to the dispute of Ajax and Ulysses; unless it should be argued in defence, that he (Philoctetes) might have been informed of it by the mariners who occasionally touched there. Vide 320, and 508. But surely, if that were the case, he would also have heard of Ajax's death, which followed so immediately; or, at least, have questioned Neoptolemus respecting the event.

We must therefore confess that Sophocles has been inaccurate, or, which is nearer the truth, some preceding passage, relative to the one in question, has not escaped the hand of time.

Dr. Franklin, however, in his translation, makes no application of persons :

“ I rather had believed
Thou wouldst have sent me far, far off from those
Who have defrauded thee of thy just right,
And gave thy arms away.”

V. 1049. Change *ψυχην* to *φην*.

Thus 549. *Δοικον εισοικησιν*.

Euripides Hec. *νυμφον τ' ανυμφον*, &c.

A form of speech frequent in the tragic and comic poets.

V. 884. Read the line thus :

Ἀλγῆς ὕπνος ἰσθλος. For though Neoptolemus says, v. 848, that his body distilled with sweat, yet *αλγῆς* cannot be admitted ; as sleep accompanied with perspiration, could no more further their design, than if they were not combined ; whereas, by the proposed alteration, the sense will be this : sleep gives us opportunity for flight.

V. 36. *καὶ πυρεῖ οἱ μὲ ταῖς* is interpreted “ jars, or pipkins,” perhaps made of clay, and hardened by fire. Franklin translates it, “ a few sticks for fuel.” This is certainly better ; but I think it would be more significant, if construed “ flints ;” as in a subsequent part of the play, Philoctetes himself (V. 308) says,

——— *εἶτα πῦρ ἀν' ἐ παρην*
Ἀλλ' ἐν πετρείοις πετρὸν ἐκτρίβων, μόλις
Ἐφην' ἀφαντὸν φῶς, ὃ καὶ σῶζει μ' αἶε.

(See a former note.) We have a word similar to this in our own language ; viz, “ firestone.” Thus *πυρεον* from *πυρ*, fire.

V. 130. Alter *τεκνον* to *τεχνον*. For though the chorus (Verse 141) and Philoctetes (248) call Neoptolemus *τεκνον*, yet Ulysses never does. Besides, the tragic poets generally use the penultimate short in *τεκνον*, as in the instance above quoted (248) 312, and 482. And this not only in *τεκνον*, but frequently in words of the same kind, as *ικνεμαι*, 484, &c.

V. 1435. Read *με* for *γε*.

V. 1498. Instead of

——— *ἡ γὰρ εὐσεβεία συνδνησκει βροτοῖς*
Κῆν ζῶσι, κῆν θανῶσι, καὶ ἀπολλύται.

Read

——— *ἡ γὰρ εὐσεβεία ἐ δνησκει βροτοῖς.*

For the succeeding line plainly shews this must be the sense; it also accords with Franklin's translation.

piety;

Whether we live or die, that still survives
Beyond the reach of fate, and is immortal.

V. 624, and 1112.

‘Ο παντ’ ἀκων αἰσχροὶ καὶ λαβητ’ ἐπη.
Ἀκυσσομαι μὲν ὡς ἐφυν οἴκτῃ πλεουσ.

This phraseology is not peculiar to the Greeks. Thus Horace,
Jane Pater, seu tu Quirine libentius audis.
I quote from memory.

G. K. R.

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

No. X.

ON TRAGEDY. BY DR. BLAIR.

[Continued from p. 269.]

ENGLISH TRAGEDY.

IT only now remains to speak of the state of tragedy in Great Britain; the general character of which is, that it is more animated and passionate than French tragedy, but more irregular and incorrect, and less attentive to decorum and to elegance. The pathetic, it must always be remembered, is the soul of tragedy. The English, therefore, must be allowed to have aimed at the highest species of excellence; though, in the execution, they have not always joined the other beauties that ought to accompany the pathetic.

The first object which presents itself to us on the English theatre, is the great Shakespeare. Great he may be justly called, as the extent and force of his natural genius, both for tragedy and comedy, are altogether unrivalled.* But, at the same time, it is

* The character which Dryden has drawn of Shakespeare is not only just, but uncommonly elegant and happy. “He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not labouriously, but luckily. When he describes any thing, you more than see it; you feel it too. They who accuse him of wanting learning, give him the greatest

genius shooting wild; deficient in just taste, and altogether unassisted by knowledge or art. Long has he been idolized by the British nation; much has been said, and much has been written concerning him; criticism has been drawn to the very dregs, in commentaries upon his words and witticisms; and yet it remains, to this day, in doubt, whether his beauties, or his faults, be greatest.—Admirable scenes, and passages, without number, there are in his plays; passages beyond what are to be found in any other dramatic writer; but there is hardly any one of his plays which can be called altogether a good one, or which can be read with uninterrupted pleasure from beginning to end. Besides extreme irregularities in conduct, and grotesque mixtures of serious and comic in one piece, we are often interrupted by unnatural thoughts, harsh expressions, a certain obscure bombast, and a play upon words, which he is fond of pursuing; and these interruptions to our pleasure too frequently occur, on occasions when we would least wish to meet with them. All these faults, however, Shakespeare redeems, by two of the greatest excellencies which any tragic poet can possess; his lively and diversified paintings of character; his strong and natural expressions of passion. These are his two chief virtues; on these his merit rests. Notwithstanding his many absurdities, all the while we are reading his plays, we find ourselves in the midst of our fellows; we meet with men, vulgar perhaps in their manners, coarse or harsh in their sentiments, but still they are men; they speak with human voices, and are actuated by human passions; we are interested in what they say or do, because we feel that they are of the same nature with ourselves. It is therefore no matter of wonder, that, from the more polished and regular, but more cold and artificial performances of other poets, the public should return with pleasure to such warm and genuine representations of human nature. Shakespeare possesses, likewise, the merit of having created, for himself, a sort of world of præter-natural beings. His witches, ghosts, fairies, and spirits of all kinds, are described with such circumstances of awful and mysterious solemnity, and speak commendation. He was naturally learned. He needed not the spectacles of books to read nature. He looked inward, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike. Were he so, I should do him injury to compare him to the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches; his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him." Dryden's Essay of Dramatic Poetry.

a language so peculiar to themselves, as strongly to affect the imagination. His two master-pieces, and in which, in my opinion, the strength of his genius chiefly appears, are *Othello* and *Macbeth*. With regard to his historical plays, they are, properly speaking, neither tragedies nor comedies; but a peculiar species of dramatic entertainment, calculated to describe the manners of the times of which he treats, to exhibit the principal characters, and to fix our imagination on the most interesting events and revolutions of our own country.*

After the age of Shakespeare, we can produce, in the English language, several detached tragedies of considerable merit. But we have not many dramatic writers, whose whole works are entitled either to particular criticism, or very high praise. In the tragedies of Dryden and Lee, there is much fire, but mixed with much fustian and rant. Lee's "*Theodosius, or the Force of Love*," is the best of his pieces, and, in some of the scenes, does not want tenderness and warmth; though romantic in the plan, and extravagant in the sentiments. Otway was endowed with a high portion of the tragic spirit; which appears to great advantage in his two principal tragedies, "*The Orphan*," and "*Venice Preserved*." In these he is, perhaps, too tragic, the distresses being so deep as to tear and overwhelm the mind. He is a writer, doubtless, of genius and strong passion; but, at the same time, exceedingly gross and indelicate. No tragedies are less moral than those of Otway. There are no generous or noble sentiments in them; but a licentious spirit often discovers itself. He is the very opposite of the French decorum; and has contrived to introduce obscenity and indecent allusions, into the midst of deep tragedy.

Rowe's tragedies make a contrast to those of Otway. He is full of elevated and moral sentiments. The poetry is often good, and the language always pure and elegant; but in most of his plays he is too cold and uninteresting; and flowery rather than tragic. Two, however, he has produced, which deserve to be exempted from this censure, *Jane Shore* and *the Fair Penitent*; in both of which, there are so many tender and truly pathetic scenes, as to render them justly favourites of the public.

Dr. Young's *Revenge*, is a play which discovers genius and fire;

* See an excellent defence of Shakespeare's Historical Plays, and several just observations on his peculiar excellencies as a tragic poet, in Mrs. Montague's Essay on the writings and genius of Shakespeare.

but wants tenderness, and turns too much upon the shocking and direful passions. In Congreve's *Mourning Bride* there are some fine situations, and much good poetry. The two first acts are admirable. The meeting of Almeria with her husband Osmyn, in the tomb of Anselmo, is one of the most solemn and striking situations to be found in any tragedy. The defects in the catastrophe I pointed out in the last lecture. Mr. Thompson's tragedies are too full of a stiff morality, which renders them dull and formal. *Tancred and Sagismunda* far excel the rest; and for the plot, the characters, and sentiments, justly deserve a place among the best English tragedies. Of later pieces, and of living authors, it is not my purpose to treat.

Upon the whole, reviewing the tragic compositions of different nations, the following conclusions arise. A Greek tragedy is the relation of any distressful or melancholy incident; sometimes the effect of passion or crime; oftener of the decree of the gods simply exposed; without much variety of parts or events, but naturally and beautifully set before us; heightened by the poetry of the chorus. A French tragedy is a series of artful and refined conversations, founded upon a variety of tragical and interesting situations; carried on with little action and vehemence; but with much poetical beauty, and high propriety and decorum. An English tragedy is the combat of strong passions, set before us in all their violence; producing deep disasters, often irregularly conducted, abounding in action, and filling the spectators with grief. The ancient tragedies were more natural and simple; the modern are more artful and complex. Among the French there is more correctness, among the English more fire. *Andromaque* and *Zayre* soften; *Othello* and *Venice Preserved* rend the heart. It deserves remark, that three of the greatest master-pieces of the French tragic theatre turn wholly upon religious subjects: the *Athalie* of Racine, the *Polyeucte* of Corneille, and the *Zayre* of Voltaire. The first is founded upon an historical passage of the Old Testament; in the other two, the distress arises from the zeal and attachment of the principal personages to the christian faith; and in all the three, the authors have, with much propriety, availed themselves of the majesty which may be derived from religious ideas.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE,
TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY J. H. L. HUNT.

Poichè il soave stile, e'l dolce canto
Sperar non lice più per questo bosco,
Ricominciate, O Muse, il vostro pianto!

Piangi colle sacrate, opaco, e-fosco,
E voi cave spelonche, e grotte oscure
Ululando venite a pianger mosco!

Lacimate voi, fiumi ignudi, e cassi.
D'ogni dolcezza, e voi fontane, e rivi
Fermate il corso, e ritenete i passi!

E tu, che fra le selve occulta vivi,
Eco, mesta rispondi alle parole,
E, quant' io parlo, per gli tronchi scrivi!

Sannaz. Eclog. Undecim. v. 2.

ADIEU, wi' a' thy wood-notes wild,
Thy rural pipe sae sweetly mild,
Thy song that mony a sigh beguil'd
In Sorrow's breast;
Adieu, Misfortune's tuneful child;
Thou'rt gane to rest!

Tho' wealth and simple pride refuse
To weep a persecuted Muse,
Love, whom ye sang sae sweet, tear-dews
Thy honour'd tomb;
And o'er thee mony a flow'ret strews
O' gayest bloom.

Fond Spring for thee around the plough
Sha' wreathe her willow's greenest bough;
And smiling Love's warm hallow'd vow
Breathe on thy grave;
Or whisper where yon* hill below
The dark trees wave.

* An acquaintance of Burns thus describes a ramble he took with the poet through the grounds that surround the seat of the Duke of Atholl:---“ It was already growing dark; yet the softened, though faint and uncertain view of their beauties, which the moon-light afforded us, seemed exactly suited to the

Oft when the dying breeze sha' seek
 Wi' murm'ring kiss the ev'ning's cheek,
 And rustling whispers fitfu' break
 Fra' twilight grove,
 Remembrance o'er the wild sha' wake
 Thy pipe o' Love.

And oft where Tilt's hoarse-dashing wave
 Hears round the rock his wild stream rave,
 Yon woods, that, as the storm they brave,
 Mourn o'er the flood,
 Sha' murmur to each sullen cave,
 In music rude :

While, as thy songs o' freedom sound,
 The mighty spirits pour around,
 Of Scots† wha hae on patriot ground,
 Wi' Wallace bled ;
 The groves wi' awful grandeur crown'd
 Bow to the dead !

The flood's majestic genius rears
 His furrow'd front sublime in years,

state of his feelings at the time. I had often, like others, experienced the pleasures which arise from the sublime or elegant landscape, but I never saw those feelings so intense as in Burns. When we reached a rustic hut on the river Tilt, where it is overhung by a woody precipice, from which there is a noble water-fall, he threw himself on the heathy seat, and gave himself up to a tender, abstracted, and voluptuous enthusiasm of imagination. I cannot help thinking it might have been here that he conceived the idea of the following lines, which he afterwards introduced into his poem on Bruar Water, when only fancying such a combination of objects as were now present to his eye.

Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
 Mild, checquering thro' the trees,
 Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
 Hoarse swelling to the breeze.

It was with much difficulty I prevailed on him to quit this spot.

Life of Burns.

† In the midst of the storm on the wilds of Kenmore, Burns was rapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day he produced me the following address of Bruce to his troops:

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," &c.

Life of Burns.

And as the swelling pomp he hears,
Rolls his dark eye,
And shakes the reeds wreath'd o'er his ears,
Tumbling fra' high.

Night silent comes; the hero band
Sit pond'ring on their native land;
Tilt half enchains wi' rugged band
His moon-lit wave;
The woods in sullen murmurs grand
Soothe the stern brave!

How solemn thus, when life's aw'd sight
Looks in the grave, the day ance bright
Spread wi' dark clouds, to view its light,
Steal fra' the eye;
And ponder on the gath'ring night,
Futurity!

But night is gane; the smiling morn
Beams over Tilt's rock-broken burn;
Awa' the fairy vision's torn;
And truth ance mair
Points where *his* lyre lies a' forlorn,
The charm o' ayr!

Ah, (blush, ye proud, on wealth wha doat!)
The tune o' life ha' lost its note,
While yet upon his lyre could float
The blythsome strain;
His lips they were a' pleasure swote,
His heart a' pain!

But in the grave na wealthy scorn
Frowns on the Muse's blushing morn;
Nor fra' her tear-dew'd brow is torn
The wither'd wreath;
That cherish'd by no dews, forlorn,
Shrunk into death!

Yet shouldst thou scorn a hundred deaths,
On Scotia's wild red-blossom'd heaths,

For Burns they weave immortal wreaths;
Fra' ev'ry grove
His lay each ruby lip soft breathes,
That talks o' love !

Adieu, wi' a' thy wood-notes wild,
Thy rural pipe sae sweetly mild,
Thy song that mony a sigh beguil'd
In Sorrow's breast ;
Adieu, Misfortune's tuneful child,
Thou'rt gane to rest !

THE SYLPHID.

Soft the pleasure, sweet the pain,
As Philomel's unrivall'd strain,
Wafting on the odorous air,
Soothing every rising care,
Awakes the moon, with aspect mild,
And the Eve's bewitching child,
The evening star, the sign of love
That views the secrets of the grove,
And silence keeps—the Sylphids fair
Hold their revels in the air ;
Or in forests' gloomy shade,
Frequent each nook or secret glade ;
As they charm the list'ning skies,
With the choicest ecstasies ;
And lull the falling moon to sleep,
Neath yonder craggy mossy steep ;
Where lapt in sweet Endymion's arms,
She gives him all her secret charms ;
Then they weave the colours bright,
Which enchant men's wandering sight,
When falling drops descend in showers,
To scent the dale and amorous bowers ;
Where lovers fast asleep are laid,
Secur'd with caution in the shade.
How oft amid the silent night,
The Sylphs their tender songs indite,
And chaunt their strains along the air ;
Sometimes fraught with amorous care,

Sometimes on a purple zone,
Captivate the rising moon ;
Sometimes basking near a rill,
Murmuring soft with magic skill,
Till the listener, wooing pain,
Thinks he hears a tender strain,
On the zephyr gently call,
To hear the roaring water fall ;
Ofttimes on the buoyant Sale,
Tells a fancied, frightful tale,
Of death, t' alarm the wanderer by,
Then giggle at his misery :
Or when with sportive thoughts inclin'd,
She fills a modest virgin's mind,
When fast asleep no fear of harm,
With every kind display, to charm
The lovely boy, who in her dreams
A little sportive Cupid seems ;
And when the wisht-for kiss is nigh,
The visions with the Sylphid fly :
Her lover likewise feels the power,
At lonely midnight's sacred hour ;
Over rocks and gloomy woods,
Over vales and dangerous floods,
Over seas and mountains high,
The lover's fancies smoothly fly ;
And when he gains the odorous Ind,
With the swiftness of the wind,
He finds the enchanting lovely prize,
The beauteous vision cruel dies !—
He wakes—the Sylphid skips away,
Affrighted at the dawn of day ;
Gliding on the rays of morn,
She gives her lovers to adorn
Apollo's rosy fragrant car,
Like the crimson god of war ;
And at spring profusely throws
The purple violet and the rose
O'er the sweet and verdant lawn,
Scenting all the dews of morn ;
And at summer's closing eve
Cloaths of flowery texture weave,

For the hoyden and the boy,
 Who in many a fold employ
 Unrival'd skill and pleasing art
 In acting well the lover's part.
Abergavenny. LAOCOON.

THE SHIPWRECKED BOY.

Δεινὸν δ' ἔστι θάνατον μετὰ κωμασίν. Hesiod.

BY N. HOWARD.

SAD child, by frowning poverty deprest,
 With vestment dank, and wildly-dripping hair,
 The prey of ev'ry blast,
 Hurl'd in the tempest round.

Ah torn, perhaps, ah torn, in infant years,
 From tender parents, and from shelt'ring home,
 How throbs thy guileless breast,
 Made bare by the rude wind !

The laughing Loves forsake thy radiant eyes,
 Yet piteous leave their brilliants on thy lids,
 Which chase each other down,
 In glitt'ring drops of woe.

Ah harmless boy ! yet doom'd to suffer pain,
 To hear loud cordage lash the groaning mast,
 While wat'ry mountains huge
 Roar dread destruction round.

Ah ! hapless ! born to give thy little life
 To the wide-gaping sea, or mingling storm ;
 Or 'mid the fractur'd wrecks,
 Or floating corpses pale,

'Tis thine, to hear hoarse seamen's dying groans,
 To witness heaps of hanging waters dire,
 When steers with belly'd sail
 No friendly saving bark.

'Tis thine, perhaps, to die in deserts wild,
 Where no fond parent soothes thy parting soul !
 Unknown, to die unblest,
 A naked bleaching corse,

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That owns no decent grave, no letter'd pile,
But doom'd the prey of fierce voracious fowls,
While friends may ardent wish,
Yet strangers to thy fate,

The safe return of injur'd innocence !
When thou, perhaps, no more wilt e'er return,
To taste parental bliss,
Or soothe declining age.

Then share, come share with me my humble shed,
Amid my little sons be truly blest,
And heal with friendly balms,
Thy sufferings and thy toils.

EDWIN.

BY ARTHUR OWEN, ESQ.

THE gales, across the heathy gloom,
In pausing sounds convey,
The tidings that another tomb
Is waiting for its prey.

'Tis his ! the child of feeling dear—
'Tis Edwin's passing bell !
E'en Pity's self lets fall a tear,
As tolls the fatal knell.

Why heaven ?—down impious heart; nor dare
To dictate to thy God ;
He surely knoweth whom to spare—
On whom to lay the rod.

Young Edwin to illustrious birth
Could proudly lay no claim;
Far better—his own modest worth
Adorn'd his humble name.

Nurs'd among thorns the flow'ret grew,
No tender hand was there,
To bring its beauties forth to view,
Or guard from noxious air :

While in the finish'd border's side,
See base exotics spread
Their tasteless bells, in conscious pride,
Sole tenants of the bed.

He ever felt another's woe
With unaffected grief,
Nor thought with some that to bestow
An ear could bring relief.

No; active charity was his,
And deeply did he scorn
The hollow world, that proffers bliss—
But leaves the wretch forlorn;

The peasant's sorrowing soul to ease
He journey'd many a mile,
And what he gave was sure to please—
'Twas given with a smile.

Each knee receiv'd a chubby wight,
Who, proud the place to share,
Would turn his buttons to the light,
"To see their pictures there;"

Or tell, with hands twin'd o'er their heads,
His arms about them cast,
Of all their joys—of all their dreads,
Since they had seen him last.

The taunts of those, who should have bless'd
His efforts meant to save,
Rais'd no resentment in his breast—
He pitied, and forgave.

Lost in the dream which genius knows,
His fancy would arise,
Forget this "little scene" of woes,
And glowing seek the skies;

Oft have I mark'd him by yon hut,
His eyes fix'd on the ground,
Ranging the pebbles with his foot,
Nor heeding those around.

x x x

The worldling's vain pursuits to him
No winning lure possess'd,
Yet harmless mirth or guileless whim
Did ever cheer his breast.

At times in nature-prompted lays
His thoughts would he impart,
Which only claim'd the lowly praise—
Of flowing from the heart.

But though his strains no polish knew,
Nor ancient classic lore,
Yet from his reader's eye they drew
A tear—he wish'd no more.

The tinkling stream, that speeds along
Yon woody sinuous vale,
Hath often heard his artless song
His sympathetic tale;

On its glad banks in some lone nook,
Emboss'd with musky flowers,
He'd hang enraptur'd o'er his book,
Through evening's pensive hours;

Or watch the feather on its tide
Approach the eddying whirl,
Now colly steal from side to side—
Now to destruction twirl.

While moralizing on the sight
A pearly drop would gem
His eyelid, with which Pity might
Have deck'd her diadem.

Such were the pleasures he pursu'd,
The charms of nature stole
His soft affections, and subdu'd
His wild romantic soul.

Still would he ever humbly kneel,
And thank that great first cause,
That God who gives the power to feel,
Who fram'd earth's wond'rous laws.

Poor Edwin ! eighteen springs had he
 Scarce witness'd here below,
 When Fate's inscrutable decree
 Dealt out the mortal blow.

Disease assail'd his slender frame,
 He, smiling, welcom'd death—
 When leaning on a Saviour's name,
 To him resign'd his breath.

Poor Edwin ! 'to thy grave I'll turn,
 And musing o'er the earth,
 That covers thee, Oh ! may I learn
 To emulate thy worth.
Banks of Pimblemere.

[Mr. EDITOR,

At Ednam, in the west of Scotland, on the 22d September, the birthday of the celebrated author of the "Seasons" is kept with all the reverence due to the name of a poet universally admired, and all the enthusiasm of affection for his memory as a native of that part of the country. The bust of the bard is crowned with laurel, the nymphs and the swains foot it on the green to the sound of the tabor, and the day closes with jollity and song. A gentleman, whose friendship I hold very dear, and whose correspondence I value very much, has communicated to me the following Ode for this occasion, a copy of which I should like to see inserted in your miscellany, provided you have as great a regard for the memory of the "Poet of the Year" as has your obedient servant,

C.]

AN ODE

FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF JAMES THOMSON,

AUTHOR OF THE "SEASONS."

ALL hail, thou bright, propitious day;
 Long shalt thou be to Britain dear;
 And may thy dawning orient ray
 With lustre crown the circling year.

Awake, sweet Morn, and plume thy wing,
 With splendour smile o'er freedom's land,
 And thou Apollo give to sing,
 Thy son's sweet natal morn at hand,

And O ! dear, consecrated scene,
Still to his memory sacred be;
Rob'd rich in gay, perennial green,
May future ages Ednam see.

On thee may Spring her verdure shed,
Fair as the landscape which he drew,
And Summer all the beauties spread
His heav'n-taught Muse hath sung so true.

In Autumn may thy fertile vales
Be crown'd with sheaves, rich as his song,
And may each son of thy soft dales
Be as their poet's Winter strong.

Hither let every Scotian bard
Come, and a grateful tribute pay;
And, as a mark of true regard,
Their bays before his altar lay.

And thou, O B—, whose magic pen
A flowery garland did prepare,
Come, honour'd bard, to grace the train,
And all its kind effusions share.

O bring with thee thy Doric reed,
And from it pour a plaintive lay,
Let thy sweet Muse tell vale and mead
That Scotia loves her Thomson's clay.

And you, ye modest virgins fair,
With glowing breast this scene attend,
To crown his name a wreath prepare,
For he was yours and virtue's friend.

He well could warn your sliding hearts,
To guard against the infectious wound,
Which adulation smooth imparts,
When Ev'ning draws her curtain round.

And when on Ednam's verdant top
In modest beauty you appear,
With conscious hearts blush not to drop
For his sweet shade a tender tear.

For tho' in Richmond's hallow'd fane
In peaceful urn his ashes sleep,
Long, long shall every Scotian swain
His name in dear remembrance keep.

And oft as Time returns the day,
The day his birth hath sacred made,
Ednam shall wake the fervid lay,
To sooth her native poet's shade.

Fair-flowing Tweed, with limpid stream,
O bear its echo o'er the vale,
Bland zephyrs catch the tender theme,
And breathe it soft each balmy gale.

While Seasons roll their annual round,
While Freedom flames beneath the sky,
Some generous breast shall still be found,
For him to heave a heart-felt sigh.

Dear shade, farewell!—forgive the Muse
Does thus thy loss with grief deplore,
Her scanty wreath do not refuse,
Wet with a tear—she has no more!

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

NOTHING new has occurred, of any importance, at either of the winter theatres, since our last report. On the 15th of May, Mr. Colman commenced his season at the Haymarket. With the exception of Messrs. Blisset and Burton, Mrs. Goodall, Mrs. Atkins, and Mrs. Keys, the company consists of the same performers as were engaged last year. In the room of these absentees there is a Mr. Noble, from the Newcastle theatre, a comedian of considerable merit, who appeared, in *Lope Tocho*, in the *Mountaineers*; Mr. Weston, from the Edinburgh stage, who made his debut in *John Lump*; Miss Howells, late of Covent-Garden theatre; Mrs Taylor, from Bath; Miss Daniels, from the same theatre, a very accomplished singer, perhaps the best on the stage after Mrs. Billington and Mrs. Mountain; and Miss Woodfall, the young lady who, last year, afforded such extraordinary promise, at Drury-Lane, in the character of *Adelaide*, in the *Count of Narbonne*.

Mr. Palmer, of Drury-Lane, is re-engaged, and Mr. Bannister is to join at the close of the Drury-Lane season. The reasons for this departure from the intention, so formally and so positively declared, to establish a company totally independent of the winter houses, we are not acquainted with.

A comedy from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, called *Guilty or not Guilty?* a play by Mr. Colman; and a Grand Ballet from Mr. Fawcett, founded on Shakspeare's *Tempest*, are some of the novelties expected to be produced.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

The wonderful performances of Ireland and M'Keen, with the interesting spectacle of the "Wild-Girl," and the admirable comic pantomime of "Cybele," continue to draw crowded audiences to this beautiful theatre. The active attention of Mr. Cross, the manager, to gratify the public taste and curiosity, entitles him to that patronage which, through the whole of the season, he has so liberally experienced, and which we cannot but think a tribute due to his efforts and exertions.

ASTLEY'S NEW AMPHITHEATRE.

Whilst Mr. Astley gratifies his audience with pieces produced in a style of splendour and magnificence hitherto wholly unrivalled, we consider it as paying a compliment to the taste of the town, to state that his theatre continues to enjoy an uninterrupted career of popular favour. The serio-comic pantomime of "Benefaiso," in the course of which eighteen entirely new scenes are displayed, is one of the most striking performances we ever remember to have witnessed; and the French spectacle of the "Female Hussar," has equal interest and merit. On Monday last a grand historical national spectacle, in two parts, called "1588, or the Spanish Armada," was produced. It possesses great merit, and was received with the warmest applause.

THEATRICAL CHIT CHAT.

Drury-Lane theatre closes on the 9th of June, and Covent-Garden on the 29th. Mr. Elliston is engaged for three years, to commence the ensuing season, at the former theatre. It is said that Mr. Bannister declines the management next winter, and that it has been accepted by Mr. Elliston:—this report we are inclined to discredit.

The BRIGHTON theatre will open on the 3d of July, under the management of Mr. Brunton. On account of the respectability of this gentleman's character, and his determination to render the theatrical performances worthy of a town so immediately befriended by the PRINCE OF WALES, His Royal Highness, with the liberality and condescension which have ever distinguished him, has, we understand, authorised Mr. Brunton to announce that the theatre will open under his express sanction and patronage. Thus conducted, and thus royally distinguished, the season will, no doubt, prove more productive, (as certainly it will deserve to be) than it has been the lot of any former manager to experience. The company engaged is of the most excellent description.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre WORCESTER.—This theatre has been lately favoured with the performances of Mr. Holman, whose principal distinguishing talent in acting is in the quick transitions from one passion to another, exhibited on a fine face, the lines of which are strong, visible, and well-proportioned. His benefit brought the fashionables of this elegant city into one charming group, the beauties of which, doubtless, drew many a stray glance from the performance. Miss Sims, who has long been a favourite in the first circles of respectability and taste, for her amiable manners, and agreeable and sprightly performances, is visibly unwell, and we see the painful efforts of an elegant mind, either sinking into sympathy which it too acutely feels, or rising into spirits which it can ill support. The merits of the rest of this company are already well made known to the public, through the medium of your miscellany. I have been much pleased with the acting of Mr. Webber, when he exerts himself. This company has lately experienced a loss, which it will be long before it recovers, in Mrs. Chambers—who has followed our old favourites, Fox and Shuter, to that “*undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns!*”

ERRATICUS.

Theatre BEWDLEY, (Worcestershire).—Mr. Crisp's corps of theatricals have been playing here with considerable applause. Mr. Crisp “is in himself a host;” his country boys, and a very extensive line of comic acting, are conceived and executed in a style too rich for the beggarly circuit in which he moves. A Mr. Farren, from Wolverhampton, played here a few nights (his first appearance on any stage) with a degree of eclat unprecedented, considering his age and line of acting, (Ollapods and Loony Mactwolters) in any thing I have ever seen. Mr. and Mrs. Young, from the Worcester squad, have joined this company; Mr. Young is a good figure, and plays a very handsome Tom Shuffleton.

ERRATICUS.

N. B. In a tour through Worcestershire, Mr. Editor, I have visited all the theatres I found open; the rest are too low for criticism. I saw Hamlet played in an old red jacket!!! Romeo and Juliet cut down to an interlude, and Pizarro played for a farce!

Theatre Royal NORWICH.—Our theatre this season has been better attended than for many years past, and the manager has given every novelty in his power previous to the commencement of the benefits, which are now approaching. We hear that some material alterations are going to take place amongst the performers. The company at present consists of the following: Mr. Bowles, who plays most of the heroes, in comedy as well as tragedy; but we would advise him to confine himself to the latter, as he is much too lusty and inactive to come forward in those light parts played by Messrs. Lewis and Bannister. Mr. Phillips, we understand, quits us at the end of this season. He is a valuable performer, though rather a confined one, and we feel some regret at losing him. Mr. Fitzgerald performs some of his Irish characters in an excellent style, and

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is respectable in most he undertakes, yet we wish he could contrive to soften his voice, as it is at times very discordant. Mr. Brewer is, in some of his sentimental old men, very pathetic, and plays them with judgment and feeling; his Maurice, in the *Wife of Two Husbands*, is very good, and not over-strained. Mr. Mallinson takes the lead in the comic business, and we think him rising very fast to the top of his profession. His country boys are inimitable, as are his smart servants, such as Risk, in *Love laughs at Locksmiths*; Edward, in the *Irishman in London*. His Timothy Quaint, and his Tag, in the *Soldier's Daughter and Spoilt Child*, are finished pieces of acting. I have very frequently seen Mr. T. Blanchard, late of Covent Garden, in most of his favourite characters, and think Mr. M. very like him in his style of acting. Mr. Eastmure has a deal of humour, in his comic old men, but is apt to be very imperfect; whether from neglect or bad memory we cannot tell. Mr. Holliday is in some things respectable. Mr. Bennett fills the vocal department, and is seconded by a Mr. Cushing. Mrs. Worthington is the heroine: she has a good figure, and could she get rid of a twang of the Norfolk dialect, we think she would rank high in the profession. Miss Birchall wishes to please, and seldom offends. Mrs. Phillips is the first singer; her figure is pleasing, but small; her voice clear and sweet. We are astonished the manager should part with such an acquisition to his theatre. Mrs. Bramwell has a pleasing figure and voice, but we are sorry to see her so far outstep nature in every thing she does. We also hope she will not lay herself open to the censure of the public, by aiming at characters so much beyond her abilities. Mrs. Binfield is a pleasing singer. Mrs. Walcot (late of Drury Lane) is too well known to require our opinion. The rest of the company consists of Messrs. Birrell, Bowles senior, Beacham, Clifford, &c. Mesdames Cliford, Fullham, Fitzgerald, &c.

April 23rd 1804.

IRISH THEATRICALS.—The “Familiar Epistles to F. E. Jones, Esq. (Manager of the Dublin Theatre) on the present State of the Irish Stage,” have thrown the whole *corps dramatic* into consternation; indeed, since the famous “*Rosciad*” of Churchill, there has not, perhaps, appeared a work equally classic and satirical on the same subject. Truth, in some instances, falls a sacrifice to heighten the colouring, and some characters are so bedaubed, and others come so “tardily off,” that a trace of the original is scarcely discernible. Mr. Richard Jones (the *Lewis* of Ireland) is a glaring instance of the author's wilful misrepresentation, for though he is, as the satirist observes,

—————“All boots and breeches.

Cravat and cape, and spurs and switches,”

yet the modern *school* of comedy warrants these *monstrosities*, and after Mr. Lewis, Mr. R. Jones is certainly the best actor at present on the stage, in the light and giddy *Shuffletons*, *Goldfinches*, &c. and has besides a versatility of talent, rarely met with in so young a performer. It is rumoured, in Dublin, that he is engaged for Covent Garden next season, where he will, doubtless, experience a *candid* criticism from a discerning public.

If the above sketch meets the plan of your work, I shall again trouble you with strictures on Miss Howels, Messrs. Talbot and Hargrave, and Mrs. Galindo, who are all unmercifully handled by the author of the satire.

VERITAS.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.—The excellent production of Mr. Peltier, the Ambigu, speaking of the execution of the Duke D'Enghien, has the following beautiful passage:—"Let M. Fontanes now lavish his adulation without restraint on the regicide executioner of France! the task is worthy of him. It is in the palace of the Duke D'Enghien that he presides over the legislative assembly, and there his throne is placed upon the dead body of its master. Base actions demand the shade, the obscurity, and silence of night: the night was, therefore, well chosen for performing the dreadful rites of this iniquitous mystery. They did not dare, in open day-light, to draw up French soldiers, face to face, before their illustrious victim—'Lest a look from his august countenance, should palsy their nerves, and freeze their rage.' Let us imagine a traveller who had wandered in that hour in the wood of Vincennes, destined to behold the new festival of Atrea! The shadows of night, the gloom of the forest, the pale light of flambeaux, the oaths of the soldiery, and the base conduct of the generals, these preliminaries of a base crime, shake him with horror—scarcely dares he breathe. The fatal escort arrives—suddenly it stops—a confused noise is followed by the report of musquetry. By the transient light of this discharge he sees a man fall in the midst of a crowd of troops. Soon the assassins retire in disorder; he advances with trembling steps: at first he perceives that a youth had been murdered. Soon the dawning light betrays to him that the youth is a Bourbon, the twenty-first in descent from St. Louis, weltering in his blood, within the domain of a palace built by his ancestor. What do I say! at the very foot of the oak, beneath whose shade the royal saint in person administered justice to the lowest of his subjects! What, if this traveller is a royalist! It is you, it is myself: our blood stagnates in our veins, and we fall senseless on the disfigured body of the young hero!

—Frigidus horror

Membra quatit, gelidusque coit formidine sanguis."

At the great sessions for the County of Radnor, an action was brought by a fair lady of fifty-five, against a Welch farmer, for breach of promise of marriage. It was clearly proved, upon the part of the injured damsel, that the defendant undertook to lead the blushing fair to the altar, and that she tacitly consented. The court, however, not conceiving the contract complete, as the engagement was only implied, and not expressed by the lady, who, it appeared, had also shewn symptoms of attachment to two other false hearted swains, thought proper to nonsuit the plaintiff.

Mrs. Minifie, a cousin of the novel writing Miss Gunning, is the lady upon whose nice honour and delicacy, an eminent lawyer is charged with having made an illegal attempt.

At the last Enniskillen assizes, Wm. Harpur was found guilty of the murder of — Maguire: the following are the particulars of this horrid transaction: Maguire was a farmer of some respectability, as also Harpur: they lived a little

Y Y 2

distance from Maguire's bridge; in the month of August last, Maguire told Harpur that he was going the following day to pay his rent, but was deficient in the sum, and required a few guineas. Harpur desired him to call upon him in his way, and he would give him the sum he wanted; upon Maguire's calling and getting the money, Harpur observed, that he, Maguire, wanted shaving, and advised him not to go in so dirty a manner to his landlord, and Harpur proposed to shave him; he accordingly brought Maguire up stairs, and while in the act of shaving him cut his throat, and, with the back of a hatchet battered his head in such a manner that he instantly expired. Harpur conveyed him out, and buried him in the front of a ditch in a corner of his garden, likely to escape observation, where there was a bramble bush. On Maguire's being missed, he was traced to Harpur's, and every part of the garden and fields where ground had been dug up was searched for the body, but in vain; a man afterwards, in coming out of the garden, jumped by chance upon the spot where it was: the bank broke, and the body tumbled out into the ditch: there were innumerable evidences produced to establish the fact. Harpur was ordered for execution on the following Thursday.

ROYAL TIGER.—Extract of a letter from an officer on survey, dated at Buckenker, near Seringapatam, August 11, 1803.—“I had fixed the Theodolite, and was taking an observation on the high hill, seen N. W. from Seringapatam, and the few country people along with me, were sitting some distance below me, on the right, when a royal tiger, having come very near to me on the left, unperceived among the rocks, watching his opportunity, had actually commenced his spring, when turning round at that instant, and having nothing else at hand, I threw my hat in his face, which being unexpected, startled him, by which he alighted about three yards short of me, on the stone on which I was standing, and seemingly ashamed of his ill success, he gave an hideous roar, and disappeared among the rocks; the people on hearing (although few of them saw him) became almost petrified. I immediately armed, and followed him a little way, but without success. I then, after finishing my observation, took a loaded musket, with bayonet, and a brace of pistols, and went down half way to the bottom of the hill, almost alone, as few of the people would venture with me, and gave directions for them to make a noise at the top, and throw stones down among the craggs; this, however, through fear, they did very clumsily, and without effect; when I happening to throw a stone into a bush immediately before me, the savage animal came out with a dreadful howl, open-mouthed. At that critical instant, I discharged the piece, and with such fortunate effect that he fell on the spot; on his first appearance, the few that had come down with me, fled precipitately, except a sepoy and a half-cast boy; having no means of retreat, in the situation I was, in case of accident, and fearing the effects of the blow might be only a stun, I instantly rushed on the monster, and lodged the contents of a brace of horse pistols in his breast, which I also transpierced with the bayonet at the same time; this finished his struggle, and his skin is now stuffed in my possession, as a trophy. He measured ten feet three inches, from the point of his tail to his nose; and his tusks were three inches long. He was, I imagine, an old offender, as the bones of a human hand were found almost entire in his stomach.”

ENGLISH PRISONERS IN FRANCE.—The following is an extract of a letter, dated Valenciennes, April 4, from a young gentleman detained a prisoner at that place. He writes thus to his friends: "It is in vain I pleaded that my age (under eighteen) exempted me from the Consular decree; I was told that circumstances required I should be kept a prisoner with the rest of the English at this place. This part of the country is extremely unhealthy; an epidemic fever has raged for a considerable time past, and has proved fatal to a degree.—Fifteen or sixteen of the inhabitants are carried off daily, and upon the average, eight or ten in a week of the poor English prisoners. There are two hundred and thirty-six prisoners ill in the hospital, though the fever, thank God, has subsided in a great degree. There are between seven and eight hundred of us in this town, most of them are in a sickly state. We daily fumigate our rooms with tobacco, and have hitherto found the custom extremely beneficial in repelling the contagion. Lord Barrington has been extremely kind and benevolent to his indigent countrymen, some of whom, bereft of money and of friends, have expired in the streets, unable to procure medical aid, and chusing to perish, rather than submit to the treatment of a French hospital. God knows what is to become of us; I fear I shall never see my dear friends and native country again."

A letter received from Germany, states that Dr. Olbers has discovered a planet, which, from its immense size, he has called Hercules. It is three times the size of Jupiter, and goes round the Sun in the space of 211 years, because it is supposed to be 3,047,000,000 of miles from the Sun; it looks, to the naked eye, like a star of the sixth magnitude, and is now in the sign Gemini. Dr. Olbers observed, on the 8th of December last, that it moved, and on the 6th of February, that it was a planet, attended by seven satellites, one of which is twice the size of the earth. It is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, in an angle of 30 degrees. It is in 13 degrees North amplitude; its eccentricity is 1100, and the Sun, to an inhabitant of the earth placed in it, with our powers of vision, would appear no larger than the smallest of the fixed stars.

The Prince de Condé has written a circular letter of thanks to the emigrants who assisted at the high mass lately celebrated in compliment to the memory of the murdered Duke d'Enghein, in which his Highness says:—"We feel it as much our duty, as it is our anxious wish, to make known to them our entire gratitude. The number of those worthy persons to whom our thanks are due, being too great to permit us to address ourselves to each in particular, we have requested the minister of the King, who is the head of the Bourbons, to express, as perfectly as it is possible, to those emigrants so worthy of the cause they support, how sensible we are of the generous and distinguished manner in which they have mingled their regrets with ours, in this august and mournful ceremony."

The Berlin Gazette contains the following notice of the death of a very distinguished animal:—"On the night of April the 17th, died, of an atrophy, in a good old age of 40 years, the favourite horse of his late Majesty Frederick the Great. It was called Condé, and was kept in the Royal Veterinary School." An elegy has already appeared on the death of this favourite of Frederick the Great, which reached an age which that quadruped is seldom known to have attained. His memory has also been preserved by drawings and engravings. This famous horse had been purchased in England in 1770. He was always

There is now little doubt that Bonaparte will assume the title of Emperor of the French, or the Gauls. Private letters state that this event has already taken place; and a neutral vessel arrived in the river, has brought the additional intelligence, that he has annexed to the title that of King of Lombardy. That a considerable progress has been made in this Imperial arrangement, which we think is no good omen for the *Corsican* and his family, is obvious from the following extract of a letter from Rouen, of the sixth instant:—

“ In the sitting of the 3rd instant, the Tribunal, after having heard the report of the Special Commission, appointed to consider of the proposition made by Citizen Curée, have resolved—

“ I. That Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul, shall be proclaimed Emperor of the French, and in that quality be charged with the government of France.

“ II. That the title of Emperor, together with the Imperial power, shall be hereditary in his family, in the male line, and in the order of primogeniture.

“ III. The Constituted Authorities, in forming the necessary regulations for the establishment of the hereditary powers, shall make all due provisions for preserving equality, liberty, and the rights of the people.

“ IV. The present vote shall be carried to the senate by a deputation of six members, who are to explain to it the motives which have induced the Tribunal to take this resolution.”

BIRTHS.

At Littleton, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Wood, of a son. In Weymouth Street, the Right Hon. Lady H. Gill, of a son. At Winchester, the Right Hon. Lady L. Atherly, of a son. At the Duke's house, Stable Yard, St. James's, the Duchess of Bedford, of a son. In Duke Street, the Lady of B. Hobhouse, Esq. of a son. In Welbeck Street, the Lady of Sir T. M. Wilson, of a son. In Pall Mall, Mrs. Montague, of a son. The Right Hon. Lady C. Duncombe, of a son. At Tilchurst, the Lady of Lieut. Col Taylor, of a son. At South-hill Park, the Lady of the Right Hon. G. Canning, of a daughter. At Paddington, the Lady of Lord Folkestone, of a daughter.

MARRIED,

At Bath, Sir J. Keane, Bart. to Mrs. Crispigny. Charles Godfrey, Esq. to Miss Thurlow.

DEATHS.

At his seat, Dupplin Castle, in the county of Perth, Robert, Earl of Kinross, Viscount Dupplin, Baron Hay. Mr. C. Bennett, upwards of 40 years organist of Truro church. In Portugal Street, the Lady of Major General Brownrigg. In Dover Street, the Hon. Mrs. P. Marsham. In Privy Gardens, Henry, Marquis of Exeter, Lord Burleigh, Joint Hereditary Grand Almoner to the King in Fee, and Recorder of Stamford. Sir George Russel, Bart. of the Checquers, Bucks. On the night of the 21st of April, his Serene Highness, the reigning Duke of Saxe Gotha. The celebrated M. Neckar, formerly Minister of Finance in France on the 9th April, at Geneva, at an advanced age. Mrs. Chapman, of the Liverpool theatre, and late of Covent-Garden.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
JUNE, 1804.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF THE CÉLÉBRATED LE KAIN, THE FRENCH TRAGÉDIEN, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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1804.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Portrait of the Veteran JEFFERSON, in our next.

The Memoirs of LE KAIN, of whom a fine Portrait is given in the present Number, will be found in our twelfth Volume, Page 112. Some further Account of him shall appear next month.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following favours:

Communications from G. B. (*Northampton*).

Melancholy Hours, No. VII. by W.

The Wife—a Fragment—by Vargas.

On the Love of Wealth, by Orpri.

Impromptu, by the Author of the Patriotic Clarion.

England in Arms, a Song, by E. B.

Prologue, written for the Sailor's Daughter.

We shall consider of the plan proposed by G. P.

Further Remarks on the Exhibition at the Royal Academy in our next.

Ministerial Changes, or the bad and the worse, are not calculated for this work.

The greater part of our poetical correspondents solicit an immediate insertion of their favours. It must be obvious that, with our limited space, we cannot oblige them all. We trust no individual will feel offended at delays which are so unavoidable in publications of this nature.

J. A.'s two Packets arrived too late to find a situation in the proper department. We have contrived, however, to introduce one of the articles into the present number.

On re-perusing Peter P——'s letter, we do not think it either prudent or just to admit, upon anonymous authority, such serious charges against a writer, whose name and person are both known to us.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

JUNE, 1804.

REMARKS ON "THE JUDGE," A POEM.

HAVING, in a late number of the Mirror, given your opinion, in strong, though general terms, of *THE JUDGE*, a poem, in three cantos; I think your readers will not be displeased with the following extracts from the work, on the principal subjects discussed by the ingenious author.

The great object of the writer, in the first canto, is to illucidate the importance of the judicial character, and to point out what should be the moral and intellectual qualities of *The Judge*. After an invocation, very eloquent and poetic, he thus proceeds—

"Lo! mid the nations generous Britain claims
Pre-eminence of glory: If her soil
Be scant, she owns a bold and vigorous race:
If she not find, within her procreant glebe,
The ingot and the gem, she boasts of more
Than Mexic suns e'er ripen'd into gold,
In arts, whose cunning from the wide world draws
Tribute to swell her pomp—

But whence this majesty of power, this fame
That spreads and brightens where the scorching beam
Of Roman glory reach'd, not!—The dread sword;
The laurel'd deed divine; the generous will;
The genius, science, art, that think and toil
For general welfare; these, 'tis true, adorn,
Protect, distinguish, dignify a realm.
Yet what are these, save beauteous forms, at best,
Of fragile clay, if not inform'd with soul
By common justice, and by equal laws!
Yes! to her laws, and to the ermin'd worth
That gives them utterance, hardy Britain owes
Her best and brightest honours; and the voice
Which hails the hero round her daring prow
That twines the wreath of conquest, or conducts
Her hosts to triumph, o'er the fields of death;

That voice is overheard, and heard in tones
More glad and sweet, what time the upright Judge
Proclaims the sentence of the upright law."

The following lines lead to an accurate and elegant detail of the preparatory studies of the candidate for the bench.

"Nor, e'er the ermine grace his rev'rend form
Has he no toll to leave? To the rude deep
If he not trust, as Avarice bids, his bark;
If he not woo the demon, Wealth, in mines
Breathing infection; nor the burning plains
Tread, with part'd sole, where blue-eyed Samiel waits
On his dark pinions, Pestilence and Death:
The other shapes, nor slight, nor few,
Which often pale the cheek, and dim the eye,
And give distemper, in the vital stream,
To blend her subtlest poison. Many a time,
Within whose folds the soul of Science lives,
His midnight search explores. From fairy scenes,
Where sport the youthful joys, and braid their locks,
Locks lovelier than the beams that gild the morn
In odour-dropping bloom; he bends his step,
Studious and patient, to the solemn call
Where hoary Wisdom broods away the hours
O'er the long labour'd page ——— &c. &c."

The Judge, thus qualified, is exhibited on the bench, distributing justice, enforcing law, and confirming, by his decisions, the rights and privileges of the British subject. The description is well prefaced by a view of the awful responsibilities which attach to his character.

"To him a world
Lifts the exploring eye. From him the laws
Claim, with a voice which bending Seraphs hear,
Support and execution. As he speaks,
Nations decline or flourish, live or die.
Before his throne full many a holy right
Demands asylum from the giant crimes
That lord it o'er the land ———
And Liberty herself, celestial dame,
There hastes from tyrant's wrong, to feed her hopes
Of full protection and of sure redress ———
O! does he, then, a coward, or a slave,
Tremble before the mighty? Does he dare
Dash justice from him when the sterner braves?
Or does the poor man's tattered garb expose

The poor man to his doom?—O, if his soul
 Be made of stuff thus worldly ———
 The incensed skies shall mark it, and each smile
 Of guilt, acquitted by his traitor voice,
 And each sad drop that trembles on the lids
 Of innocence condemn'd, shall yet be weigh'd,
 Ev'n in the presence of unnumber'd worlds,
 Against his plea for mercy! ———

But I turn
 Contemptuous from the unholy wretch, to him
 Who, like a Mitford, as pure wisdom wills,
 Directs the stream of justice. Firm he sits,
 As on a mighty mount, above the mists
 Of pestilent passions, and of evil days.
 To him the humblest right that cheers the hut,
 Outweighs all treasure of the golden east.
 A Peru, flaming at his feet, would seem
 A mite, compar'd with that his bosom owns
 In self-esteem, and self-esteem a world.
 Others for gold exist; for virtue he,
 Alone, and public good. Others the robe
 For profit seek, or pride, and so profane;
 On him 'tis pure as if 'twere woven snow,
 Honouring, at once, and honour'd ———

Fame itself,
 So priz'd and sought by fools, his virtue views
 But as the painted glory of a cloud;
 And to the poor fixions of an hour
 He yields the frail illusion ———

Before his frown
 Guilt flies, and all the host of legal fraud,
 A monster crew, appall'd. The laws repose,
 Fearless, upon his lips. Fair Equity
 Beholds her golden balance in his hands,
 Well-pleas'd; and nations, cheer'd and bless'd,
 Hail in the Judge, the patriot, and the man!"

The second canto of the poem is devoted, in a great degree, to the memory of a man, of whose character various and contradictory opinions have been formed, and who has been described by some as the fearless and uncorrupted patriot, who put down, by his salutary intrepidity, a most foul and unnatural rebellion; and by others, as the tyrant who promoted and irritated that very rebellion by unfeeling persecution, and whose counsels, if they had been followed, would have delug'd his country in blood. Amid these jarring statements, I do not mean to erect my standard; I believe that the

insurrection to which I allude, was enflamed by religious and political antipathies, and that it was accompanied by crimes of the most abandoned and hideous nature; but I do not pretend to enter into the causes of those dreadful events, and I solely indulge the hope that a mild and enlightened government will be found in future to prevent a recurrence of a calamity, complicating misery with crime, and assimilating a nation I respect with one which, for the last fourteen years, has been plunged in the most vile and atrocious barbarity.

The canto thus opens, and who will deny praise to such a passage?

“Genius! I woo thee still. From yonder mound*,
Where genuine honour slumbers, the slow crowd
Retires. The melancholy hearse no more
Waves there his sable plumes: and the dread tomb,
Insatiate monster, in dull silence, feasts
On what, erewhile, was man! There, then, I haste,
Genius! at this dim hour of dewy eve,
Sleeping my harp in tears, and breathing thoughts
Full of departed virtue. O! that harp,
In honour of the reverenc’d dead, attune!
Nor, solely, let my flying hand awake
Its slumbering raptures, in accordance sweet
With the pure voice of praise, but let me call,
Also, such wholesome music from the strings,
As best the living soul may reach, and warm,
And moralize; and teach the future Judge
To love and shield his country like the past.

Can Genius self on Fancy’s buoyant wing,
Who soars among the stars, or, far beyond
All worlds, ascends, to dwell amid the blaze
Ineffable, that, round the throne of heav’n,
Sheds everlasting radiance; can e’en she,
Sister of angels, virtue, she on whom
Cherubs look down with love, with favour, God
Immortal and divine, one little hour
Win from determined fate?—The blessed beam,
Issuing abroad, diffuses life and light
O’er many a hill and dale, and so expires.
’Tis thus, O virtue, bright-ey’d genius, thus,
E’en with thy son. A passing day he shines
Upon the cheered world; but mortals scarce
Have felt and own’d his influence, when he dies;

* The grave of Lord Clive.

And darkness closes on the scenes he cheer'd.

Clare is no more! —————

O ye vain and great,

Who fancy in a particle ye grasp
A realm imperial, O approach, and learn
To think at length and fear. Ye boast, perchance,
Golconda in your coffers, and your will
Deals kingdoms to your slaves. But can ye rule
The grave? Or, while, e'en now, with critic hand,
Ye cull fresh flowers to breathe upon your brow,
Or to your lip, experienc'd epicure,
Ye yield the sparkling goblet; mark ye not,
From yonder mound of dust and bones, his throne,
How death, grim-laughing at your idiot sports,
Points his unerring dart?—No!—on ye sail,
In quest of pleasure, fearless of the ill
Already nigh, like her the Egyptian dame,
When, reckless of the immediate asp, she gave
Her silken streamers to the breeze, and sought
Her Antony on the Cydnus. Yet that earth
Fresh from the delving spade, might well awake
Far different thought. It is a volume rich
In precious wisdom; a Lycæan school,
Where every bone becomes a Stagyrte
Skill'd in such inference, as should make the heart
Of each poor frail-one quake."

In the subsequent part of the canto, The Judge is strongly exemplified in the character and conduct of Lord Clare; Chicane, Oratory, Delay, Form, are exhibited as fleeing from the court over which he presided; and Legal Knowledge, Fidelity of Interpretation, Dispatch, Justice, as assuming their place. Of this change, the consequences are described with much spirit and eloquence. The insertion of the Address to Law, even after such long extracts, will, I think, require no apology.

"Yes! thee I hail, deriv'd in times of yore
From Freedom, loveliest of the mountain nymphs,
And Wisdom heav'n descended. Thee I hail!
Ev'n at thy birth endow'd with powers to bless,
And by old Time—the sage whose slightest thought
Out-prizes all e'er heard amid the groves
Where stray'd the attic Moses—hast been dower'd
With grace, and dignity, and truth, and worth,
Till Britain proudly own'd thee as her bride,
The world its paragon! Beneath thy rule,
Behold! thine hand-maid Safety, o'er the mass

Alike presides, that strews the cottage board,
 As o'er the steaming feasts, in palace-halls,
 That woo the lordly life ; nor the poor means
 The less delights to guard, which pilgrim need
 Hoards in his scanty scrip, than the best gem
 That glows and blazes in Britannia's crown !---
 Beneath thy rule, behold ! her busy swarms
 Blithe Industry leads forth ; and now, the sail,
 An India in its secret chambers lodg'd,
 Dares wildest elements ; the mine is forc'd
 To yield her prison'd glories ; the rude rock
 Springs into lovely form ; the furnace flames ;
 The panting bellows toils ; the mineral mass
 Spreads like a mirror to the dancing beam ;
 Or, labour varying, eager shuttles fly,
 And future plenty in the upturn'd glebe
 Is sown, till all the land, made rich, and warm,
 And fruitful, like a happy mother smiles
 Amid a joyous race !-----Yes ! thine it is,
 And thine alone, all-guarding Law, to deal
 These varied blessings round ; and thine yet more
 To nurse the patriot thought ; to wake and warm
 The dormant manhood of the public soul ;
 And, holding each a willing subject, bind
 In social union all. O'er other realms
 Why spreads destruction round ? Why, hopeless, mourns
 Old Egypt mid her deserts ? Why extends
 Syria her plague-engendering marshes, where,
 In better days, was sun-burnt Autumn wont
 To pour his treasures forth !---Thou art not there,
 To bid the wild be green, the fen be gay,
 The sand be fertile, and the man be man !-----

On some other occasion, it is possible, I may enter into a critical examination of the style, the sentiments, and the tendency of the third canto, which, in morality, is chaste; in good sense striking; and in poetry, with some exceptions, worthy of much praise.

The author has dedicated his work to Lord Sheffield, and where could he have found a nobleman more worthy of the offering ? The language of the dedication, however, is untinged with flattery. It is an oblation, as I think, brought to the altar of public spirit by the hand of respect and truth.

COWPERIANA.

No. I.

MR. EDITOR,

THE appearance of a third volume of Cowper's Letters, having again attracted the public attention towards the Poet of Christianity—the Monitor of the World—titles bestowed upon our moral bard, with an endearing propriety, by the pen of his affectionate biographer; in order to render the latter of these titles still more appropriate, I propose to enrich your widely-circulated miscellany with a series of interesting extracts from the epistolary writings of the author of the Task, conceiving that some of them may serve as an amulet for the bosom, and others as a phylactery for the mind.

Yours, &c.

S. K.

“Quick is the succession of human events. The cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow, and when we lie down at night, we may safely say, to most of our troubles—‘ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more.’”

“Delicacy makes some men groan under that, which other men never feel, or feel but lightly. A fly that settles upon the tip of the nose, is troublesome; and this is a comparison adequate to the most, that mankind in general are sensible of, upon such tiny occasions. But the flies that pester you, always get between your eyelids, where the annoyance is almost insupportable.”

“Men of lively imaginations are not often remarkable for solidity of judgment. They have generally strong passions to bias it, and are led far away from their proper road, in pursuit of pretty phantoms of their own creating.”

“Excellence is providentially placed beyond the reach of indolence, that success may be the reward of industry, and that idleness may be punished with obscurity and disgrace.”

“Did man foresee what is always foreseen, by him who dictates what he supposes to be his own, he would suffer by anticipation, as well as by consequence; and wish, perhaps, as ardently for the happy ignorance, to which he is at present so much indebted, as some have foolishly and inconsiderately done, for a knowledge that would be but another name for misery.”

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"The sword of slander, like that of war, devours one as well as another; and a blameless character is particularly delicious to its unsparing appetite."

"Extreme bashfulness has made many a man uncomfortable for life; and ruined not a few; by forcing them into mean and dishonourable company, where only they could be free and cheerful."

"Men of a rough and unsparing address, should take great care that they be always in the right; the justness and propriety of their sentiments and censures, being the only tolerable apology that can be made for such a conduct, especially in a country where civility of behaviour is inculcated even from the cradle."

"Every extraordinary occurrence in our lives affords us an opportunity to learn, if we will, something more of our own hearts and tempers, than we were before aware of. It is easy to promise ourselves before hand, that our conduct shall be wise, or moderate, or resolute, on any given occasion: but when that occasion occurs, we do not always find it easy to make good the promise: such a difference there is between theory and practice."

"It is a sort of paradox, but it is true: we are never more in danger than when we think ourselves most secure, nor in reality more secure, than when we seem, perhaps, to be most in danger."

"The dread of a bold censure is ten times more moving than the most eloquent persuasion: they that cannot feel for others, are the persons of all the world who feel most sensibly for themselves."

"Every scene of life has two sides; a dark and a bright one, and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity, is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either."

"No man was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds again. A surly mastiff will bear, perhaps, to be stroked, though he will growl even under that operation, but if you touch him roughly, he will bite. Warmth of temper, indulged to a degree that may be called scolding, defeats the end of preaching."

"The wisdom of some men has a droll sort of knavishness in it, much like that of the magpie, who hides what he finds with a deal of contrivance, merely for the pleasure of doing it."

"A modest man, however able, has always some reason to distrust himself upon extraordinary occasions. Nothing is so apt to betray us into absurdity, as too great a dread of it; and the appli-

cation of more strength than enough, is sometimes as fatal as too little."

"In all cases where we suffer by an injurious and unreasonable attack, and can justify our conduct by a plain and simple narrative, truth itself seems a satire; because, by implication at least, it convicts our adversaries of the want of charity and candour."

"Those events that prove the prelude to our greatest success, are often apparently trivial in themselves, and such as seemed to promise nothing; the disappointment that Horace mentions, is reversed—we design a mug, and it proves an hog'shead."

"Fame begets favor, and one talent, if it be rubbed a little bright by use and practice, will procure a man more friends than a thousand virtues."

[To be continued.]

MR. HORNE TOOKE'S DIVERSIONS OF PURLEY.

MR. EDITOR,

I WISH I could by any means, and I know of none more hopeful than your Mirror, be instrumental in urging Mr. Horne Tooke to the prosecution of his *Diversions of Purley**, which, indeed, I had warm expectations of seeing completed the sooner, as the exercise of that gentleman's transcendent talents to enlighten as well as *divert* us, had been, in the political sphere, so unaccountably proscribed. I shall not expatiate, here, on the acuteness and ingenuity generally displayed in the work to which I refer; but presuming that Mr. Tooke's temper would better relish rational controversy than implicit adulation, I shall, in compliment to him, attempt a confutation of one of his positions, or rather his mode of maintaining that position.

Mr. Tooke says, (page 366) that Dr. Lowth's corrections in the following instances, from Swift and Dryden, are misplaced.

"He accused the minister for betraying the Dutch."

"You accuse Ovid for luxuriancy of verse."

where, instead of *for*, Doctor Lowth asserts *of* should have been written.—But no, says Mr. Tooke, for the meaning of these passages is

Betraying the Dutch	} Cause of the accusation.
Luxuriancy of verse	

* We have the satisfaction to acquaint our correspondent, and the public, that the second volume of this interesting work is likely very soon to make its appearance.

Now, surely, Swift's intention was not to set forth the cause of accusation, but to urge the accusation itself; it was not *because* the minister betrayed the Dutch, that they were accused; but *betraying* the Dutch was the *specific accusation*. Suppose a robber should take my purse, and afterwards treat me with personal violence or insult; my gold I might disregard, but the violence induces me to prosecute the ruffian; in this case, I do not accuse him *for* taking my purse, but I accuse him *of* taking my purse; and I do not accuse him *of* insulting or maiming me, but I accuse him *for* maiming or insulting me; i. e. because he maimed or insulted me, not because he robbed me, I accuse him.

In like manner, Dryden's sense required that *of* should take the place of *for* "luxuriacy of verse" being the *specific charge*, not the *motive* or cause of accusation.

An example in Mr. Tooke's own way.

"A governor of India is supposed to have played, in his administration, some foul pranks, *which yet, while the Company's affairs went prosperously on*, would never have been looked into, if one Edmond had not happened to take offence at his kinsman William's being displaced, in Bengal; but the displacing William being an act of indisputable right, in the governor, it was clear no complaint on that score could formally be preferred; nevertheless it was with Edmond a sufficient *cause for* accusation, and though he would not venture to impeach the governor for the exercise of a fair and legal prerogative, he recollected certain other transactions, of a criminal complexion, on which he might proceed; such as the arbitrary seizure of the Begum's revenues; the putting to death a native prince, upon an impudent application to him of the English laws of forgery, because he would not learn to bow, after the European fashion, to the said governor, &c. not one of which charges would ever have been produced, if William had been suffered to keep his place: and thus the governor was accused by Edmond, not *for* rifling the Begums or hanging Nundocomar, for none nor all of whom the accuser really cared a button, but *of* rifling the Begums, *of* hanging Nundocomar: and he was accused by Edmond, not *of* displacing William, a servant of the government, which would have been ridiculous, but *for* displacing William, who was Edmond's kinsman, i. e. because William was displaced, not because the Begums were rifled, or Nundocomar was hanged, the governor was accused."

J. H. SEYMOUR.

SPEECH,

DELIVERED IN A DEBATING SOCIETY, ON THE FOLLOWING
QUESTION :

*"Whether unnecessary Cruelty, to the Brute Creation,
is not criminal."*

MR. PRESIDENT,

THE humane tendency of the question reflects great honour on the benevolence of the gentleman who proposed it ; and the manner in which it has been discussed, since I came into the room, does equal credit to the gentlemen who have spoke to it. However, I must own my dissent, in some particulars, from the worthy gentleman who gave his sentiments last : and, as he thought proper to make very free with the gentleman who spoke before him, I hope he will excuse me, if I make modestly free with him. And though the observation, I intend to animadvert upon, was rather a deviation from the question ; yet I shall follow him in the deviation, for a while ; and the more willingly, as it may conduce, indirectly, to throw some light on the subject now under debate.

That gentleman asserted, peremptorily and absolutely, that "all things whatever, in and upon the terraqueous globe, were created purely and solely for the service of man." Such an opinion may serve to gratify our vanity and soothe our pride : but, how far it is founded on reality, will appear from examining into matter of fact.

We will suppose that a ship, on a foreign voyage, drops anchor on a foreign coast. A poor sailor takes the opportunity of bathing in the sea. An hungry shark either scents or descries him ; darts forward to the unhappy victim ; snaps him in two, and swallows him at a couple of mouthfuls. I would ask ; was the shark made for the use of that man ? or was that man made for the use of the shark ? So long, therefore, as there are not only useless creatures in the world, (useless, as to us, though they, doubtless, answer some valuable purpose in the great scheme of creation) but creatures apparently noxious, and fatal, sometimes, to our very lives ; so long, I think, if demonstration carries any conviction, we must grant that there are some creatures not made for the service of men. But, to omit sharks, rattlesnakes, and crocodiles, let us descend to creatures of much lower class. Will that gentleman seriously say, for instance, that London bugs, fleas, and some other reptiles I could

mention, are made for human benefit? Ask any mendicant in the streets, what he thinks? he will tell you that they seem rather made to tire our patience, and to mortify our pride. I allow, indeed, that man is the centre, in which the generality of created good may be said to terminate; for which we ought to be thankful to the most wise and gracious Creator of all things. But then it is, to me, equally evident, that the same adorable being consulted, and does consult, the happiness of every individual creature to which he has given life: else why such various, and so admirably adapted, accommodations for their respective provision and welfare.

I now come directly to the question; and, without hesitation, or limitation, deliver it as my steadfast belief, that all wanton exercise of power over, and all unnecessary cruelty to, the brute creation, is truly and properly criminal. Several good reasons have been urged, in proof of this, by some gentlemen who spoke before me: but, I own, there is one argument which has more weight with me than all that have been yet offered, and which I wonder no gentleman has yet mentioned. I firmly believe that beasts have souls; souls, truly and properly so called; which, if true, entitles them, not only to all due tenderness, but even to a higher degree of respect than is usually shewn them.

I lay down two things, Mr. President, as *data*: 1. That mere matter is incapable of thinking; and, 2. That there is no medium between matter and spirit.

That brutes think, can hardly, I imagine, be questioned by any thinking man. Their not being able to carry their speculations so high as we do, is no objection to their cogitability. Even among men, some are more able reasoners than others. And we might, perhaps, reason no better than the meanest animal that breathes, if our souls were shut up in bodies, no better organized than theirs. Nay, brutes not only think when they are awake, and their senses are in full exercise, but they frequently think, even in their sleep. A dog, as he lies extended by the fire side, will sometimes shew, by the whining noise he makes, and by the catching motion of his feet, that he is enjoying an imaginary chase in a dream. A cat, dissolved in sleep, will often, by various starts and agitation, convince any unprejudiced observer, that she fancies her prey full in view, and is preparing to seize it. I remember a cat of my own, who, one evening, enjoyed, for five or eight minutes, this pleasing illusion; until, at last, her eagerness, agitation of spirits, and a spring she endeavoured to make, awoke her from her golden

dream : upon which she shewed as much concern and disappointment, as she could discover by disconsolate mewing. Now there can be no imagination without thought: nay, these two are, perhaps, in fact, things synonymous: nor can there be thought, without some degree of reason: and that which reasons, must be something superior to matter, however modified, and essentially different from it. I have not time to enter deep into the subject. I cannot, however, help giving it as my judgment, that, before a man can, coolly and deliberately, deny rationality to brutes, he must have renounced his own. And why that noble faculty which, *pro gradu*, produces similar effects in us and them, should be called by a different name in them and us, I own myself quite at a loss to determine. If I can at all account for it, the pride of man is the only reason I am able to assign. We are, right or wrong, for monopolizing every excellence to ourselves, and for allowing little or none to other animals, forgetting that inferior animals are not only our fellow-creatures, but (if it may be said without offence) our elder brethren: for their creation was previous to ours.—If, then, brutes reason, that in them which does reason must be spirit, or an immaterial principle: which principle, being immaterial, must be perfectly simple and uncompounded: if perfectly simple, it must be, in its own nature, incorruptible; and, if incorruptible, immortal. And I will honestly confess, that I never yet heard one single argument urged against the immortality of brutes; which, if admitted, would not, *mutatis mutandis*, be equally conclusive against the immortality of man.

What I have offered may seem strange and surprising to those who have not viewed the subject on both sides of it. It would have seemed strange to myself a few years ago.

I accounted for all the internal and external operations of brutes, upon the principle of mechanism. But I was soon driven from this absurdity, by dint of evidence. Was a cat a mere machine, she could not distinguish a mouse from a kitten; but would be equally indifferent to both. Was a dog a mere machine, he would not distinguish his master from a rabbit: much less would he pursue the latter, and caress the former, any more than a clock can know its owner, or one statue can hunt another. I next had recourse to instinct, but I soon found, upon careful examination, that this is a mere term without an idea; a name, for we know not what: and he that would distinguish between instinct and reason (for, if instinct has any meaning at,

all, it must signify reason), must first find a medium between matter and spirit. But I am rather for expunging the word quite, as a term which, in its present application at least, signifies just nothing: and, like all such unmeaning terms, either conduces to no end; or, at least, to a very bad one, as only tending to confuse and embarrass, and "darken counsel by words without knowledge." By the way, this is not the only word, which, was I to unite an expurgatory index to our language, I would utterly proscribe. But, whatever I retain, chance, fortune, luck, and instinct, should have no quarter, because they are wells without water; terms without ideas; and words are only so far valuable, as they are the vehicles of meaning.

I cannot wholly dismiss the subject, without observing another particular, in favour of the spirituality of brutes; namely, what is commonly the *facultas locomotiva*, or power of voluntary motion from place to place. Motion itself, simply considered, is not always an indication of an intelligent agent within; but voluntary motion is, and must be such, in the very nature of things. An inanimate body, set in motion by some exterior cause, would, as is universally allowed, go on, in a strait line, *ad infinitum*, if not obstructed in its course by the air, or some other intervening body. All involuntary motion, therefore, being necessarily and in its own nature rectilinear, and the motions of beasts not being necessarily rectilinear, but in all directions, and in any direction as occasion requires (for they, in their way, act as much *pro re nata* as we can do); it follows that every beast has something within, which judges, consults, and directs; which, as it cannot possibly be material, must be spiritual. If a dog was running from this end of the room to the other, and one of the gentlemen by the opposite chimney-piece was to stand up in a menacing posture, the animal would immediately cease to proceed in a right line, because he would know that would be the wrong one for his safety; he would turn back, and, if possible, escape at the door. What is this but practical reason? an excellence, by the bye, in which many of those creatures surpass the generality of mankind. The language of such conduct is apparently this: "If I go forward, danger is before me: if I return, or go another way, I may, probably, escape this danger: *ergo*, I will do the latter." Could we ourselves, in similar circumstances, argue more justly, or act more wisely? From which I conclude, that as there is evidently something in every living creature, which discerns what is good, and puts him upon pursuing it; which likewise points out

What is pernicious, and puts him upon avoiding; this discerning, reasoning, inclining principle must be essentially different from the mechanic system it actuates, and can be no other, in plain English, than an intelligent soul. Should it be objected, that "this intelligent principle does not always produce these beneficial effects, witness the case of a dog who swallows poison under the apprehension of a dainty," I answer, man himself is liable to deceptions of a similar kind; yet he would be a disgrace to the name of man, who should, upon this account, question either the immateriality or immortality of his own soul.

I pay, likewise, great attention to another consideration. That beasts are possessed of the five senses we value ourselves upon, (though, perhaps, after all, every one of those senses may, in reality, be reducible to one, viz. feeling), in as great, and sometimes much greater perfection than we, is a principle which I look upon as incontestible. Brutes are, by experience (which is practical demonstration) carries any authority, as sensible of pain and pleasure, as man. Rub a cat's head, and she will purr; pinch her tail, and she will spit. Now I would ask, what is it that feels? The body, the flesh, the blood, the nerves? No: for a dead animal has all these, and yet feels not. It is the soul, Mr. President, that feels and perceives, through the medium of the senses: for what are the senses, but channels of conveyance, and a sort of mediators between outward objects and the mind? In what way matter acts upon spirit, is unknown: but that it does so, every day's experience proves.

Memory, likewise, belongs to brutes. Memory is the power of recalling past ideas, and of recollecting past events. The person who denies that beasts remember, must either be a man of no observation, or have a very bad memory himself. Now there can be no memory without ideas: no ideas without thinking: (for, the forming, the comparison, and the combination of ideas are thought) no thinking, without some degree of reasoning; and no reasoning, without a reasonable soul. There may be thought without memory: but memory there can be none without thought. And the passions, likewise, are as strong in them as in us.

On the whole, needless cruelty to beasts is highly criminal; especially if we take in these two additional observations: 1. That the same Deity, who has made them what they are, might have made us what they are: i. e. he might have imprisoned our spirits in their bodies, had it been his pleasure. And though I look upon the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration to be in itself both

groundless and absurd; yet its tendency was certainly a very good one, as it necessarily induced men to be tender of the lives and happiness, the being and the well-being of the animal creation.

2. As another very cogent motive to this benevolence of disposition and behaviour, let us never forget that all the miseries and hardships, under which the brute creation labour, together with mortality itself, to which they are liable, are, primarily, owing to the sin of man: which reflection must influence every considerate and truly ingenuous mind, to treat them with the greatest lenity upon that very account. Nor can I omit just mentioning an argument, which may be deduced from the care of Providence. If God hath respect to the meanest of his creatures, and despises not the workmanship of his own hands; let us, whose supreme glory it is to resemble Deity, imitate him in these amiable and gracious views. As Dr. Young truly and nobly observes, "There is not a fly, but infinite wisdom is concerned both in its structure and its destination." How dare we, then, be destroyers of their ease, which we ought to promote; or wantonly deprive them of that life which we cannot restore.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS.

[Continued from Page 306.]

MAY-DAY.

ON the calends, or the first of May, commonly called May-Day, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring woods, accompanied with music; where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with *nosegays* and *crowns* of flowers. When this was done, they returned with their booty homewards, about the rising of the sun, and made their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day was chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, called a May-Pole, which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stood there, consecrated, as it were, to the *Goddess of Flowers*, without the least violation offered to it, in the whole circle of the year. And this is not the custom of the *British* common people only, but it is the custom of the generality of other nations; particularly of the *Italians*, where *Polydore Virgil* tells

us*, the youth of both sexes were accustomed to go into the fields on the calends of May, and bring thence the branches of trees, singing all the way as they came home, and so place them on the doors of their houses.

Stow tells us, in his survey of London†, “that in the month of May, namely, on *May-Day*, in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meddows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kinde.”

He quotes from Hall, an account of Henry VIII. *riding a may-ing*, from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, with queen Katherine his wife, accompanied with many Lords and Ladies.

He further tells us, “I find also that, in the month of *May*, the citizens of London (of all estates) lightly, in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several *Mayinges*, and did fetch in *May-poles*, with divers warlike shews, with good archers, morrice dancers, and other devices for pastime, all the day long; and, towards the evening, they had stage plaies, and bonfires in the streets.”

* Est autem consuetudinis, ut juvenus promiscui sexus lætæbunda cal. *Maii* exeat in agros, & cantitans inde virides reportet arborum ramos eosque ante domorum fores ponat præsertim apud *Italos*.——— &c. *Poly. Virg.* 302.

† “The *Mayings*,” says Mr. Strutt, “are in some sort yet kept up by the milk-maids at London, who go about the streets with their *garlands* and music, dancing. But this tracing is a very imperfect shadow of the original sports: for *May-poles* were set up in the streets with various *martial* shews, morris dancing, and other devices, with which, and revelling and good cheer, the day was passed away. At night they rejoiced and lighted up their bonfires.”

English *Æra*. Vol. 2. P. 99.

‡ Mr. Pennant tells us, that on the first of May, in the Highlands of Scotland, the herdsmen of every village hold their *Bellein*, a rural sacrifice. They cut a square trench in the ground, leaving the turf in the middle; on that they make a fire of wood, on which they dress a large caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal and milk, and bring, besides the ingredients of the caudle, plenty of beer and whiskey; for each of the company must contribute something. The rites begin with spilling some of the caudle on the ground by way of libation. On that, every one takes a cake of oatmeal, upon which are raised nine square knobs; each dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of their flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them. Each person then turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, and flinging it over his

And again he says, "in the reign of Henry VI. the aldermen, sheriffs of London, being on *May-day*, at the bishop of London's wood, and having there a *worshipful* dinner for themselves and other commers, Lydgate, the monk of Bury, sent them, by a pur-savant, a joyful commendation of that season, beginning thus :

"Mighty Flora, goddess of fresh flowers,
 "Which clothed hath the soil in lusty green,
 "Made buds to spring with her sweet showers,
 "By influence of the sun shene,
 "To do pleasance of intent full cleane,
 "Unto the states which now sit here
 "Hath *Ver* sent down her own daughter dear*." P. 80.

Mr. Borlase, in his curious account of the manners of Cornwall, tells us, "An ancient custom still retained by the Cornish, is that of *decking their doors and porches* on the first of May, with green Sycamore and Hawthorn boughs, and of planting trees, or rather stumps of trees, before their houses: and on May eve, they from towns make excursions into the country, and having cut down a tall
 elm,

shoulder, says, "This I give to thee, preserve thou my horses: this to thee, preserve thou my sheep;" and so on. After that they use the same ceremony to the noxious animals. "This I give to thee, O fox! spare thou my lambs; this to thee, O hooded crow! this to thee, O eagle!" When the ceremony is over, they dine on the caudle, and, after the feast is finished, what is left is hid by two persons, deputed for that purpose; but on the next Sunday, they re-assemble, and finish the reliques of the first entertainment. P. 91.

* Browne, in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, thus describes some of the May re-vellings.

As I have seen the lady of the May
 Set in an *arbour* —————
 Built by the *May-pole*, where the jocund swaines
 Dance with the maidens to the bagpipe's strains;
 When envious night commands them to be gone,
 Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
 And for their well-performance soone disposes,
 To this, a *garland* interwove with roses:
 To that a *carved hooke*, or *well-wrought scrip*,
 Gracing another with her *cherry lip*:
 To one *her garter*, to another then
 A *handkerchief* cast o're and o're again:
 And none returneth empty, that hath spent
 His pains to fill their rural merriment.
 So, &c.

P. 122.

elm, brought it into town, fitted a straight and taper pole to the end of it, and painted the same, erect it in the most public places, and, on holidays and festivals, adorn it with flower garlands, or ensigns and streamers." He adds, "This usage is nothing more than a gratulation of the spring season; and every house exhibited a proper signal of its approach, to testify their universal joy at the revival of vegetation."

The author of the pamphlet, entitled, "*The Way to Things by Words, and to Words by Things*," in his specimen of an Etymological Vocabulary, considers the *May-pole** in a new and curious light: we gather from him, that our ancestors held an anniversary assembly on *May-day*; the *column of the May* (whence our *May-pole*) was the great standard of justice in the *Ey-commons*, or *fields of May*. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, their kings. The judge's *bough* or *wand*, (at this time discontinued, and only faintly represented by a trifling *nosegay*) and the staff or rod of authority in the civil, and in the military (for it was the *mace* of civil power, and the *truncheon* of the field officers) are both derived from hence. A mayor, he says, received his name from this *May*, in the sense of lawful power. The *crown*, a mark of dignity and symbol of power, like the *mace* and *sceptre*, was also taken from the *May*, being representative of the *garland* or *crown*; when hung on the top of the *mayor-pole*, was the great signal for convening the people. The arches of it, which spring from the circlet, and meet together at the *mound* or round ball, being necessarily so formed to suspend it on the top of the pole.

The word *May-pole*, he observes, is a pleonasm; in French it is called *singly* the *Mai*.

This is, he further tells us, one of the ancientest customs, which, from the remotest ages, has been, by repetition, from year to year, perpetuated down to our days, not being at this instant totally exploded, especially in the lower class of life: It was considered as the *boundary day*, that divided the *confines* of *winter* and *summer*, allusively to which there was instituted a *sportful war* between two parties; the one in defence of the continuance of *winter*, the other for bringing in the *summer*. The youth were divided into troops,

* Dr. Moresin gives us his opinion concerning the origin of this custom in the following words: "*Maio mense exire in Agros & cantando viridem frondem reportare, quam in Domibus & Domorum foribus appendant, aut a Flora, lascivia Romanæ Deæ, aut ab Atheniensibus est.*" *Deprav. Rel. Orig.* P. 91.

the one in *winter livery*, the other in the *gay habit of the spring*. The mock battle was always fought *booty*, the *spring* was sure to obtain the *victory*, which they celebrated by *carrying* triumphantly green branches*, with *May flowers*, proclaiming and *singing* the song of joy, of which the burthens was in these, or equivalent terms:

"We have brought the summer home."

ON THE SUPPOSED NEW PLANET.

MR. EDITOR,

A real *astronomical* Discovery cannot be too early, and too generally made known. But I fear the *Planet* suppos'd to be discovered by Dr. OLBERS, is most justly doubted. The *distance* is pretty nearly that in which a Planet might be to observe the *Harmonic* proportion between *Saturn* and the *Herschelian* with itself. Nor is the magnitude assign'd to it improbable. But the *periodic* Time, compar'd with the *distance*, does not appear to come out as it should do by a very considerable difference. I cannot make it more than 174, or at most 180 years, instead of 211.

Supposing that there were such a Planet, it must be more easily visible than *Mercury*, and much more so than the *Herschelian planet*; as its Diameter seen from the Earth, would be about 13 or 15", and the SUN, instead of appearing to it like one of the smallest *First Stars*, would appear larger than *Jupiter* or *Venus* do to us, as it would be seen under an Angle of 1' 4"; and much brighter than *Capella*, *Antares*, *Aldebaran*, or even *Sirius* itself.

The Account therefore is either wholly unfounded or mixt with much error in its passage. Add to this, nothing was known of it very lately at the *Observatory at Greenwich*: not only not by Observation, but no Intelligence had been there receiv'd of such a Disco-

* It is common at Newcastle for women, early on May morning, to sing about the streets, with garlands in their hands, and which, if I mistake not, they sell to any, who are superstitious enough to buy them. The verse is *homely* and *low*, but it must be remembered that our treatise is not "*on the sublime*."

Rise up maidens ! fie for shame,
I've been four long miles from home,
I've been gathering my garland gay,
Rise up, fair maids, and take in your May.

Here is no pleonasm. It is *singly*, as the French have it, your *May*.

very. And it does not seem to have been seen at the Observatory at *Paris*, the communications from which, notwithstanding the Interruptions of this most miserable and pernicious War, have been uniformly regular and remarkably early.

I am

Troston

Yours sincerely

Sund. 17 Jun. 1804.

CAPEL LOFFT.

The Moon.

The *Volcano* in the *Moon* has of late appear'd uncommonly luminous and extensive. And for a very considerable tract from it, there seems to be very sensible changes.

SELECT SENTENCES.

THERE are a variety of little meannesses of which persons, otherwise of reputation and credit, are guilty, to save trifles in expenditure—but surely none, at once so senseless and reprehensible, as the endeavour to defraud government of the taxes, legally imposed upon us! It is the same thing as defrauding a private individual; and, indeed, comes to that at last. It is bidding defiance to the law; hurting fair dealers; and robbing our rulers of their due, to the diminution of those duties, which *must* be made good by new levies on the public.

ZIMMERMAN relates, “in the exercise of justice and virtue, we ought to be as assiduous as the chamberlain Le Foret would have had the court musicians to be. At a concert performed by the court band at Hanover, the chamberlain observed that some of the performers occasionally stopped, and did not play. He asked the reason? and was told they made *pauses*. ‘In the service of our king,’ said he, with great warmth, ‘there ought to be no pauses.’”

A PERSON, without whom we cannot live, is very dear to us; but a person who cannot live without us is much dearer. For he inspires the *gratitude* of *vanity*, and that is the most sincere of all gratitude.

I HAVE heard people say they can work themselves up in the *cloak of innocence*, and treat detraction at defiance! This seems to me a very difficult thing. Slander is like an heavy shower; and

though you may stand dry beneath the pent-house of your conscience, the *world does not* see it: and what is still more, *will not* see it. Men, in *this* respect, differ from angels. They have more joy over one fallen sinner, than over an hundred just persons.

"THE confounding of ranks," says Lady Mary W. Montagu, in the year 1753, and making a jest of order, has long been growing in England, and I perceive, by the books you sent me, has made a very considerable progress. The heroes and heroines of the age are cobblers, and kitchen wenches: perhaps you will say I should not take my ideas of the manners of the times from such trifling authors. But it is more truly to be found among them, than from any historian. As they write novels merely to get money, they always fall into the notions that are most acceptable to the present taste. It has long been the endeavour of our English writers to represent people of quality as the vilest and silliest part of the nation; being, generally, very low-born themselves, I am not surprised at their propagating this doctrine: but I am much mistaken if this *levelling principle* does not, one day or other, break out into fatal consequences to the public, as it has already done in many private families.—I had ever the utmost contempt for *mis-alliances*, yet the silly prejudices of my education had taught me to believe that I was to treat nobody as an inferior, and that *poverty* was a degree of *merit*. This imaginary humility has made me admit familiar acquaintance, of every one of which I have heartily repented."

PERHAPS nothing can exceed, in justice, truth, or amiableness, the following sentiment of Lady M. W. Montagu. "The small portion of authority that has fallen to my share, only over a few children and servants, has always been a burthen, rather than a pleasure. I believe every one finds it so who acts from a maxim, I think an indispensable duty, that whoever is under my *power*, is under my *protection*."

WHEN a person of genius condescends to converse with those of vulgar understandings, it gives the sensation that a tall man feels on being forced to stoop in a low room.

"You are *prejudiced*," says Pedanticus, "I will not take *your* word, or *your* character of that man." But Pedanticus should be informed that the *grounds* of my *prejudice*, are the *source* of my *accusation*."

Q. Z.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

Good Tidings; or, News from the Farm. A Poem. By Robert Bloomfield, Author of the Farmer's Boy, &c. 4to. pp. 37. 2s. 6d. Vernor and Hood. 1804.

WE cannot commence this article without exposing a measure of vanity and pride, which it would be hypocrisy to conceal, but which it is by no means dishonourable to confess. We were the first to approve of Mr. Bloomfield's effusions, when in MS. and to promote their publication. We have since watched over him, and seen his success equal, nay exceed, our fondest hopes; and it is our delight to know that, notwithstanding the powerful fumes arising from the incense perpetually burning to him, which might well make giddy the strongest head, he is not forgetful of the humble instruments of his present renown.

There is scarcely any thing more remarkable in the extraordinary works of this enchanting poet, than that, unassisted by the art and knowledge acquired by education, he should exhibit all the correctness of versification and choice of language, that distinguishes the most learned and studious servants of the Muses. To our rural bard may, with some variation, be applied what the illustrious rhapsodist has said of the minstrel at the feast of Alcibiades:

Μῆσ' —————
Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἀμερσε, διδὼ δ' ἦδειαν αἰοιδῆν.

OD. η..

Fortune deprived him of the lights of science, but Nature bestowed on him the gift of sweetest song; and if it be true, as it has been observed, that a man of genius, fired with his subject, is never at a loss for diction appropriate to his thoughts, the mystery of this excellence in our author is, in a degree, unfolded. It was, indeed, not much more justly remarked by Dryden of Shakspeare, than it might be of Bloomfield, that, "he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there." And to proceed, *mutato nomine*, with what Dr. Johnson says of the best of poets, "Whether life or nature be his subject, he shows plainly that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other

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mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete."

Reed's Shakspeare. V. 1. p. 283.

But it is a loss of time to urge these points. It is very idleness to insist on that which no one disputes. *The Farmer's Boy*, and the *Rural Tales*, have abundantly secured his fame, and lastingly endeared him to all the lovers of "Heaven descended poesy," of nature and of truth.

It is the property of genius to create; therefore, no soil exists so sterile as to leave us without hopes of fruit, when committed to the care of such a labourer. Nothing but this persuasion could have made the prospect cheerful, when we took up this work of our poet, which has for its subject Dr. Jenner's invaluable discovery of the *Vaccine Inoculation*. Barren, and almost frightful as this field appears, the spirit of poetry no sooner breathed upon it, than it became luxuriantly fertile in all the fairest flowers and richest produce of the imagination.

If it be not false of misfortunes that,

He best can paint them, who shall feel them most,

few have ever been called to a task who were so well qualified, in this respect, as Mr. B. on the present occasion, since there are not many who have his cause to lament the ravages which the "*human face divine*" has suffered from this ruthless disease.

"My method of treating it (this poem) has" says Mr. B. in his advertisement, "endeared it to myself, for it indulges in domestic anecdote. The account given of my infancy, and of my father's burial, is not only poetically, but strictly true, and with me it has its weight accordingly. I have witnessed the destruction described in my brother's family; and I have, in my own, insured the lives of four children, by vaccine inoculation, who, I trust, are destined to look back upon the small-pox, as the scourge of days gone by."

These remarks induce us to make our extract from that interesting portion of the poem, to which they relate; and though we shall not be sparing in the quantity, we entertain no apprehension of being blamed for the length of our quotation.

There dwelt, beside a brook that creeps along
Midst infant hills and meads unknown to song,
And alder-groves, and many a flow'ry lea
Still winding onward to the northern sea,

One to whom poverty and faith were giv'n,
 Calm village silence, and the hope of heav'n :
 Alone she dwelt ; and while each morn brought peace,
 And health was smiling on her years' increase,
 And haply still a flatt'ring prospect drew,
 'Twas well,—but there are days of trouble too.
 Sudden and fearful, rushing through her frame,
 Unusual pains and feverish symptoms came ;
 Then, when debilitated, faint, and poor,
 How sweet to hear a footstep at her door !
 To see a neighbour watch life's silent sand,
 To hear the sigh, and feel the helping hand !
 But woe o'erspread the interdicted ground,
 And consternation seiz'd the hamlets round :
 Uprose the pest—its fated victim died ;
 The foul contagion spread on ev'ry side ;
 She, who had help'd the sick with kind regard,
 Bore home a dreadful tribute of reward,
Home, where six children, yielding to its pow'r,
 Gave hope and patience a most trying hour ;
 One at her breast still drew the living stream,
 (No sense of danger mars an infant's dream,)
 Yet ev'ry tongue exprest, and ev'ry eye,
 " Who'er survives the shock, that child will die !"
 But vain the fiat,—Heav'n restor'd them all,
 And destin'd one of riper years to fall.
 Midnight beheld the close of all his pain,
 His grave was clos'd when midnight came again ;
 No bell was heard to toll, no funeral pray'r,
 No kindred bow'd, no wife, no children there ;
 Its horrid nature could inspire a dread
 That cut the bonds of custom like a thread.
 The humble church-tow'r higher seem'd to show,
 Illumin'd by their trembling light below ;
 The solemn night-breeze struck each shiv'ring cheek ;
 Religious reverence forbade to speak :
 The starting sexton his short sorrow chid
 When the earth murmur'd on the coffin lid,
 And falling bones and sighs of holy dread
 Sounded a requiem to the silent dead !

' Why tell us tales of woe, thou who didst give
 ' Thy soul to rural themes, and bade them live ?
 ' What means this zeal of thine, this kindling fire ?
 ' The rescu'd infant and the dying sire ?'
 Kind heart, who o'er the pictur'd Seasons glow'd,
 Whose smiles have crown'd the verse, or tears have flow'd,



Was then the lowly minstrel dear to thee ?
Himself appeals—What, if *that child* were HE !
What, if those midnight sighs a farewell gave,
While hands, all trembling, clos'd his father's grave ?
Though love enjoin'd not infant eyes to weep,
In manhood's zenith shall his feelings sleep ?
Sleep not my soul ! indulge a nobler flame ;
Still the destroyer persecutes thy name.

Seven winters cannot pluck from memory's store
That mark'd affliction which a brother bore ;
That storm of trouble bursting on his head,
When the fiend came, and left *two children* dead ?
Yet, still superior to domestic woes,
The native vigour of his mind arose,
And, as new summers teem'd with brighter views,
He trac'd the wanderings of his darling Muse,
And all was joy—this instant all his pain,
The foe implacable returns again,
And claims a sacrifice ; the deed is done—
Another child has fall'n, another son* !
His young cheek even now is scarcely cold,
And shall his early doom remain untold ?
No ! let the tide of passion roll along,
Truth *will* be heard, and God *will* bless the song !
Indignant Reason, leagu'd with Pity, fly,
And speak in thunder to the hearts that sigh :
Speak loud to parents ;—knew ye not the time
When age itself, and manhood's hardy prime,
With horror saw their short-liv'd friendships end,
Yet dar'd not visit ev'n the dying friend ?
Contagion, a foul serpent lurking near,
Mock'd Nature's sigh and Friendship's holy tear.
Love ye your children ?—let that love arise.
Pronounce the sentence, and the serpent dies ;
Bid welcome a mild stranger at your door,
Distress shall cease, those terrors reign no more.
Love ye your neighbours ?—let that love be shown,
Risk not *their* children while you guard your own ;
Give not a foe dominion o'er your blood,
Plant not a poison, o'er to bring forth good ;
For, woo the pest discreetly as you will,
Deadly infection must attend him still.
Then, let the serpent die ! this glorious prize
Sets more than life and health before our eyes,

* I had proceeded thus far with the Poem, when the above fact became a powerful stimulus to my feelings, and to the earnestness of my exhortations.

For beauty triumphs too ! Beauty ! sweet name,
 Should rouse the mother's feelings into flame ;
 For, where dwells she, who, while the virtues grow,
 With cold indifference marks the arching brow ?
 Or, with a lifeless heart and recumbent blood,
 Sighs not for daughters fair as well as good ?
 The wish is nature, and can not decay,
 'Tis universal as the beams of day ;
 Nor less the wish of man ; for Beauty's call
 Rouses the coldest mortal of us all ;
 A glance warms age itself, and gives the boy
 The pulse of rapture and the sigh of joy.
 And is it then no conquest to insure
 Our lilies spotless and our roses pure ?
 Is it no triumph that the lovely face
 Inherits every line of Nature's grace ?
 That the sweet precincts of the laughing eye
 Dread no rude scars, no foul deformity ?
 Our boast, old Time himself shall not impair,
 Of British maids pre-eminently fair ;
 But, as he rolls his years on years along,
 Shall keep the record of immortal song ;
 For song shall rise with ampler power to speak
 The new-born influence of Beauty's cheek,
 Shall catch new fires in every sacred grove,
 Fresh inspiration from the lips of Love,
 And write for ever on the rising mind—
 DEAD IS ONE MORTAL FOE OF HUMAN KIND !

It is unnecessary to point out the several exquisite beauties of this passage. Those who feel them, need it not ; and those who do not, could derive no advantage from it.—Give us the blind to instruct in colours, and the deaf in sounds, but let nothing be required of us, touching the man who is not sensible of the charms of these verses, except our pity.

After various animated pictures drawn, both in foreign climates and in our own, of the devastation occasioned by this fell destroyer of beauty and of life, the poem at length concludes with the victory of the vaccine inoculation ;

————*a victory unstained with gore,*
That strews its laurels at the cottage door. P. 36.

In this delightful labour of his Muse, Mr. Bloomfield has received no assistance from either his worthy and best friend Mr. Lofft or Dr. Jenner, but has depended entirely on himself for

the notes subjoined, which are selected from Woodville on inoculation.

Whatever the flowers of poetry could do to promote science, has now been done, and our poet has added another unfading wreath to those which he has before so deservedly obtained.

Odd Whims and Miscellanies, by Humphry Repton, Esq. 2 Vols. 3vo. 18s. Miller. 1804.

Too many years had, we thought, passed over our heads, in serving the public, in our present occupation, to permit us to be surprised at any thing in the world of letters, and, least of all, at folly and nonsense, but we confess that our wonder has, in some measure, been excited, by the price charged by Mr. Repton, for his efforts in this way, as it seems to argue that folly and nonsense are become scarce, which we most seriously disbelieve.—Or, possibly, Mr. Repton may *chop his logic* in this manner:—"If the mechanic, who performs his work better than another, requires greater wages, why should not I, who have written more foolishly than most of my craft, demand a higher premium for my labour?" We trust, however, that this charge is merely an *odd whim*, and not likely to prove general:—if not, we sincerely hope that the public will set their faces against the imposition, and persevere in it, although it should eventually occasion even the whole of this class of *workmen*, in the *book line*, to STRIKE. *O giorno felice!*

Our nets are always out, and though we expect not, at every haul, to be blessed with shoals of the rarest fish, yet, when we pay so handsomely for our sport, we do entertain the idea of catching something better than *minnows* and *miller's thumbs*: such, however, has been our success in 'Squire Humphrey's *Shallows*; and we have not only had the mortification of being condemned to small fry, but, on examination, to the same as we once caught before*, and committed again to the stream, with (as it now appears) a vain hope that they would improve. Here we shall quit our figure, but not without remarking that Mr. Repton is himself a bungling sort of a fisherman, and is probably angling with his minnows, for fish of a superior kind—gudgeons!

The second volume contains a play, called "*Odd Whims, or Two at a Time*." In speaking of this, we have simply to confirm the truth of what the author has advanced in his prologue. "The

* The first volume is composed of a number of puerile essays, published formerly with others, under the title of "*Variety*." Not being touched then, they are now served up again in a fresh dish, with a garnish—*Crambe bis cocta*.

scenes and characters are old." After this, *the Gods make Humphry poetical*, and we are treated with "Poetic Miscellanies," of which we shall give his own opinion, although we do not perfectly agree with him.

From whom come these things? how are they directed?

You never cou'd Repton of verse have suspected.

I'll tell you the reason why this is in verse;

My prose is such prosing, 'tis fifty times worse. P. 134.

We say that we do not perfectly agree with him, because we must do him the justice to own that we have our doubts whether his prose is *worse* than this.

Though we have been far from taking much delight in these pages, yet we recollect the time when they would have afforded us no small share.—We allude not to the writing, but to the *pretty pictures* which are here and there *stuck into* these volumes, and, but for the price, would make them a very desirable present to young masters and misses, at Christmas. These specimens of art are all "*drawn by H. Repton*"—Harriot Repton, most likely, one of Humphry's daughters, and in all probability daubed over, as we have them, with water colours, by some one of the little Reptons, whose genius seems to keep pace with that of their honoured papa.

These "*trifles*," as Mr. R. calls them, are dedicated to the Right Honourable Wm. Windham, with the *high* compliment, that he, as a "man of genius, knows the value of trifling," and will, of course, esteem this work accordingly.

Letters written by the late Earl of Chatham to his Nephew, Thomas Pitt, Esq. (afterwards Lord Camelford) then at Cambridge, 5s. Payne. 1804.

For these unadorned and affectionate letters, composed to warn, admonish, instruct, enlighten, and convince the reason of a youth at college, the public is indebted to that able and eloquent statesman, Lord Grenville, who publishes them with the entire concurrence of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom they are dedicated.

"They are," says the noble editor in his preface, "few in number, written for the private use of an individual, during a short period of time, and containing only such detached observations on the extensive subjects to which they relate, as occasion might happen to suggest, in the course of familiar correspondence. Yet even these imperfect remains will, undoubtedly, be received by the public with no common interest, as well from their own intrinsic value, as from the picture which they display of the character of their author." P. vii. viii.

"What parent," continues this acute, learned, and elegant writer, "anxious for the character and success of a son, born to any liberal station in this great and free country, would not, in all that related to his education, gladly have resorted to the advice of such a man? What youthful spirit, animated by any desire of future excellence, and looking for the gratification of that desire, in the pursuits of honourable ambition, or in the consciousness of an upright, active, and useful life, would not embrace, with transport, any opportunity of listening on such a subject, to the lessons of Lord Chatham? **THEY ARE HERE BEFORE HIM.** Not delivered with the authority of a preceptor, or a parent, but tempered by the affection of a friend, towards a disposition and character well entitled to such regard." P. xii—xiii.

Differing from the Earl of Chatham, Lord Grenville, with taste and judgment, reproves the too favourable opinion entertained by the Earl, of the political writings of Bolingbroke; and vindicates, with spirit, the integrity of Clarendon, which the noble author of these epistles unjustly distrusts. More might be observed on this admirable preface, but we hasten to the work which it is its object to introduce, and we cannot better speak the praises of these letters and shew their qualities and perfection in a fuller view than by extracting from them, in the greatest degree that our limits will permit.

The first letter is without date; the second is from Bath, Oct. 12, 1751, and the last from St. James's Square, Oct. 27, 1757, four months after the Earl was restored to the situation of Secretary of State, by the irresistible appeals of the people, which prevailed entirely over the court intrigues that had displaced him. Of this circumstance, however, and of the vicissitudes of his political life, its splendour and its glory, these writings convey no information. On all subjects, except the improvement of his nephew's mind and heart, and some few domestic trifles, they are totally silent.

In the third letter we find this excellent advice:

"You are already possessed of the true clue to guide you through this dangerous and perplexing part of your life's journey, the years of education; and upon which, the complexion of all the rest of your days will infallibly depend: I say you have the true clue to guide you, in the maxim you lay down in your letter to me, namely, *that the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and virtuous; not merely to make him more learned.* *Macte tuâ Virtute;* Go on, my dear boy, by this golden rule, and you cannot fail to become every thing your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way; and that is, perhaps, natural enough at your age, the love of pleasure, or the fear of close application and laborious diligence. With the last there is nothing you may not conquer: and the first is sure to conquer and enslave whoever does not strenuously and generously resist the first allurements of it, lest by small indulgen-

cies, he fall under the yoke of irresistible habit. *Vitanda est Improbæ Siren, Desidia*, I desire may be affix to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth talking of; and another rule is, if you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never suffer yourself, or any one else, to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitably and frivolously; unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyable to yourself. *Be assured, whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence, for the first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred fold in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days.* My heart is so full of the most earnest desire that you should do well, that I find my letter has run into some length, which you will, I know, be so good to excuse. There remains now nothing to trouble you with, but a little plan for the beginning of your studies, which I desire, in a particular manner, may be exactly followed in every tittle. You are to qualify yourself for the part in society to which your birth and estate call you. You are to be a gentleman of such learning and qualifications as may distinguish you in the service of your country hereafter; not a pedant, who reads only to be called learned, instead of considering learning as an instrument only for action." P. 10—13.

Here follows a small part of a course of study, and the whole concludes with this well-merited postscript. "Keep this letter, and read it again."

"As to your companions," continues the earl, in his fourth letter, (which can never be too often read, by one about to visit either of the mothers of science and learning).... "let this be your rule. Be sure to associate with men much older than yourself: scholars wherever you can: but always with men of decent and honourable lives. As their age and learning, superior both to your own, must necessarily, in good sense, and in the view of acquiring knowledge from them, entitle them to all deference and submission of your own lights to theirs, you will particularly practice that first and greatest rule for pleasing, in conversation, as well as for drawing instruction and improvement from the company of one's superior in age and knowledge; namely, to be a patient, attentive, and well-bred hearer, and to answer with modesty; to deliver your own opinion sparingly, and with proper diffidence; and, if you are forced to desire further information or explanation upon a point, to do it with proper apologies for the trouble you give: or if obliged to differ, to do it with all possible candour, and an unprejudiced desire to find and ascertain truth, with an entire indifference to the side on which that truth is to be found. There is, likewise, a particular attention required, to contradict with good manners; such as, begging pardon, begging leave to doubt, and such like phrases. Pythagoras enjoined his scholars an absolute silence for a long noviciate. I am far from approving such a taciturnity: but I highly recommend the end and intent of Pythagoras's injunction; which is, to dedicate the first parts of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials, out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights, and well-examined sound principles, than to be presuming; prompt and flippant in hazarding one's own slight crude notions of things; and thereby exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened to company before it

is fitted, either with necessaries, or any ornaments for their reception and entertainment.—As to your manner of behaving towards these unhappy young gentlemen you describe (some youths at Cambridge who wished him to indulge in their excesses) let it be manly and easy; decline their parties with civility; retort their raillery with raillery, always tempered with good breeding: if they banter your regularity, order, decency, and love of study, banter in return their neglect of them; and venture to own frankly, that you came to Cambridge to learn what you can, not to follow what they are pleased to call pleasure. In short, let your external behaviour to them be as full of politeness and ease as your inward estimation of them is full of pity, mixed with contempt. I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer to you which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn; I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. *If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man.—Remember, the essence of religion is, a heart void of offence towards God and man; not subtle speculative opinions, but an active vital principle of faith.*" P. 20—21.

After the above important and valuable admonitions, we have, in letter V. his lordship's observations on matters of a lighter nature, but, nevertheless, indispensable in the constitution of a gentleman, Ridiculing the idea of a good or great man being above attending to a noble, engaging, and proper management of his person, he makes this remark. "As if the body, because inferior, were not a part of the composition of man: and the easy, ready, and graceful use of himself, both in mind and limb, did not go to make up the character of an accomplished man." p. 33. "Now, as to *politeness*," continues he, "many have attempted definitions of it: I believe it is best to be known by description; definition not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it *benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves, in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life.* Let your behaviour towards superiors in dignity, age, learning, or any distinguished excellence, be full of respect, deference, and modesty. Towards equals, nothing becomes a man so well as well-bred ease, polite freedom, generous frankness, manly spirit, always tempered with gentleness and sweetness of manner, noble sincerity, candour and openness of heart, qualified and restrained within the bounds of discretion and prudence, and ever limited by a sacred regard to secrecy, in all things entrusted to it, and an invaluable attachment to your word. *To inferiors, gentleness, condescension, and affability, is the only dignity. Towards servants, never accustom yourself to rough and passionate language.* When they are good, we should consider them as *humiles amici*, as fellow Christians, *ut Conservi*; and when they are bad, pity, admonish, and part with them, if incorrigible." P. 35. 38.

Is it possible to see the great and venerable Chatham in a more amiable light than that in which we view him in these letters? If such ardour and anxiety could agitate the bosom of the earl, for the mental welfare of a nephew, what must he have felt, and what must not have been his exertions in the cause of a son? The effect is before us; and if he supplicated with the chief of Troy, *ὦτα τις εἰπῆσι, πατὴρ δ' ὄγε πολλὸν ἀμείναν*, his prayer, if not fully granted, was most favourably received.

More of these letters we have no room to quote, but, from what we have given, it will be seen how admirably they are calculated, as the noble editor observes, in his dedication to Mr. Pitt, to "teach how great talents may most successfully be cultivated, and to what objects they may most honourably be directed."

To conclude with an observation which pressed itself on us, in perusing these pages, we should say that we have no doubt there are men existing, who, still retaining something of their former generous hearts and noble minds, will weep to read these letters, which cannot fail to make them reflect on the advantages of education, that once were in their reach, but then too idly neglected; to think of what they might have been, and to feel severely what they are! Once, with minds "bearing every genuine mark of the very soil proper for all the amiable and manly virtues to take root, and bear the heavenly fruit, inward, conscious peace, fame amongst men, love, temporal and eternal happiness,"—with such minds, and the power of cultivating them even to luxuriance in good, they heedlessly disregarded all the splendid prospects of the hour, and in a hapless moment shunned them, to pursue the slippery and deceitful path of vain-glorious folly, and vicious dissipation—things that lead to nothing, or to something worse. Such a reflection may well extort compunction from those who have weakly failed to profit by the past; and it richly deserves the deepest and most serious consideration of those who are now in possession of all their vigour, and need nothing but inclination and perseverance to insure them victory in the race, and triumph in the prize.

A concise Statement of the Question regarding the Abolition of the Slave Trade. pp. 79. 8vo. Hatchard. 1804.

PREVIOUS to the discussion of Mr. Wilberforce's very recent motion in the house of commons, relating to the abolition of this nefarious and abominable traffic in the flesh and misery of our fellow-creatures, this pamphlet appeared, and was, by Mr. Rose, re-

commended strenuously to the perusal of the house, before they decided on the question then in agitation. The success of Mr. W.'s charitable and praiseworthy endeavours has again inspired the humane and just with the hope that a commerce, full of degradation to us, and torture to the objects of it, is speedily about to terminate; and if the anonymous author of this excellent pamphlet has not greatly promoted this desirable end, his failure must be ascribed to the short date of his appearance, and not to the want of energetic truths, and convincing arguments.

The matter is arranged in the following manner: first, a general view is taken of the trade, as it relates to the negroes in Africa, in the middle passage, and in the West Indies. From hence an inference is drawn, that the burthen of the proof rests upon those who defend the trade. Their arguments in its favour are then examined at length, as they refer to the interests of the Africans, the interests of those directly engaged in the slave trade, and the interests of the West Indian colonies. Under the last head are considered the new arguments which the advocates of the abolition derive from the present state of St. Domingo, and the whole is conducted and argued in a style that reflects honour on the manly feelings, diligent research, and masterly powers of the writer.

No fair ground is here left for the warmest defender of this inhuman trade to rest his foot on. Does his humanity sleep, it is awakened.—Is his *animus in crumend*, or is gold his god, it is proved to a demonstration that the public interest preponderates on the side of abolition. One plea alone remains to its defenders—the horrible love of human misery, of cruelty, and blood.

An Answer to Familiar Epistles to Frederick J—s, Esq. on the present State of the Irish State. Parry, Dublin. 1804.

OPOTOLOGY—anonymous—pseudo—rere. Such is the spelling of this Irish jontleman. In most authors, we should have ascribed these errors to the printer; but here, from several other internal evidences of artless ignorance, we have no doubt that they are to be attributed to the very tender and immature age of the writer's studies. In the title page we have a Greek couplet, "furnished by the com-
mon-place book of some accademic friend;" and in these lines we are indulged with two new words—*Ορσειρ* and *Ιχσο*, but of this the *Pseudo Jones*,* is, poor fellow, "as innocent as the child unborn."

We have now merely to recommend to this Hibernian Scribe, a

* This answer is impudently signed F. E. Jones,

very useful and instructive little work, for gentlemen of his standing in letters, called Dilworth's Spelling Book; and, if it be true, as he tells us, at p. 23, that, "*in Dublin, Wit is so common, no one values it,*" we earnestly entreat him, in future, when he is able to write, not to shun it with such persevering industry and sovereign contempt, as he has in the present instance.

The Recal of Momus, a Bagatelle. By Benjamin Thompson, Esq.
4to. pp. 54. 4s. 6d. Robinson. 1804.

THE reputation which Mr. Thompson has so justly acquired by the adaptation of the STRANGER to our stage, and by the elegant and correct version, long since given to the public, of the German Theatre, excited, in us, a great desire to peruse any original work from his pen. Our entertainment has been equal to our expectation, and to all who wish, in these gloomy times, to laugh away half an hour, we strongly recommend these ingenious little *jeux d'esprit*, as infallible in the production of this effect.

In the epistle dedicatory, to Thomas Dibdin, Esq. he diffidently observes that he has

" ——— endeavour'd, well as able,
To link, by mock-heroic fable,
Two or three "trifles light as air,"
Pick'd up at random, here and there." P. 1.

and concludes thus:

" Your muscles will my fate decide,
If you but smile, I'm satisfied." P. 8.

If Mr. Dibdin denies his friend this *satisfaction*, we have been deceived in his character, and shall not hesitate to pronounce him "an ill-natured man, though he don't look so."

The *Recal of Momus* opens with an assembly of the gods, from which Momus had been banished for 500 years, because (and we have Jupiter's word for it) he

The males insulted, and the females tear'd.

Apollo proves by his register, that the term of banishment is elapsed, and Mercury being dispatched to bring him back, he is again received into favour. After some pleasant altercation, Momus, at Jove's command, begins to amuse them with a story. This story is admirably told. Its length prevents our giving it entirely, but we shall endeavour to afford some idea of it briefly. An artful Frenchman is supposed to arrive "at a small village near the Trent."

" 'Twas Gotham call'd—in times of yore
 For wise inhabitants renown'd ;
 And now for wiser than before,
 As by my story will be found." P. 10.

Old Simon being absent in the field, Dorothy, his wife, who had buried Jonathan, a former husband, six months before, receives the Frenchman, whose *Saint-Louis* and coat ornamented with tarnished gold, are not "lost upon her."

" She asks the stranger whence he's come ;
 Bids him be seated while he tarries :
 With thanks he answers——(for one home
 Have Frenchmen all) ' Me be from Paris.'

' What ?' cried she, ' what ? good lack-a-day !
 ' You put one all a heat and fear in !
 ' From *Paradise*, Sir, did you say ?
 ' Speak up——I'm rather hard of hearing." P. 11.

This mistake the Frenchman encourages, and Dolly is weak enough to enquire after her late husband. He tells her that he knows him very well, and that he is "ver poor."

" Loudly she sobb'd—' Oh, that I knew
 ' How I could ease him of his sorrow,'
 ' Me tell, *Madame*, how dat you do :
 ' Me see good Jonatan to-morrow.'
 ' Suppose you two, *tree*, guinea send,
 ' And coat, *veste*, breeches—vat you got ;
 ' *Très acceptable* to my friend,
 ' Dat almost be *un sans-culotte*.'" P. 13.

Dolly immediately furnishes him with these things, and he departs. Simon returns, and learning what has passed, abuses her well for her credulity, and takes old Dobbin to pursue the rogue. The Frenchman sees him coming, and hides his prize under a bush. Simon, seeing no bundle, and not suspecting him, was about to proceed further, but

" ——— made a stand ;
 And thought it right thus much to say :
 ' Has any man, who in his hand
 ' Carried a bundle, passed this way ?'" P. 17.

The knave says, yes, and directs him to a thicket, in which, he pretends, that he is concealed. Simon begs that he will hold his horse for a moment, and in he dashes after him. The other quickly

"Snatch'd the bundle from the bush,
And with old Dobbin gallop'd off," P. 17.

Returning—

"His foolish head, poor Simon smote,
And curs'd, too late, his hasty folly;
Then homeward bent his way, and thought
How he should satisfy dame Dolly.

'Heyday! what now?' quoth she; 'on foot,'
'Yes, 'tis your messenger that rides;
'And soon he'll reach a *certain* spot,
'Where, doubtless, Jonathan resides.'

'I own, my love, that I was wrong:
'No thoughts the stranger had of robbing,
'And, as the journey seem'd so long,
'Why, you must know—*Pve lent him Dobbin.*" P. 18—19.

The two principal tales that follow, are "*The Bed*," and "*The Hunch-back'd Minstrels*." The first has some humour in it, but the last is far superior in point and incident. This piece reminded us of *the Little Hunchback*, in the *Arabian Tales*, and of *the Two Priars*, a story which was related in a number of our work, and has since been turned into verse by Mr. Colman, with irresistible wit and drollery. The difference is, however, quite sufficient to entitle Mr. Thompson to great praise for the invention.

Our poet confesses that it has been his aim to imitate the styles both of Peter Pindar, and the younger Colman; two men, between whom, in our opinion, there is nothing but an odious comparison, the genius of the latter, far transcending that of the former. Mr. Thompson has caught much of the fire, and possesses no small share of the whim and jocularly of his originals. There is yet, however, one thing wanting, the absence of which we do not often complain of——more!

Sherwood Forest; or, Northern Adventures. A Novel, in 3 Vols.
By Mrs. Villa Real Gooch. Highley, 12s. 1804.

THESE interesting volumes are introduced by a dedication and preface, which could not fail to awake the attention and conciliate the esteem of every reader of sensibility, for a writer less public and valued than Mrs. Gooch; but for her, whose various fate and rare acquirements, talents and taste, are so well known, no appeal of this nature was in any way necessary. The circulating libraries have not on their shelves six authors of the present day, whose novels afford a greater abundance of instructive lessons and generous

mirth, untainted with indecency or immorality, than those which come from the pen of Mrs. Gooch.

"To you," says Mrs. G. in her dedication to Mr. Wardell, a worthy man, who has done himself honour by relieving the distresses of the fair novelist—"To you, I now dedicate *Sherwood Forest*. It takes its title from the place of my nativity; and that consideration united to that of its recording a few forest anecdotes, perhaps hitherto unheeded, may render it interesting to my countrymen, and not wholly unentertaining to others." P. vi.

To presume on these considerations, was far from arrogance in Mrs. Gooch, and in us, who have witnessed the execution of her design, it will be none to promise the reader more satisfaction than the humility of the writer would lead him to expect.

Henrietta Bellman; or, the New Family Picture. A Novel. By Augustus la Fontaine. In 2 Vols. Vernor and Hood. 1804.

THIS novel is the production of Augustus la Fontaine, the author who has lately furnished Mr. Dibdin with the plot to his ingenious and lively comedy, intitled "*Guilty or Not Guilty*." The work before us has considerable merit, and exhibits such a pleasing and affectionate picture, in a variety of well-wrought scenes, and characters ably drawn, as secure the attention and delight the feelings of the reader to the end.

Zoflora; or, the Generous Negro Girl. A Colonial Story. From the French of J. B. Piguenard. In 2 Vols. 7s. Lackington. 1804.

ADONIS, a former work of M. Rigueard, was honoured with the approbation of Barnardin de Saint Pierre, and the present is not inferior in interest, whilst it is greatly superior in singularity. "As for those readers," says our author in his preface, "who, astonished at some of the circumstances, desire to know whether this narrative, which I publish under the title of a *Colonial Story*, be true or fictitious, I answer them all with an explicit *yes*, because, in fact, this story partakes of the nature both of history and romance; the foundation and the characters are the patrimony of truth, but many of the particulars belong to fiction." P. iii.

The relation is good, the language of the translator perspicuous, and the scenery and incidents frequently boast of so much novelty, that the work is, upon the whole, an object of curiosity as well as amusement.

The Citizen's Daughter ; or, What might be. 8vo. pp. 284. Verner and Hood. 1804.

"Few," says the author of the *Citizen's Daughter*, "are dragged by banditti through vaulted caverns, immured in haunted towers, or, deprived of their birth-right by tyrannic usurpers, are compelled to wander in mysterious obscurity, through scenes of horror and misery—fraud and oppression now are practised under less terrific forms." Cap. 1. P. 2.

There is much good sense and truth in these observations, and the writer has boldly and wisely ventured to pursue the middle path of human life, and neither soared to heaven in search of angels and blessed spirits, nor plunged into hell, and ransacked the infernal regions for devils ready horn'd and hoof'd, for fiends of night, or "goblins damn'd." On earth there is vice enough, the description of which would fill the soul with horror, and we are so charitable as to believe that there is also to be found, in some recesses, made holy by innocence and humility, a sufficient portion of virtue to cheer the hearts of the good with exultation, reverence, and love. Our author appears to have been of the same opinion, and has produced a work that seldom steps beyond the modesty of nature, and is replete with incident, character, and pleasantry.

An Apology for the Conduct of the Gordons, containing the whole of their Correspondence, &c. with Mrs. Lee. To which is annexed, an accurate Account of their Examination at Bow Street, and their Trial at Oxford. By Loudoun Harcourt Gordon, Esq. Gt. Gr. 8vo. pp. 143. 1804.

THIS modest and gallant gentleman informs us, in a scrap of Latin in his title page, *That it is not given to Jove himself to love and to be wise at the same time.* It is our opinion, that it is not given to Mr. Loudoun Gordon either *to love* or *to be wise*; for we will not suffer gross sensuality to pass for the former, nor what Bacon calls "left-handed wisdom," (not to use its vulgar name) to be distinguished as the latter. We have read and heard of many metamorphoses occasioned by love, and the present is of the commonest kind. It has transformed the lady into a fool, and her knight into something worse. Seriously, no man, who did not defy degradation, would have published such a disgraceful pamphlet as the one before us. Silence, in this case, would have been the prudence of the Gordons:

Glad to be hidden, proud to be forgot.

DR. JOHNSON,

32—VOL. XVII.

The silly notion of Mrs. Lee, that a bag of camphor, suspended to her neck, was a charm against sensual pleasure, is no new superstition. In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, V. 2, p. 356. Memb. vi. Subsect. 1. On the Cure of Love-Melancholy, we find the same prescription *libidini maxime contraria CAMPHORA est*, but for the mode of wearing it, which Mrs. Lee entirely mistook, we must refer the curious reader to the page above quoted.

The Works of Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq. including several Pieces never before published, with an Account of his Life and Character. By his Son, George Owen Cambridge, M. A. 4to. pp. 586. 2l. 12s. 6d. Cadell and Davies. 1803.

THAT a son should be superabundantly partial to the works and character of his sire, is always excuseable, though the effect may not always be praise-worthy; and such is the case in the present instance. Mr. R. O. Cambridge is sufficiently known as the author of the *Scribleriad*, a mock heroic poem, and other productions of less celebrity; but there was no public call for a reprint of his works, nor is the addition of several new trifles of consequence enough to warrant, in these days of scarcity of cash, such a heavy and ill-proportioned attack on our pocket. That Mr. Cambridge was a good man, and not the worst writer of his time, is true, but they who have once read his writings, and now hear that they amused him through a long life, will be perfectly content that they should henceforth, with their author, *rest in peace*.

An Excursion in France, and other Parts of the Continent of Europe; from the Cessation of Hostilities in 1801, to the 13th Dec. 1803. Including a Narrative of the unprecedented Detention of the English, travelling in that Country, as Prisoners of War. By Charles Maclean, M. D. pp. 312. 8vo. 6s. Longman and Rees. 1804.

ACCORDING to Dr. Maclean, his intention was not to travel, like a Holcroft, or many others of his description, for the purpose of writing ponderous volumes of anecdotes and trifles. But his singular design was to visit countries infected with the plague, with the charitable motive of improving his knowledge of this disease, for the benefit of mankind. He was, however, variously prevented from going to the Levant, to Cadiz, when this epidemical pest prevailed there, or to Egypt, and was, at last, induced to go to France, where one, jocosely inclined, would think he might have studied *the plague* in its perfection.

The work possesses much pleasant matter, as well as many ob-

servations on the state of medicine in France, in which Dr. M. appears to have exercised a sound judgment.

The following laughable circumstance occurs at the dissection of a lady from Ireland, to ascertain the cause of her sudden death. "This," says our author, "he (the operator) readily discovered in the internal coat of the stomach, and in the mesenteric glands. But what most pleased and surprised the spectators, was to find that the lady, although about sixty years of age, was yet a virgin. '*Mon Dieu, est il possible ?*' exclaimed the *Officier de Santé*, and his assistants. '*Ah ! mon Dieu ! mon Dieu ! mon Dieu !*' exclaimed the landlady, who was present the whole time, *c'est incroyable ; une telle chose n'aurait pu arriver en France*." She danced about the room in a kind of ecstasy, as the mathematician, of old, is reported to have done upon his having accidentally discovered the solution of a problem, while bathing.

British Monachism ; or, Manners and Customs of the Monks and Nuns of England. By T. D. Fosbrooke, M. A. &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. 14s. Payne.

THE qualifications of Mr. Fosbrooke to perform this task, will be readily admitted by those who have perused a former work of this author, called the *Economy of Monastic Life*, a poem with notes. Although we cannot afford much praise to his poetry on that occasion, yet we are very willing to pay him the tribute due to the knowledge which he there displayed of his subject, and which he has carried into the present discussion in an extended degree. After treating of the facilities and difficulties which he experienced in obtaining information, he observes, "However I have endeavoured to render the work as pleasing as I could, and I certainly am entitled to credit, inasmuch as I may have contributed somewhat to check that spirit of Monachism and popery, which has lately been revived."

We doubt this latter assertion, and believe that Popery was never less likely to rear its head than in these times, and we are further of opinion, that it is even losing ground in its chosen seats, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Nothing preferable, however, promises to succeed it, since we have remarked that the disgusting mummery and profaneness of the rites and processions of the church of Rome,

* Good God ! is it possible ?

† Oh ! my God ! my God ! my God ! it's incredible : such a thing could not have happened in France.

will sooner or later verify the observation of Voltaire, that if you endeavour to persuade men to believe things that are absurd and contrary to common sense, they will not be long before they believe nothing.

When we recommend this publication for its intelligence, we say all that we can in its favour.

The Benefits of Wisdom and the Evils of Sin. A Sermon. Preached before the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, on Sunday, Nov. 6, 1803; and published at the request of the Bench. By the Rev. Robert Nares, Archdeacon of Stafford, and Canon Residentiary of Lichfield, &c. Rivington, 1803.

THE professional and literary character of Mr. Nares, as an orthodox divine and a sound critic, is so well established, that the publication of a single discourse can add but slight honours to his well-earned reputation. The present, however, is highly creditable as a calm, rational, and argumentative address to an intelligent congregation. His text is from Eccl. ix. 18. "Wisdom is better than weapons of war, but one sinner destroyeth much good." the preacher candidly avows, that the thought of his sermon was taken from a sketch given by Mr. Simeon, in the continuation of his work, entitled "Skeletons of Sermons;" but how little was taken, besides the thought, every reader may see by comparison.

A short extract may serve to show, with what persuasive force an union of temporal and spiritual wisdom is recommended.

"We are, at present, in such circumstances as to require both kinds of wisdom. We have an active and an artful foe; who, by cunning rather than true wisdom, knows how to entrap and circumvent the unwary. It is necessary, then, that we should have prudence and sagacity, to guard against uncommon machinations, as well as courage to meet all exigencies. The weapons of war must be wielded even by peaceful hands, and must be guided by that wisdom which is yet more efficacious. But the highest rank must still be given to the wisdom which places its trust in God; and, by looking to him and his promises, can rise superior to all the events of life. There is a desperate courage which braves all dangers, and hazards all consequences; but more sedate and operative is that resolution, which proceeds by deliberate choice; and knows, that when the effort shall be made, there is no alternative that can bring with it repentances more consistent with Christian feelings is that determination of mind, which, if present objects shall be secured, is ready to give fervent thanks; if otherwise, to exert a pious fortitude, and look forward to a better world, conscious of having performed the essentials of duty, and of having so far obeyed the will of God. Such are the natural effects of religious wisdom."

In elucidating the second portion of the text—"One sinner destroyeth much good," we were forcibly struck with the following observation.

"Every species of guilt is a weapon in the hands of the person who commits it, by which he wounds and torments all those who are within the reach of his influence. Be it extravagance, be it debauchery, be it ever ungoverned and violent temper, the good that it destroys is more than can readily be calculated: it is a poison from which happiness shrinks away on every side, and leaves the offender in the centre of a desolation of his own producing."

An Accurate Historical Account of all the Orders of Knighthood, at present existing in Europe. By an Officer of the Chancery of the Equestrian, Secular, and Chapteral Order of St. Joachim. 2 Vols. 8vo. 16s. White.

To this useful and curious work, are prefixed a critical dissertation upon the ancient and present state of these Equestrian Institutions, and a prefatory discourse on the origin of knighthood in general, with a judicious interspersion of notes illustrative and explanatory. The publication has great merit, and will prove very acceptable to many readers and authors, whose amusement and studies are directed to enquiries of this nature,

DRAMATIC.

A Dramatic Synopsis: containing an Essay on the Political and Moral Use of a Theatre; involving Remarks on the Dramatic Writers of the present Day, and Strictures on the Performers of the two Theatres. By Thomas Gilliland. 4s. pp. 146. Lackington, Allen, and Co. 1804.

THE reader of this title page might be apt to think that Mr. Gilliland protests too much, but it will be found that he keeps his word, and pursues his argument without any offence to the world. The utility of strictures on the stage, the writers for it, and the actors on it, can never be doubted, when, as in the present instance, they are written by a man of sense and liberality, judgment and taste. We have seen many works of this nature, but they have all failed, more or less, in these great essentials, which Mr. G. has every where displayed. Authors, managers, and performers, may all read this work with profit, and we congratulate them on Mr. G.'s promise of future instruction.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.

The Imitation of Life—The Mirror of Manners—The Representation of Truth.

ON THE CHARACTER OF SHYLOCK.

MR. EDITOR.

THE character of *Shylock* has been always regarded with such general detestation and abhorrence, that I was not a little surprised to find in a volume of Essays, published at Exeter, an apology for his character and conduct. This paper was, I believe, written by the late ingenious Mr. Thomas Jackson, who is, perhaps, better known to the world by his musical productions, than his literary efforts. From the conviction that Shakspeare intended to represent, in the character of *Shylock*, an unfeeling and blood-thirsty usurer, I shall attempt to reply to some of his apologist's arguments, and to place him in the light which he justly merits. He begins with asserting that a prejudice is previously raised in our minds, from the circumstance of *Shylock's* being a Jew; but this surely is untrue, for within a few years, several dramatic productions have been performed where the character of a Jew is placed in the most amiable point of view; few of the modern comedies have received more applause than Cumberland's excellent play. *Sheva*, by his benevolence, inspires us with respect and veneration for his character; and *Shylock*, whether he were Jew or Christian, could not fail to move our dislike and abhorrence. Whence arises *Shylock's* dislike to Antonio?

In the following speech he informs us:

" I hate him, for he is a Christian :
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him."

It was Antonio's benevolence that inspired the Jew with this deadly hate against him: it appears that he was in the practice of

assisting the necessitous with money, without exacting the enormous "rate of usance" which Shylock did.

It was for no other reason than this that the Jew meditated to take away the life of the generous merchant: this his cruel purpose he persisted in with the most savage and bloodthirsty perseverance. Shylock's apologist has endeavoured to make his attempt on the life of Antonio, the consequence of having been "deprived of his daughter and property by one of his associates." "This," he says, "according to the followers of Moses, was legal reparation and sound morality." He further adds, "who can reflect on this, and not make great allowance for his meditating so severe a retaliation?" But the bloody bargain was made long before Lorenzo's elopement with his daughter. Lorenzo had appeared only once on the stage, and his love for Jessica was not mentioned, consequently this could not be the cause of Shylock's resentment; it, therefore, evidently originated in the Jew's wish to get rid of a man, who had, by his liberality, prevented the usury and extortion which he had practised.

This sentiment is plainly uppermost in his mind throughout the story, for, in the third act, after Antonio's arrest, Shylock says,

"——— tell me not of mercy;—

This is the fool that lends out money gratis."

He never assigns the reason which his apologist has so ingeniously pleaded for him; that Antonio was a party concerned in the elopement of his daughter; even at the trial, he does not attempt to justify his suit by casting any blame upon Antonio, but publicly declares,

"So, I can give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him.

How easy would it have been for Shylock to have alledged against Antonio, that he had assisted in seducing away his daughter, and in robbing him of part of his property; this would have been ground on which to have demanded justice and retribution, but he openly avows that "he can give no reason," founded on justice, for his cruel demand on the merchant. Shylock's character, we may imagine, was notorious throughout Venice; he was a rapacious usurer;

money was his idol, in pursuit of which, no means were too base, no methods too cruel to be used. That a generous and open-hearted merchant should, therefore, publicly "rate him, about his monies and his usances," cannot be wondered at. Antonio's character appears to have been intended as a foil to Shylock's. The former, generous, liberal, and open in all his dealings, possessing many and respectable connexions in Venice, beloved by all who knew him, and interesting even the duke himself in his fate. The latter, on the contrary, sordid, avaricious, cruel, and revengeful; without a single friend, (except of his own tribe) and despised and execrated by all men.

But the author of this ingenious defence, instead of taking Shylock's character, as drawn by Shakspeare, has amused himself with defending an imaginary character, a person of his own creation; he has transported us into Judea, and in a supposed extract from the Jerusalem Daily Advertiser, has given the opinion which it is probable a Jew would have formed on the merits of the play. Shylock's resentment is styled just, his sentiments patriotic, and Antonio represented as an unprincipled and profligate character. But if Shakspeare intended thus to delineate them, he did not display his usual penetration and knowledge of human nature; for no audience ever has seen, or ever can see, the Merchant of Venice performed, without feeling admiration and pity for Antonio, and disgust and detestation for his savage persecutor. It is impossible to exculpate Shylock, except at the expence of Antonio, whose conduct to Bassanio is, throughout, directed by the greatest benevolence, and the sincerest friendship. The desire of advancing something new, was, I think, the only reason for the attempt to make an apology for Shylock, and we shall the less wonder at it, as the same person undertook the vindication of the "injured Iago," on which defence I may, hereafter, offer a few observations.

I am, Sir,

Your's, respectfully,

E. D.

Norwich, June 8, 1804.

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

No. XI.

ON COMEDY. BY DR. BLAIR.

COMEDY is sufficiently discriminated from tragedy, by its general spirit and strain. While pity and terror, and the other strong passions, form the province of the latter, the chief, or rather sole instrument of the former, is ridicule. Comedy proposes for its object neither the great sufferings, nor the great crimes of men; but their follies and slighter vices, those parts of their character, which raise in beholders a sense of impropriety, which expose them to be censured, and laughed at by others, or which render them troublesome in civil society.

This general idea of comedy, as a satirical exhibition of the improprieties and follies of mankind, is an idea very moral and useful. There is nothing in the nature, or general plan of this kind of composition, that renders it liable to censure. To polish the manners of men, to promote attention to the proper decorums of social behaviour, and, above all, to render vice ridiculous, is doing a real service to the world. Many vices might be more successfully exploded, by employing ridicule against them, than by serious attacks and arguments. At the same time, it must be confessed, that ridicule is an instrument of such a nature, that when managed by unskilful, or improper hands, there is hazard of its doing mischief, instead of good, to society. For ridicule is far from being, as some have maintained it to be, a proper test of truth. On the contrary, it is apt to mislead, and seduce, by the colours which it throws upon its objects; and it is often more difficult to judge, whether these colours be natural and proper, than it is to distinguish between simple truth and error. Licentious writers, therefore, of the comic class, have too often had it in their power to cast a ridicule upon characters and objects which did not deserve it. But this is a fault, not owing to the nature of comedy, but to the genius and turn of the writers of it. In the hands of a loose, immoral author, comedy will mislead and corrupt; while, in those of a virtuous and well-intentioned one, it will be not only a gay and innocent, but a laudable and useful entertainment. French comedy is an excellent school of manners; while English comedy has been too often the school of vice.

The rules respecting the dramatic action, which I delivered in

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the first lecture upon tragedy, belong equally to comedy; and hence, of course, our disquisitions concerning it are shortened. It is equally necessary to both these forms of dramatic composition, that there be a proper unity of action and subject; that the unities of time and place be, as much as possible, preserved; that is, that the time of the action be brought within reasonable bounds; and the place of the action never changed, at least not during the course of each act; that the several scenes or successive conversations be properly linked together; that the stage be never totally evacuated till the act closes; and that the reason should appear to us, why the personages, who fill up the different scenes, enter and go off the stage, at the time when they are made to do so. The scope of all these rules, I shewed, was to bring the imitation, as near as possible, to probability; which is always necessary, in order to any imitation giving us pleasure. This reason requires, perhaps, a stricter observance of the dramatic rules in comedy than in tragedy. For the action of comedy being more familiar to us than that of tragedy, more like what we are accustomed to see in common life, we judge more easily of what is probable, and are more hurt by the want of it. The probable and the natural, both in the conduct of the story, and in the characters and sentiments of the persons who are introduced, are the great foundation, it must always be remembered, of the whole beauty of comedy.

The subjects of tragedy are not limited to any country, or to any age. The tragic poet may lay his scene in whatever region he pleases. He may form his subject upon the history, either of his own, or of a foreign country; and he may take it from any period that is agreeable to him, however remote in time. The reverse of this holds in comedy, for a clear and obvious reason. In the great vices, great virtues, and high passions, men of all countries and ages resemble one another; and are therefore equally subjects for the tragic muse. But those decorums of behaviour, those lesser discriminations of character, which afford subject for comedy, change with the differences of countries and times; and can never be so well understood by foreigners, as by natives. We weep for the heroes of Greece and Rome as freely as we do for those of our own country: but we are touched with the ridicule of such manners and such characters only, as we see and know; and therefore the scene and subject of comedy should always be laid in our own country, and in our own times. The comic poet, who aims at correcting improprieties and follies of behaviour, should study "to catch the manners living as they rise." It is not his business to

amuse us with a tale of the last age, or with a Spanish or a French intrigue; but to give us pictures taken from among ourselves; to satirize reigning and present vices; to exhibit to the age a faithful copy of itself, with its humours, its follies, and its extravagancies. It is only by laying his plan in this manner that he can add weight and dignity to the entertainment which he gives us. Plautus, it is true, and Terence, did not follow this rule. They laid the scene of their comedies in Greece, and adopted the Greek laws and customs. But it must be remembered, that comedy was, in their age, but a new entertainment in Rome; and that then they contented themselves with imitating, often with translating, merely, the comedies of Menander, and other Greek writers. In after-times, it is known that the Romans had the "*Comœdia Togata*," or what was founded on their own manners, as well as the "*Comœdia Palliata*," or what was taken from the Greeks.

Comedy may be divided into two kinds; comedy of character, and comedy of intrigue. In the latter, the plot, or the action of the play, is made the principal object. In the former, the display of some peculiar character is chiefly aimed at; the action is contrived altogether with a view to this end, and is treated as subordinate to it. The French abound most in comedies of character. All Moliere's capital pieces are of this sort; his *Avare*, for instance, *Misanthrope*, *Tartuffe*; and such are Destouche's also, and those of the other chief French comedians. The English abound more in comedies of intrigue. In the plays of Congreve, and, in general, in all our comedies, there is much more story, more bustle and action, than on the French theatre.

In order to give this sort of composition its proper advantage, these two kinds should be properly mixed together. Without some interesting and well-conducted story, mere conversation is apt to become insipid. There should be always as much intrigue, as to give us something to wish, and something to fear. The incidents should so succeed one another, as to produce striking situations, and to fix our attention; while they afford, at the same time, a proper field for the exhibition of character. For the poet must never forget, that to exhibit characters and manners, is his principal object. The action in comedy, though it demands his care, in order to render it animated and natural, is a less significant and important part of the performance than the action of tragedy: as in comedy, it is what men say, and how they behave, that draws our attention, rather than what they perform, or what they suffer. Hence it is a great fault to overcharge it with too much intrigue; and those intricate

Spanish plots that were fashionable for a while, carried on by perplexed apartments, dark entries, and disguised habits, are now justly condemned and laid aside; for, by such conduct, the main use of comedy was lost. The attention of the spectators, instead of being directed towards any display of characters, was fixed upon the surprising turns and revolutions of the intrigue; and comedy was changed into a mere novel.

In the management of characters, one of the most common faults of comic writers is, the carrying of them too far beyond life. Wherever ridicule is concerned, it is indeed extremely difficult to hit the precise point where true wit ends, and buffoonery begins. When the miser, for instance, in *Plautus*, searching the person whom he suspects for having stolen his casket, after examining first his right hand, and then his left, cries out, "*ostende etiam tertiam,*" "show me your third hand (a stroke too which *Moliere* has copied from him), there is no one but must be sensible of the extravagance. Certain degrees of exaggeration are allowed to the comedian; but there are limits set to it by nature and good taste; and supposing the miser to be ever so much engrossed by his jealousy and his suspicions, it is impossible to conceive any man in his wits suspecting another of having more than two hands.

Characters in comedy ought to be clearly distinguished from one another; but the artificial contrasting of characters, and the introducing them always in pairs, and by opposites, give too theatrical and affected an air to the piece. This is become too common a resource of comic writers, in order to heighten their characters, and display them to more advantage. As soon as the violent and impatient person arrives upon the stage, the spectator knows that, in the next scene, he is to be contrasted with the mild and good-natured man; or if one of the lovers introduced be remarkably gay and airy, we are sure that his companion is to be a grave and serious lover; like *Frankly* and *Bellamy*, *Clarinda* and *Jacintha*, in *Dr. Hoadley's Suspicious Husband*. Such production of characters by pairs, is like the employment of the figure antithesis in discourse, which, as I formerly observed, gives brilliancy, indeed, upon occasions, but is too apparently a rhetorical artifice. In every sort of composition, the perfection of art is to conceal art. A masterly writer, will, therefore, give us his characters, distinguished rather by such shades of diversity as are commonly found in society, than marked with such strong oppositions, as are rarely brought into actual contrast, in any of the circumstances of life.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Patriotic Address,

*Delivered by Mrs. LITCHFIELD, at Covent-Garden Theatre, on the
30th of May, 1804.*

WRITTEN BY MAURICE JAMES, ESQ.

THANKS! thanks!—I knew that Britons were the same,
Prompt to applaud, unwilling still to blame,
At Nature's call, that justice would relent,
And to a woman's plea, cry still—"content!"
Their's is the gentlest, as the bravest soul,
They raise the drooping, and the proud control—
Now the trump clangs, with martial rage they glow,
Now sigh in cadence to the notes of woe—
Now stalk remorseless, 'midst whole heaps of dead,
Now with light steps the floor of sorrow tread.
Now, voic'd with thunder, set the world at bay,
Now, in mild accents, whisper pain away—
So you bold cliff, that spurns the roaring flood,
Gives its soft nest to many a little brood—
So you stout oak, that frowns o'er all the grove,
Sweetly supports the woodbine's modest love,

Britons beware!—while bravery sleeps secure,
The midnight murderer oft unlocks the door—
Oft has the hero, who despis'd his foe,
Fall'n by the treach'rous cowards guilty blow—
Weak womens fears—yet, Britons! still beware!—
Too great to fear, oh cease not to prepare—
Freedom at last must conquer, but, before,
Our British plains may stream with British gore;
And though whole seas of Gallic swell the flood,
All won't atone one drop of British blood.—

Britain defies thee, France!—Oh glorious sound!—
E'en infant hearts with thrilling rapture bound!—
Bold deeds of pigmy prowess children dare,
Grasp little arms, and move the mimic war—
Tread firm their narrow strand, and try to frown,
And at one blow strike the whole battle down.

Mothers, 'tis ours the patriot spark to fan,
 To rear the infant hero into man—
 My boy in arms, soon as he learns to grow,
 Shall lisp his baby challenge to the foe—
 And when he lifts his pretty hands to heav'n,
 Begging his innocence may be forgiv'n—
 I'll teach him still to add this little pray'r,
 "God bless my country, and my good king spare."

Hail! Britain, hail! here bending at thy shrine,
 All right in this young warrior I resign—
 Peace, mother, peace—thy voice is heard no more,
 A *foreign* tyrant threats to tread our shore—
 His hungry squadrons swarm from ev'ry part,
 And feast in fancy on Britannia's heart—
 Go then, my son, the rushing monster stay,
 Go, with thy soul and body block his way—
 A thousand dastards hem my hero round,
 A thousand swords would fell him to the ground;
 Yet he retreats not, but where first he stood,
 Still stands, knee-deep ingulph'd in hostile blood.
 Numbers press on, yet, with undaunted mien,
 He smiles at death, indignantly serene—
 Now, in his might, he rises on the foe,
 The tyrant totters, tumbles, and lies low—
 Victory! Hark! Hark! they chant this patriot stave,
 "The land of freedom is THE TYRANT'S grave."

CONCEALMENT.

ADDRESSED TO MISS W**G.

SILENT sorrow marks my anguish,
 Written in this faded cheek;
 Eyes emitting thoughts that languish;
 Looks that eloquently speak.
 Blushing tremor, faint expression,
 Flutt'ring something to impart;
 Language ne'er could make confession
 Like the tumult in this heart!!!

S:.....

DELIA'S GRAVE,

A CANZONETTE.

Set to Music by Mr. Webster, of Mansfield.

"My love was sweeter than the rose,
 "Wash'd with the morning dew;
 "But cold she lies as wiptry snows,
 "Beneath this lonely yew:
 "From hence my sorrows and my cares
 "Will, with my days increase,
 "For ah!—my love lies buried here,
 "And with her all my peace!"

Where daisy-dappled banks invite;
 Or by the fountain clear;
 Or upland slope could yield delight,
 If Delia she was there:—
 Attun'd to love, our hearts were true,
 When wandering through the grove;
 Each bird hung forward from its bough,
 To hear the "voice of love."

Where beds of flowers their fragrance breathe,
 —The woodbine hower among—
 There, as she wove the civic wreath,
 She charm'd me with her song:—
 Delicious, *then*, the balmy gale,
 That kiss'd the thistle's beard;
 The myrtle grove, and elm-clad vale,
 Her lovely hands had rear'd.

But *now*, alas! nor purling rill;
 Nor daisy-dappled dale;
 Nor myrtle grove; nor sloping hill;
 Nor odour-fanning gale:
 Nor violet bank; nor roseat bower;
 Nor shade of alder tree;
 Can, since my Delia is no more,
 Diffuse their charms to me.

CACAMBO.

Ashford, 1804.

SPECTACLES :

OR HELPS TO READ.

WHERE gently swinging o'er the gate,
 The royal lion hugs his chain,
 Deck'd in a tawny hide, and wig
 (Instead of mane)
 As frizzled and as big
 As that which clothes the wisest judge's pate,—
 The village club, inspir'd by beer,
 Had met, the chronicle to hear,
 Which, weekly, to the list'ning crowd,
 Aaron, their clerk, proclaim'd aloud.
 While talking over state affairs,
 Each fault in politics discerning,
 And praising Aaron's wond'rous learning,
 A hawker came to vend his wares ;
 The well-pack'd box his aged shoulders prest,
 And his rough beard descended to his breast.
 " Vell, Shentlemen, vat you vant to buy ?
 " Goot razors, knives, vate'er you choose,
 " Vatch keys, or buckles for de shoes ;
 " Or do you stand in need
 " Of spectacles, vich help to read ?"
 " Do you sell helps to read ?" Hodge cries,
 And yawns, and rubs his drowsy eyes ;
 " Hand me a pair,—at least I'll try ;
 " Who knows, but, when the old man's dead,
 " I may be clerk, in Aaron's stead."
 So said, he fix'd them on his snout,
 And star'd, and wink'd, and look'd about,
 But all in vain :
 " Perhaps de soight's too old," the pedlar cries,
 " Sher, try anoder pair ;
 " Dese, Sher, vill shute you to a hair."
 Again the bumpkin try'd ;
 His eyes ran o'er the page again,
 But all was dark and puzzling as before.
 " Vell, Sher," cry'd Moses, " can you now see better ?"
 " Not I," quoth Hodge, with angry roar ;
 " I cannot tell a letter."
 Then madly stamp and rav'd,
 Swearing he'd have the cheating Hebrew shav'd ;

He'd dock his chin, he'd mow his grisly beard.
 "Vy, Sher," cry'd Moses, striving to be heard,
 "*Perhaps you cannot read*, and, if 'tis so,
 "Noting vill help you out, you know;
 "De spectacles are very goot indeed,
 "But den, perhaps, you never vent to school."
 "What," growl'd the clown, with fiery eye,
 And rudden'd face, whose anger you might see,
 "D'ye take me for a fool?
 "If I could say my A, B, C,
 "What need have I
 "For any *helps to read*?"

J. BRITTON, Junr.

SONG.

O, BEAUTEFEOUS maiden, hear me plead
 For love, the bliss of blisses;
 Those lips can learn no sweeter creed;
 Believe me by these kisses;
 Those rolling eyes thou canst not move,
 And neither feel nor kindle love.

Behold all nature round thee bloom,
 And each for love created,
 Till night and death the whole entomb,
 Of love 'twill not be sated.
 Wouldst thou alone exception prove,
 And neither feel nor kindle love?

Seft is thy bosom,—can thy heart
 Not palpitate with feeling?
 To day relent—my bliss impart—
 Ah what avails concealing.
 To-morrow we may cease to move,
 And neither feel nor kindle love.

Where hast thou in the world around
 Another truer, fonder,
 Whose love, whose life, together bound,
 Are thine—ah wherefore ponder?
 'Tis worse than transport, pangs to prove,
 To feel, and not enkindle, love. E. D.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

The diligence and genius of Mr. Cross are every where apparent in the conduct of this enchanting resort of fashion and beauty. Such endeavours, and so much liberality, ensure success; and we rejoice to see the public patronage run on a line with the abundant attractions of the performances at this house.

ASTLEY'S NEW AMPHITHEATRE.

When we say that the great success of this theatre is but in proportion to its elegance and merit, we merely do justice to the taste of the public, and to the indefatigable industry and ingenuity of the manager. The annals of our history afford us few events that have covered us with more glory than the victory obtained over the Spanish Armada; and we recollect no one that has been celebrated on the mimic-scene with greater effect than this, as it is now represented at the Royal Amphitheatre.

SADLERS WELLS.

This elegant little theatre, under the liberal conduct of the new proprietors, assisted by the indefatigable attention and powerful talents of Mr. C. Dibdin, is nightly crowded with the most fashionable company. The astonishing effect of the body of real water, and the representation of the ships in full trim, "built, rigged, navigated, and manœuvred in the most accurate manner," sailing down to the siege of Gibraltar, have been attractive in a degree almost unprecedented. The Managers, determined to maintain the credit of their "*Aquatic Theatre*," have lately produced a new comic pantomime, called ANTHONY, CLEOPATRA, and HARLEQUIN. The music, scenery, and changes, are excellent, and we have never seen any thing more beautiful in the way of stage exhibition than the view of Cleopatra's Galley, in which she sailed to meet Mark Anthony; and the Magic Bridge and Palace of Mirrors, with a real water-fall at the conclusion.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal PLYMOUTH.—The new theatre, which opened on the 30th of May, is now entirely finished, from the designs of Mr. Winston; and it may be truly said, that it is now as handsome as any of its size out of London. The front of the boxes are stone colour in relief; the centre of each pannel richly ornamented with *cameos*, to the number of twenty-one. The *proscenium* is ornamented with composite pilasters, inlaid with scroll-work, made by Bowen, of Bond-street; the whole is lighted by chandeliers, lustres, patent lamps, all new, and made in London. The stage, from the formation of the walls, cannot be so complete as might be wished: it has been much enlarged, and every thing possible has been done. The whole of the scenery is new, and principally painted by the late well-known artist, Bromley, with the addition of some very clever scenes by Mr. Wheatly; who has shewn much skill in executing the auditory

part. He is now busily employed in preparing new scenery, banners, &c. for Pizarro, Valentine and Orson, Cinderella, &c. The company is a good one, and has given satisfaction. If any one can claim precedency in point of merit, it is Mr. Barnes; who bids fair to become an excellent actor in old men *only*.

Theatre COVENTRY.—*Extract of a Letter.*—"Our magistrates have granted leave to a Thespian company to perform in this town, who are well attended; the manager's name is Hillyard, who is father, as I am informed, of the principal part of the corps. Their plan is not upon an extensive scale; but their performances have been marked by a regularity of system that merits approbation. I am sorry to tell you, that Mr. M'Cready, who truly deserves success, has met with very little encouragement this season, hitherto, at Birmingham.—'The times are out of joint' for theatricals, in manufacturing towns; nor can any hope of good fortune be expected, until we may say—

Our armours now may rust; our idle scimitars
Hang by our sides for ornament, not use.
Children shall beat our atabals and drums;
And all the noisy trade of war no more
Shall wake the peaceful morn.
Nor shall *Napoleon's* formidable name
Be longer us'd to lull the crying babe."

Theatre Royal, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—Our theatre closed for the season on Wednesday, the 23d of May; a few nights previous to which, the grand pantomime of Cinderella was brought out by Mr. Kemble, for his own benefit night; and, excepting Bluebeard (the scenes of which, by the admirable pencil of Nacsmith, were certainly finished in a higher style of excellence), no other spectacle has ever been produced in this theatre of so splendid a nature: Mr. Kemble has spared no expence in the scenery and dresses, both of which are uncommonly well executed, but unfortunately it was acted for the first time in a very imperfect manner, to a crowded audience; the machinery of the deceptions frequently failed, and some of the scenes were in a very unfinished state. An unfavourable opinion of it was, therefore, taken up, and, owing to this unlucky mismanagement, the succeeding nights were very thinly attended, though it was performed with as much splendor and effect as could possibly be expected on a provincial stage. Miss Kemble, in particular, did ample justice to the part of Venus, and Miss A. De'Camp was an animated and interesting representative of Cinderella.

Since I last wrote, Mr. Noble has quitted us for the Haymarket. He was certainly, whether deservedly so or not, a great favourite in this town; but as his new engagement is metropolitan, we must, of course, submit to our loss with resignation: and, in a great variety of his characters, Mr. Chippendale, who daily improves, will, I doubt not, leave us little room to regret his absence.

A Mr. Pritchard has lately joined our corps, who has performed several parts in genteel comedy with tolerable success, particularly the character of Lord Sparkle in *Which is the Man?* but we have scarcely yet had sufficient time to judge of the extent of his abilities.

The committee of the proprietors of the theatre have lately resolved to grant

Mr. Kemble, who has hitherto been only a tenant at will, a lease of the theatre for three years, at a yearly rent of about 200*l.* to commence in November next, before which time the scenery and machinery will be, in a great measure, renewed, and every part of the building put in complete repair. One principal article in the agreement between the proprietors and Mr. Kemble is, that the company are not, on any account, to act at Shields during the seasons of performing in Newcastle. This will be a great advantage to the public, as the plays will, undoubtedly, be more correctly represented, and also to the actors, as they will have more time for study, and will not be harassed by the fatigue and inconvenience of going four times in the week between Newcastle and Shields.

All the particulars of this agreement between the proprietors of the theatre and Mr. Kemble, are not, I believe, as yet completely settled; every expectation, however, may be entertained, that it will be concluded in a manner equally beneficial to the manager, the proprietors, and the public.

The theatre will open again towards the end of this month, for the race week, when it is said Miss De Camp, Mr. Downton, and our old favourite, Mr. Rock, are to pay us a visit; from that time, the theatre remains closed till the assizes in August, when we are also usually favoured by the exertions of some of the dispersed bands of Covent Garden and Old Drury: but of the pleasure of these theatricals extraordinary, imperious necessity, by sending me to a distance, debars me of any share: I shall, therefore, be precluded from again trespassing on your valuable pages till our next winter's season, which, owing to the new regulations agreed upon, has, I think, every prospect of commencing with success.

Newcastle, June 2, 1804.

JULIUS.

Theatre Royal, NORWICH.—The Norwich theatre has been very well attended this season, but the benefits have not been in proportion to the merits of the persons interested. Hindes, the manager, had 158*l.*; he was formerly an actor, but prudence dictated to him the necessity of retiring from the stage; for certainly he was not a favourite, nor does he, as a manager, give satisfaction, for he is very capricious, and frequently shews but little judgment in his arrangements. Much dissatisfaction has been manifested by the town at his discharging two favourites, viz. Bennet, now at Bath, and Eastmure. Phillips played Richard for his benefit. Would he had not; but for his consolation, the house was good 136*l.* Bowles, the hero, had only 90*l.* Cushing, an actor of inconsiderable talent, 99*l.* Mallinson is certainly a very good comedian, particularly in characters suitable to his genius: he has played, with universal and deserved applause, Sir Andrew Ague Cheek, Peregrine Forester, Sim, Brush, Nipperkin, Robin Roughhead, and Timothy Quaint: his benefit was not productive; only 70*l.* Mr. Holiday is a performer of considerable ability; very scrupulously attentive to his author, and highly respected for the goodness of his private character. On the night of his benefit, he sung a song, called *The Loyal Norwich Landlord's Defence against Invasion, or, no Accommodation for the First Consul at the King's Head, Swan, &c.* enumerating all the inns and public-houses in Norwich, amounting to about one hundred. The song has merit, and the several signs were introduced with much ingenuity.

Mrs. Bramwell, late of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Covent Garden,

is much admired ; her benefit was 761. Her best performances are, *The Rump*, *Kathleen*, *Little Pickle*, *Cowslip*, &c. She sings with naiveté and sweetness, and dresses her characters with peculiar neatness, elegance, and propriety. Mrs. Worthington, the heroine of the Norwich Theatre, has added much to her former celebrity, by her performances of the *Widow Cheerly* in the *Soldier's Daughter*, and *Juliet*. Her line is very extensive, and the attention she pays to her profession is very praise-worthy ; her benefit (701.) was not any way equal to her desert.

Theatre, EDINBURGH—closed on the 2d of May ; and I have to entreat a space in your valuable miscellany for the insertion of a few remarks on the performers, and the novelties that have been produced in the course of the season. The company were for the most part new to us, and had to combat the force of prejudice ; but they have completely triumphed over the petty, scribbling, interested opposition, which, though it never had any weight with the public, evidently damped their ardour in the onset. Indeed, a comparative view of this with other companies would leave these fastidious gentlemen without a syllable of objection. *John Bull* out of London could not be better performed. *Rock* in *Brulgruddery* is too well known to you, Sir, to need my comment. *FAULKNER's Peregrine* evinced great sensibility, and may be truly deemed insinuating and mafily. *EVATT* treads most comically, and at the same time with a judicious delicacy, over the ground in *Tom Shuffleton* ; and *BERRY's Brazier* is on the whole respectable.—The humour is strongly depicted, but he is deficient in discrimination of feeling. *TURPIN's Dan* is laughable, but certainly he exhibits a confusion of dialects. His accent, like young *Rapid's* description of the mail coach, maybe “ a famous thing, for it whips you over counties in a hop, step and a jump.” *Mary*, by Miss *DUNCAN*, is not the exact thing ; she over-figures it, and wants the required simplicity.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS. A pleasant farce, and throughout very pleasantly supported. *TURPIN* was very happy in *Risk*, and sung the “ *Unfortunate Miss Bailey*” with much effect. *Vigil* and *Totterton*, by *HOLLINGSWORTH* and *BERRY*, were both very good ; and Miss *DUNCAN's Lydia* was “ laugh, song, and dance,” to admiration.

RAISING THE WIND. *Jeremy Diddler*, so humorously drawn, was as humorously personified by *EVATT* ; nay, the actor added to the whim of the author, and the audience seemed highly pleased with both.

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER had a run of twelve nights, and its merits were done justice to in the representation. *ROCK*, *CHALMERS*, and *TOM* were deservedly applauded in the *Governor*, *Frank Heartall* and *Mr. Malfort*. Mrs. *BREKETON* was most interesting in the character of *Mrs. Malfort*. With a very neat person, a most expressive countenance, and a voice whose natural tones are pleasing and pathetic, this lady, in such characters as *Cordelia*, *Monimia*, *Jane Shore*, in tragedy ; *Lady Irwin*, *Bertha* and *Victoria*, in sentimental comedy ; must be considered of importance to any theatre. New to the stage her enunciation seems often under the influence of fear, and her action partakes of the embarrassment ; but with a little more practice and attention to the compass and tones of her voice, and the disposition of her person, she must confirm my foregoing prediction. *Widow Cheerly* is fascinating in the hands of Miss *DUNCAN* ; and the natural blending of ease and vivacity, elegance and

spirit, render it in my mind the *chef-d'œuvre* of this lady's versatile talents. The epilogue, with some alteration applicable to the name of *Duncan*, was delivered with full point, energy, and effect. So much for the new pieces.

The *Castle Spectre* has been three or four times performed, and the part of *Osmond* was strongly marked by PAULKNER. His dream scene was at once awful and impressive. EVATT portrayed *Hassan* with animation and feeling. *Angela* comes within the scope I have ventured to assign Mrs. BRERETON; and the face and form of Mrs. PRATT are happily suited to the description of *Eveline*. This lady has been highly favoured by nature; and her *Cora*, *Lady Rastless*, and *Louisa* (*Love makes a Man*) were portrayed with infinite success. Mrs. BASTER is not gifted with an appropriate figure for the *grande* of tragedy; her voice is good, but her cadences in speaking frequently turn pathos into the burlesque. As a vocal performer she is entitled to much commendation; she gives the airs in the *Poor Soldier* with taste and science. The benefits have been partially great. Miss DUNCAN had 208l. ROCK 206l. TURPIN 195l. The New-comers, wanting interest, fell short; but they will doubtless improve upon further acquaintance. PAULKNER being placed next to the Cannongate charity workhouse benefit, had, as might be expected, a very indifferent house, but another time, no doubt,

—————"his efforts will succeed,"

And the Poor Gentleman feel rich indeed.

VERITAS.

Theatre GLASGOW.—About a month ago, our theatrical summer campaign commenced in this place, without any addition whatever to our winter company. These, with the exception of two or three individuals, are all of the "inferior cast," which the manager very soon found, to his cost; for, during the first fortnight, he had, almost every night, the mortification of witnessing "a beggarly account of empty boxes." At the expiration of that period, however, the public were most agreeably surprised by an advertisement, intimating that "the young gentleman, who had for this some time past performed in the theatres of Dublin, Cork, and Belfast, with such a series of success, and drew such crowded and overflowing houses, as to acquire the appellation of the Young Roscius, was engaged for a few nights at this theatre." Public curiosity could not now remain long silent, and numbers flocked to the theatre with an eagerness hitherto unexampled in the annals of Glasgow theatrical exhibitions. Their expectations were certainly gratified; for a young man of more deserving merit has rarely made his appearance on our boards. His language is, in general, chaste, free from every provinciality, and his action is spirited and judicious. His *diminutive size* is, perhaps, a little against him in the opinion of some, but a candid critic must allow, that *that defect* is completely lost sight of in the high abilities he displays in every character he has attempted. When here, he performed *Douglas*, *Romeo*, *Hamlet*, *Frederick*, *Tancred*, *Rolla*, and *Richard III.* but the character in which he seemed to give most satisfaction, was that of *Frederick*, in *Lovers' Vows*: a more chaste and excellent performance has seldom been witnessed in this city; and in the scene where he makes himself known to his father, almost every eye in the house was bathed in tears. He took his farewell of the Glasgow audience, at his benefit, on Wednesday last, in *Osman*, in the tragedy of *Zara*, in which character he acquitted himself highly to the satisfaction of the

most crowded house seen here these many years, and greatly to the regret of the amateurs of the drama.

JOHN BLUNT,

June 20, 1804.

MANCHESTER THEATRICALS!

“The Fiend again,
with “His Flames and Firebrands*.”

The town of Manchester has not, like London and its vicinity, been troubled with *ghosts*; but it has been terribly haunted by a **FIEND**! (to use his own quotation), and a most *contemptible, lying* one it is. He had lain dormant for some weeks past, but has once again rushed forth, with his poisonous dart (*or sting*) squirting his venom all around him! *Poor Idiot!!!!* the fumes of some deadly *drugs*, I doubt, have turned his *few* brains! The theatre is his constant topic, and with the exception of a few of his *favourites*, his enmity is rather increased than abated,—Like a child with a rattle, he cries for it one moment and throws it by the next. Why do not some of the *London grandes* come down here, to gratify this complaining *pill-monger*? this *wonderful genius*; and most *astonishing critic!!* We have had (as he terms them) three *country stars*, this season; viz. Mr. Cooper, the American *Roscus*; Mr. Young, of Liverpool, and Mr. Stephen Kemble, (three nights) in *Falstaff*. The *Roscus*, nor the “*waggon-load of flesh*” from Newcastle, cannot satisfy his gorge: the latter, in summing up his evidence, he calls a very *uneven performance*, and not equal to the idea he had formed of Mr. Kemble’s talents, from what he had heard of his celebrity in the character! Oh, ye London critics, how could ye be so imposed upon by the Fat Knight. Had Glauber Glisterspipe been with you, he would have discovered your lack of taste and judgment, pointed out your errors, and “reformed you altogether!” He would have “*admired the lightness of a dress, noted the time it would take to put it on, how many farthings would have been expended in candles, during a waste of fifteen minutes!*” and many other wonderful occurrences of equal magnitude! However, his silly, futile, absurd, childish nonsense, might easily be passed over; but I cannot so readily pardon his villainous falsehoods! The following are his own words, in speaking of the benefit receipts, and even in those he is not correct!

Mr. Bengough—“This useful actor had a very successful benefit, though he had not ‘The Soldier’s Daughter,’ for his play. I have been told that this piece was put up by auction, for performers’ nights, after its attraction was chiefly over, at the moderate sum of twelve guineas extraordinary!! and that Mr. Bengough, in consequence of Mr. Ward’s friendship for him, might have been favoured with it for *nine*.” (*A most abominable falsehood.*) “If this rumour be founded in fact, Mr. B. is much to be commended for discouraging so singular a species of prostitution. ‘The Soldier’s Daughter’ has her *charms*; but Mr. B. is a *modest*, as well as a *married man!*” What he means by his last sentence, we cannot well tell at present; but he will have to answer the whole charge more seriously than he imagines.

He accuses Mr. White of a publication in the *Mirror* of April last, with an exposition of his (the Townsman’s) demerits; heaven knows, they are too numerous to be related! But what will he answer when he is assured that Mr. W.

*The motto, a little varied, of the 18th Number of the *Townsman*.

is not the author of it! He refers his readers to a publication of Mr. White's, (an appeal to the Town), which *he* calls a *twopenny lamentation!* It has, at least, one merit in it: (would so much could be said for the *Twopenny Townsman*) it contains nothing but truth! and as good a twopenny-worth, on *that score alone*, as any of the lying Twopenny Townsman.

When, in the list of the benefits, he speaks of the one for the Patriotic Fund, where he marks it with five notes of admiration: why does he not mention the profits given by him from his publication?

The benefit profits of the Theatre	£124 4 0
The profits of the Townsman was six pounds some odd shillings, say	6 4 0
Deficit	£118 0 0

"Oh shame, where is thy blush?" But if he meets with that *wonderful sale* he did at first, he may *soon* make up the balance!

The following quotation, with a little alteration, I think will suit him to a T; and likewise some of his party.

"A man so various, that he seems to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in his opinions, always in the wrong,
He's ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;
For in the course of one revolving moon,
He's druggist, would-be-critic, and buffoon.
Blest madman! who can ev'ry wish enjoy;
With something new to wish, and to destroy."

Adieu to Pestle and Mortar; I shall dose him again when called upon.

The season closes here on Monday, July the 25th: it has been very productive. The following are the list of the benefits:

AUXILIARIES.			£.	s.	d.				£.	s.	d.
Mr. Cooper, from Liver-						Mr. Gordon*			95	15	0
pool*	95	0	0			Miss Jackson*			111	16	0
Mr. Young, ditto	60	18	0			Mr. Richardson			90	8	0
Mr. Stephen Kemble	73	13	0			Mr. Huddart*			112	15	0
						Mr. Swendall			79	19	0
Mrs. Bellamy	107	19	0			Mr. and Mrs. White			60	3	0
Miss Ward	129	17	0			Mr. Lewis			41	0	0
Mr. Grist	47	14	0			Chambers and Moorhead			55	12	0
Mr. Bengough	115	1	0			Mr. Corrinor, Box Book-					
Mrs. Ward†	137	8	0			Keeper			97	0	0
Mr. Penson	116	0	0			Mr. Worrall, Pit Office-					
Mrs. Hatton	41	0	0			Keeper			105	11	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mills	79	18	0			Messrs. Horrocks and Hea-					
Mrs. Bland and Family	54	15	0			ly, Door-Keepers			69	13	0

Monday, June 25. Last night a gratis benefit for Mrs. Hatton and Bland. Most of the principals return next year—Hot work, I doubt; 'tis there where the change is chiefly wanted.—But what must you think of our *critics* here, when I tell you, the head of them is nothing more than a *farthing apothecary*, whose whole property would not purchase a *pedestrian* quack's portmanteau; a spouter of the lowest class; and such are his few assistants, lumps of ignorance, and yet this town at present is guided by them; but it will not last long.

* Those marked with a * were bespoke.

† Bespoke by Prince William of Gloucester.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

MURDER OF MISS BELL, AT SCARBOROUGH.—A most horrid and singularly atrocious murder was committed on Cayton Sands, near Scarborough, in the night between the 11th and 12th of May; on the body of Miss Bell, a fine young woman, about sixteen years of age, eldest daughter of Mr. Bell, confectioner, of Scarborough. The following detail of the circumstances we have been favoured with by a person upon the spot, and who has had every opportunity of acquainting himself with the whole of what is known respecting this melancholy event.—On the afternoon preceding the murder, Miss Bell was accosted in the street by a private in the York Volunteers, (with whom she had some previous acquaintance), who pressed her to take a walk with him in the evening, and to this she unfortunately assented: about nine o'clock in the evening she left her father's house, and, to avoid the notice of the family, went out at a back door, through a neighbour's house, who, when apprised of her intention, attempted to dissuade her from it, by assuring her that her pretended lover was a married man. She discredited this information, and joined him in the street, according to appointment; she was soon missed by the family, who enquired anxiously for her in the neighbourhood; as the night advanced, they extended their search through the town, but without success. About eleven in the morning, information was received that this unfortunate young woman was found dead on Cayton Sand, about two miles and a half from Scarborough, laying about two yards within the high water mark, her head towards the sea, and in a position which left no doubt of the most brutal attempt having been made upon her chastity. Many shocking bruises appearing on various parts of her body, particularly on her left temple; her nose was greatly swelled, and her chin scratched, apparently with finger-nails; her cloaths were much torn, and upon the whole, exhibited every appearance of a dreadful struggle having taken place. A great number of feet marks were discerned on the sands near the body, but which did not extend either way along the beach. Upon opening the body, two surgeons, who attended the Coroner's Inquest, were decidedly of opinion that Miss Bell's death was occasioned by strangulation, a great quantity of clotted blood being found in her throat. The Coroner's Jury sat on the body on Saturday, and brought in a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. A private in the York Volunteers (whose name we decline mentioning) was apprehended at Molton, and examined by two of the county magistrates at Scarborough. On the examination, Miss Bell, sister to the deceased, deposed, that the prisoner was the same person that addressed her sister in the street, requesting her to walk with him. The brother to the deceased deposed to his having seen him on the Monday preceding conversing with his sister at his father's door. Mrs. Brown, a person in the neighbourhood, also swore that the prisoner was the person who walked away with the deceased on the preceding evening. To lessen the weight of this last evidence, another woman, who was with her at the time, allowed she could not, owing to the advanced hour of the evening, clearly distinguish his person. The prisoner totally denied having any acquaintance with, or ever being in company with the deceased, except having once

spoken to her on the Saturday after the arrival of the corps in Scarborough. An alibi was also set up and established to the satisfaction of the Magistrates; the prisoner was in consequence discharged.

The unfortunate fate of this young woman having excited general commiseration and sympathy, it is with much concern we have to observe that the above account falls very short in describing the real extent of the atrocity of the deed. It appears that she died in consequence of some dreadful wounds received in resisting an attempt upon her virtue. Her face was covered with deep scars and marks of blows; the flesh of her left arm was literally torn from the bone; and her legs and thighs exhibited evidence of the most deliberate cruelty in gaining their detestable purpose. Delicacy prevents us from describing more; but the whole Jury, and medical men who attended, were shocked at the cruelties which had been perpetrated on her body. A malicious report has been propagated that she was with child, and that she had thrown herself over the cliff; but the imputation on her chastity was completely disproved by the medical men who attended the Coroner's Inquest, whose evidence, and the opinion of the Jury, will, we understand, be published.

The mayor of a country town (who a few months ago received the honour of *knighthood*), lately issued the following mandate to one of the inferior officers of the corporation:—"I desires you will order the Widder Jenkins to pere before me at Toun all to morroh at A lavin, has I maye eggsampon hur, and pars hur hoam, has she is likeliye to be true balsam hear."

Public Office, Bow-Street.—Mrs. Siddons has, for upwards of two months past, been extremely annoyed by applications by letters, as well as personal addresses of a young gentleman. He began with writing letters to her, informing her of his strong affection for her. He paid daily visits at her house in Marlborough-street, but the servants had orders not to admit him. He continued, however, to write letters to her, but she did not answer them till he informed her he had something of the utmost importance to communicate, and earnestly requested an interview. Mrs. S. replied, that she must decline a private interview with a gentleman of whom she had not any knowledge; but if he had any thing to communicate, she begged he would do it to either of her brothers, or her son. This having no effect, Mr. Kemble applied to Mr. Graham, the magistrate, who advised, that when the person called again the servant should behave kindly to him, and say, Mrs. Siddons had agreed to see him, and desired he would fix a time for that purpose. On Monday evening he called; when the servant informed him, that Mrs. S. had agreed to see him, and appointed ten o'clock on Tuesday morning for the interview; when Mr. Graham sent Atkins the officer to take him into custody. At the appointed time the gentleman arrived, and on insisting on seeing Mrs. S. the officer took him into custody, and they, accompanied by Mr. Kemble, went to the Public Office, where he underwent a long private examination, the result of which was, that after the magistrates had pointed out to him the folly of his conduct, in making advances of love to a married woman, he was liberated, on his promising not to be troublesome any more. He proves to be a native of Ireland, and is a student of Lincoln's Inn: he resides in Salisbury-square, and is about twenty-three years of age. The following extract may afford a specimen of the epistolary talents of this most ardent lover.—

Loveliest of Women,

"In Belvidera, Isabella, Juliet, and Calista, I have admired you until my fancy threatened to burst, and the strings of my imagination were ready to crack to pieces; but, as Mrs. Siddons, I love you to madness, and until my heart and soul are overwhelmed with fondness and desire—say not that time has placed any difference in years between you and me. The youths of her day saw no wrinkles upon the brow of Ninon De L'Enclos. It is for vulgar souls alone to grow old; but you shall flourish in eternal youth, amidst the war of elements and the crush of worlds."

"May 2, Barley Mow, Salisbury-square."

A letter from Calais, of the 30th of May, has the following particulars in allusion to the Invasion:—

"We are ready, as soon as Buonaparte shall command us. We will not even wait for winds to waft us over. Achilles, and fifty Grecian Kings, might have such patience; but we have greater designs, which we will accomplish in spite of winds and waves, and 50,000 English Militia. To prove this, look at our hussars with oars in their hands, defying the English vessels; while sailors on the beach learn the use of arms! It seems as if they had changed professions! By this metamorphose we have doubled our forces by sea and land. The army and fleet, electrified by the genius of one great man, have lost all distinctions. You see a dragoon at the top-mast head, while a sailor is cleaning pistols below!"

TITLES OF THE NEW EMPEROR.—Napoleone Buonaparte, Native of Corsica, Member of the National Institute, a Christian in Europe, and Mahomedan in Africa; Murderer of Turks in Prison, and Frenchmen in Hospitals; *Locum Tenens* of the injured Sovereign of France, Duke of Brabant, King of Lombardy, Dictator to the German Princes, President of Switzerland, Stadtholder of Holland, Tutor to the King of Spain, and the Terror of all good men, &c. &c.

In the Tribunal, besides Carnot, are twenty-two other regicides, who have voted a throne for Buonaparte, after voting a scaffold for Louis XVI. In the Senate, besides Sieyes, Gregoire, and Fouché, are sixteen other regicides, who have exalted Bonaparte to a throne, after murdering Louis XVI. upon a scaffold; who have banished as a criminal the most virtuous of Sovereigns, and who have taken home, as a Sovereign, the most criminal of foreigners.

SINGULAR BURIAL.—The simple burial ceremony of the Duke of Saxe Gotha, took place on the night of the 25th of April, according to the wish he expressed in his will. The grave was dug on the island, in the English garden, at the foot of those of his two deceased children. The false glitter so ill-becoming such an occasion, was entirely laid aside. The reigning Duchess, with her child on her arm, had the evening before strewed flowers in and round the grave. The midnight hour struck, when the body entered the garden, carried by the servants of the late Duke. The walk to the island was laid with black cloth, with the boat that carried it over. A dark but quiet night favoured this melancholy performance. The ceremony was only interrupted by the sighs and by the tears of all present, which ran in abundance on the coffin. The grave had been dug by the late Duke's courtiers, and was filled by the hands of the members

of his Highness's family. Prince Frederick planted a tree on the grave. No drums were beating, no sermon was pronounced, no cannons were fired, no bells were tolled.

One of the greatest prodigies at present in this kingdom is Mr. Samuel Lambert, of Leicester, who is of the enormous weight of *forty-six stone twelve pounds*, which is about half a hundred weight heavier than the famous Bright, of Malden, in Essex, who had seven men buttoned up in his waistcoat. Mr. Lambert is very active in all the sports of the field, and noted as a very famous feeder of cocks.

BIRTHS.

At Camberwell, the Right Hon. Lady C. Barham of a son. In Grosvenor-square, the Duchess of Beaufort, of a son. At the Earl of Derby's, Lady Stanley of a daughter. Lady G. Morpeth of a daughter. In St. James's-square, the Countess of Bristol, of a daughter. At Puckington, near Coventry, Lady Aylesford, of a son. In Bedford-square, the Lady of J. Langham, Esq. M. P. of a son. At Sutton College, near Winchester, the Lady of T. Ridge, Esq. M. P. of a son.

MARRIED,

In Grosvenor-square, Lord King, to Lady H. Fortescue. At Ashford, Sir William Darley, to Miss Hodges, of Hempstead, in the county of Kent. At Tiverton, Sir J. Duntze, Bart. to Miss D. Carew of Tiverton Castle. The Hon. Lieut. Col. De Grey, to Miss Methuen. At Knutsford, the Hon. W. G. Monckton, to Miss Handfield. In Arlington-street, W. Tennant, Esq. of Aston Hall, Staffordshire, to the Hon. C. Pelham. At Newington, R. Sarmarez, Esq. to Mrs. Hetherington,

DIED,

In Brook street, Bath, General (Massey) Lord Clarina, aged 87; a brave, an honourable, and an honest man. In the year 1745, he was wounded at the battle of Culloden; was at the head of the grenadiers who stormed and took the Havannah, where he was again wounded; also at the taking of Martinica. Lord Clarina was one of the last of General Wolfe's companions. He is succeeded in his titles by his son, Colonel Massey, of the Enniskillen regiment. Viscountess Folkestone, only child of the late Earl of Lincoln. At Windsor, Mrs. Ramsbottom. In Queenhithe, much regretted by her friends, Mrs. Harding, wife of Mr. Harding. At Malta, Lady G. Stewart. At Fulham, C. Parker, Esq. Vice-Admiral of the Red, and son of Sir P. Parker, Admiral of the Fleet. At Bath, Viscountess Hampden, after a lingering indisposition of many months. In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, General Marsh. At Bath, the Hon. and Rev. R. Cholmondeley. At Lewes, Sir F. Poole, Bart. At Wrotham, Lady M. Moore. Mr. J. Wheeler, of Hammersmith, formerly of the Drury Lane company, and for some years manager of the Portsmouth theatre. At Bath, General Conway. At Coombank, Viscountess Curzon. In a fit of apoplexy, J. Heseltine, Esq. of Bedford-square, the King's Proctor, At Hutton, D. Campbell, Esq. of Barbreck.

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